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FAN-FICTION ADVENTURE

Astérix AND THE WILD BOARS

Picture elements UDERZO

Character elements GOSCINNY

Text and picture arrangement ARCHIME

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Asterix and the Wild Boars

The story takes place in the
world of the indomitable Gauls, created
by Goscinny and Uderzo in the years 1959 to 1978/2005.
All picture elements used are from Vol. 1-33.
All extractions of elements and all arrangements
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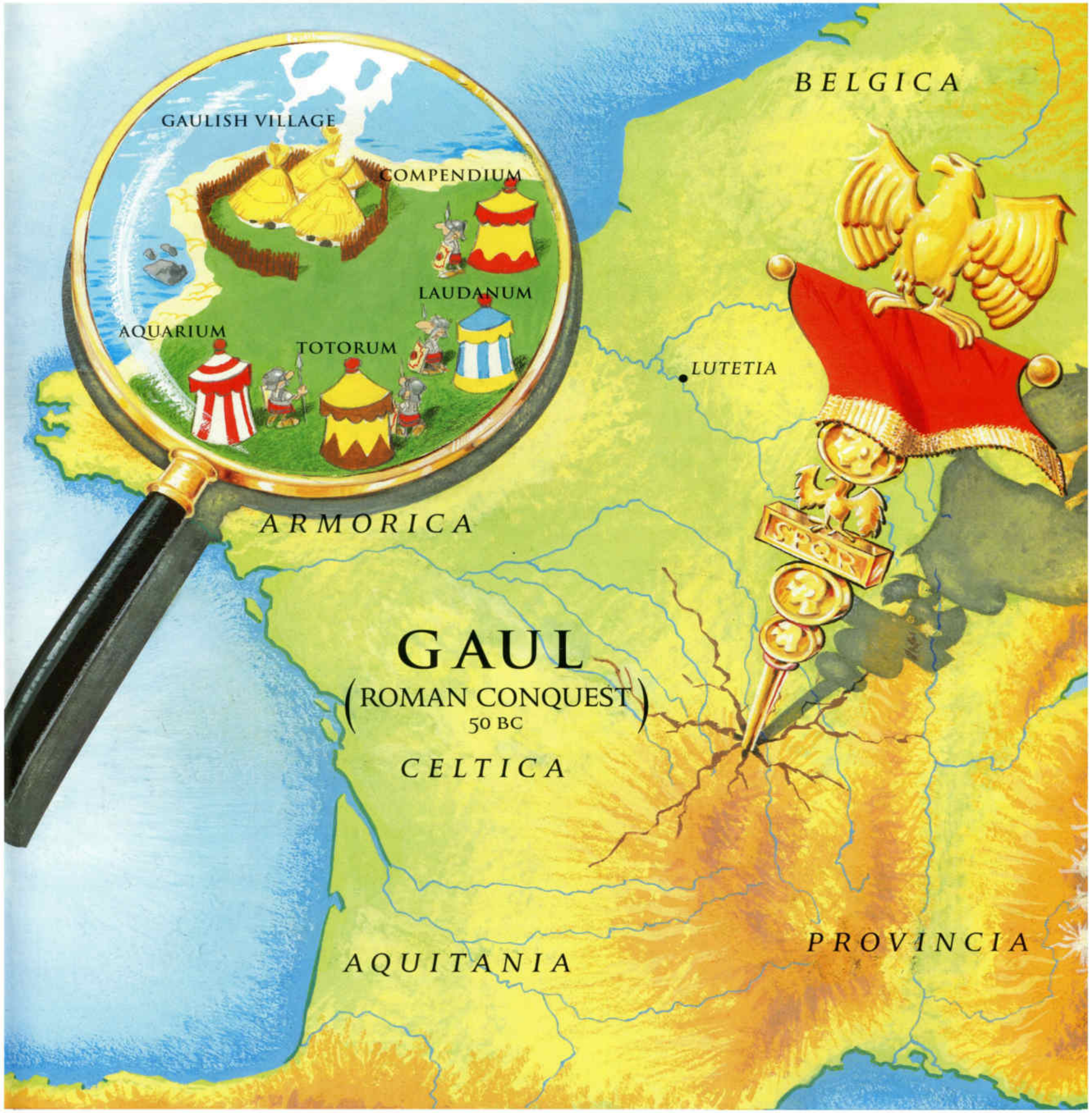
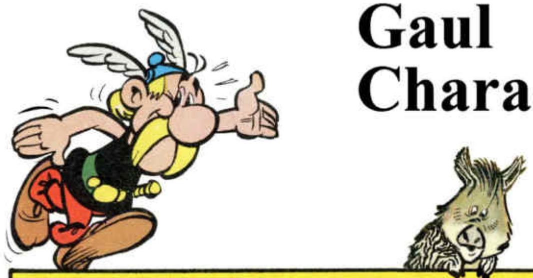
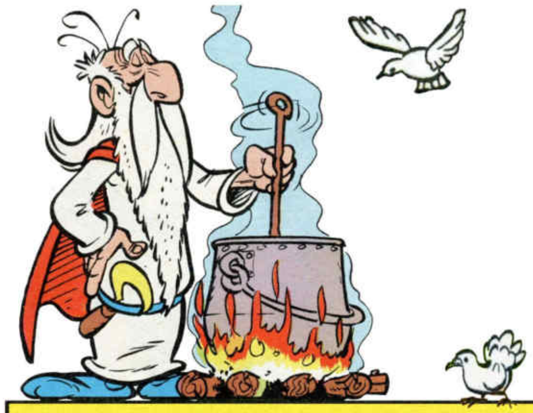
THE YEAR IS 50 BC. GAUL IS ENTIRELY OCCUPIED BY THE ROMANS. WELL, NOT ENTIRELY... ONE SMALL VILLAGE OF UNDOMITABLE GAULS STILL HOLDS OUT AGAINST THE INVADERS. AND LIFE IS NOT EASY FOR THE ROMAN LEGIONARIES WHO GARRISON THE FORTIFIED CAMPS OF TOTORUM, AQUARIUM, LAUDANUM AND COMPENDIUM...


GAULISH VILLAGE
COMPENDIUM
LAUDANUM
AQUARIUM
TOTORUM
BELGICA
LUTETIA
SPQR
ARMORICA
GAUL
(ROMAN CONQUEST)
50 BC
CELTICA
AQUITANIA
PROVINCIA

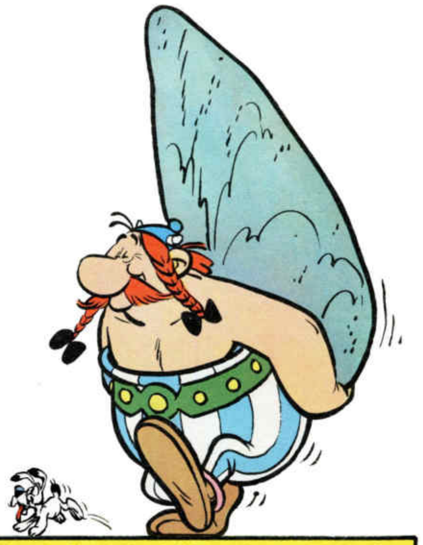
Gaul Characters



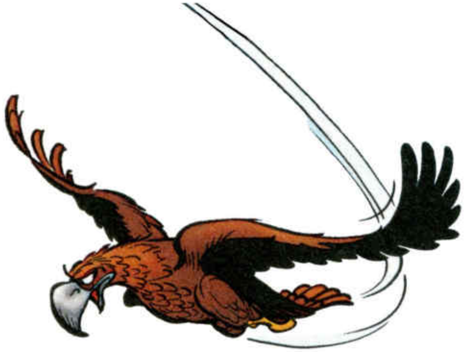
Asterix. A cunning little warrior, full of sparkling intelligence, who masters even the most difficult situations with his good ideas. Asterix gets his superhuman strenght from the magic potion of the druid Getafix.

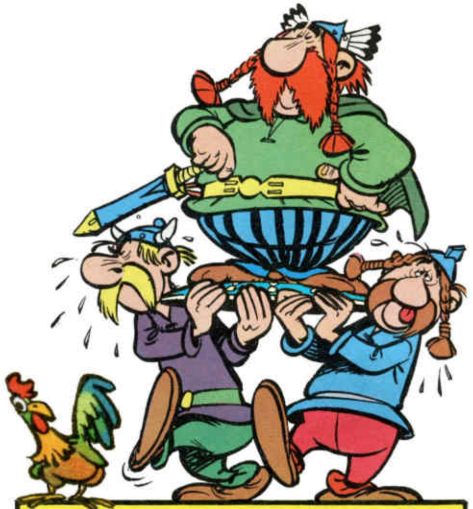


Getafix. The venerable druid of the village, who brews medicinal and magic potions as a wise healer. His most famous brew gives superhuman powers and helps the village community defend their freedom against the Roman conquerors.

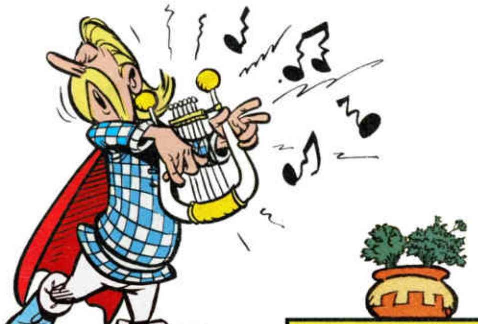


Obelix. Asterix's best friend. Since he fell into the magic potion as a little boy, he has had tremendous strength, which helps him to chisel and deliver menhirs as a mason. Obelix is always ready to set out on a new adventure with Asterix, as long as there is good roast and plenty of fighting involved. His other best friend is Dogmatix, who loves trees and mourns for each that was felled.

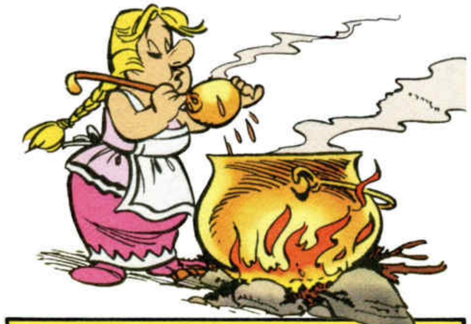




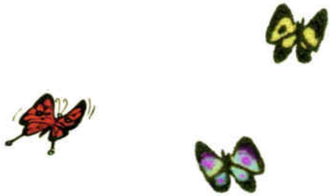
Vitalstatistix. The chief of the tribe. A majestic, suspicious warrior who is determined to preserve the independence of his village, which is the last free village in all of Gaul. As long as there is enough magic potion in stock, he fears only one thing: that the sky might fall on his head.

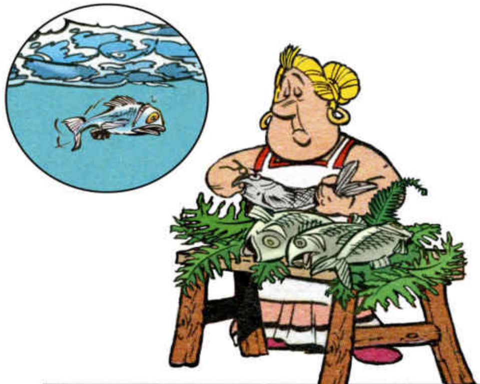


Cacophonix. A bard.
The musician of the village. Opinions about his singing talent are divided: he considers himself brilliant; everyone else suffers from earaches when they hear his voice. But otherwise, he is considered a cheerful companion who is appreciated by all.

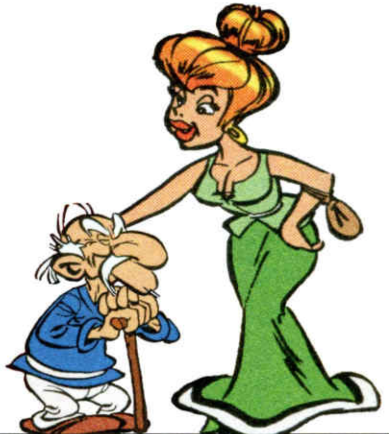


Impedimenta. The chief's wife. Although she would prefer to socialize in the fine circles of Lutetia, she also enjoys her privileges as the First Lady of the village. The soups and sauces she prepares for banquets are legendary.

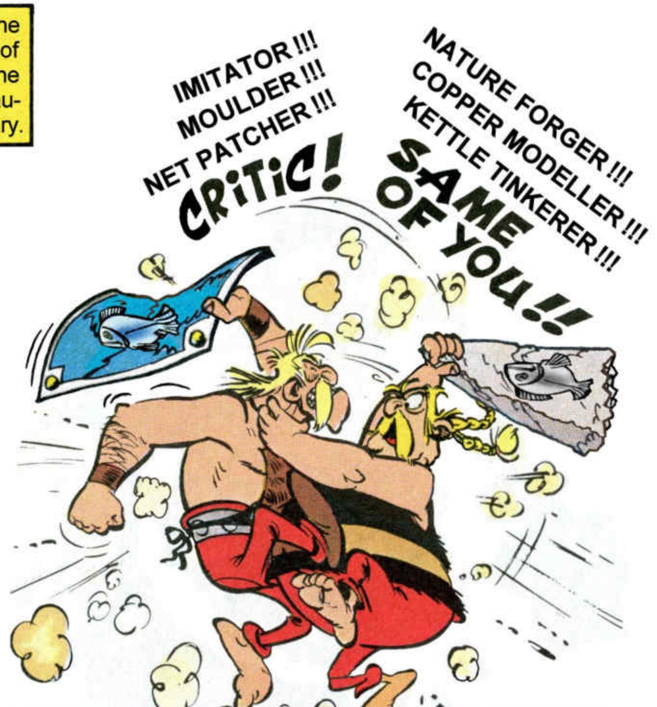




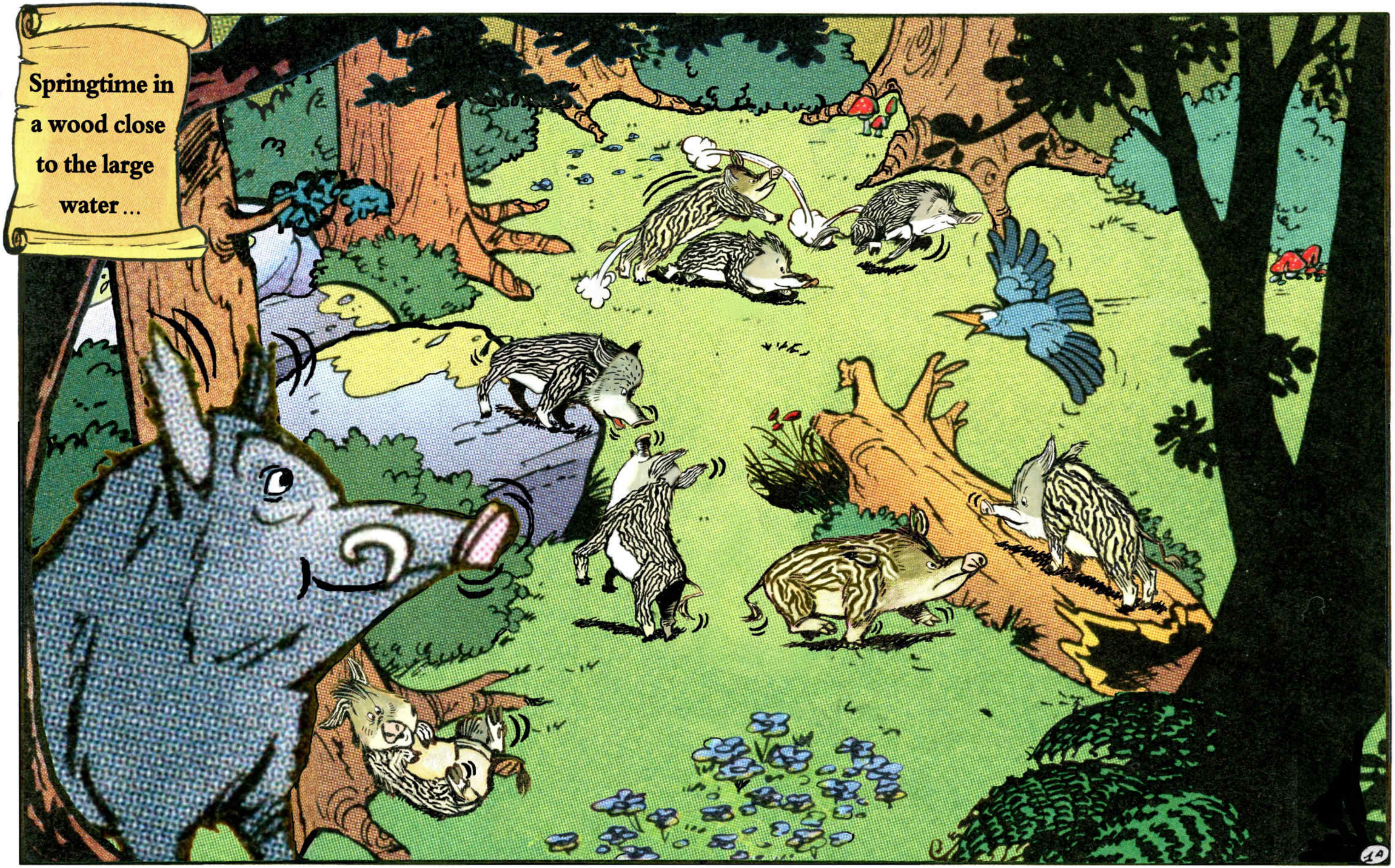
Bacteria. Together with her husband Unhygienix, she runs a fish shop. Like him, she is against lending fish. She says people don't take enough care and bring back the borrowed fish in an impossible state.

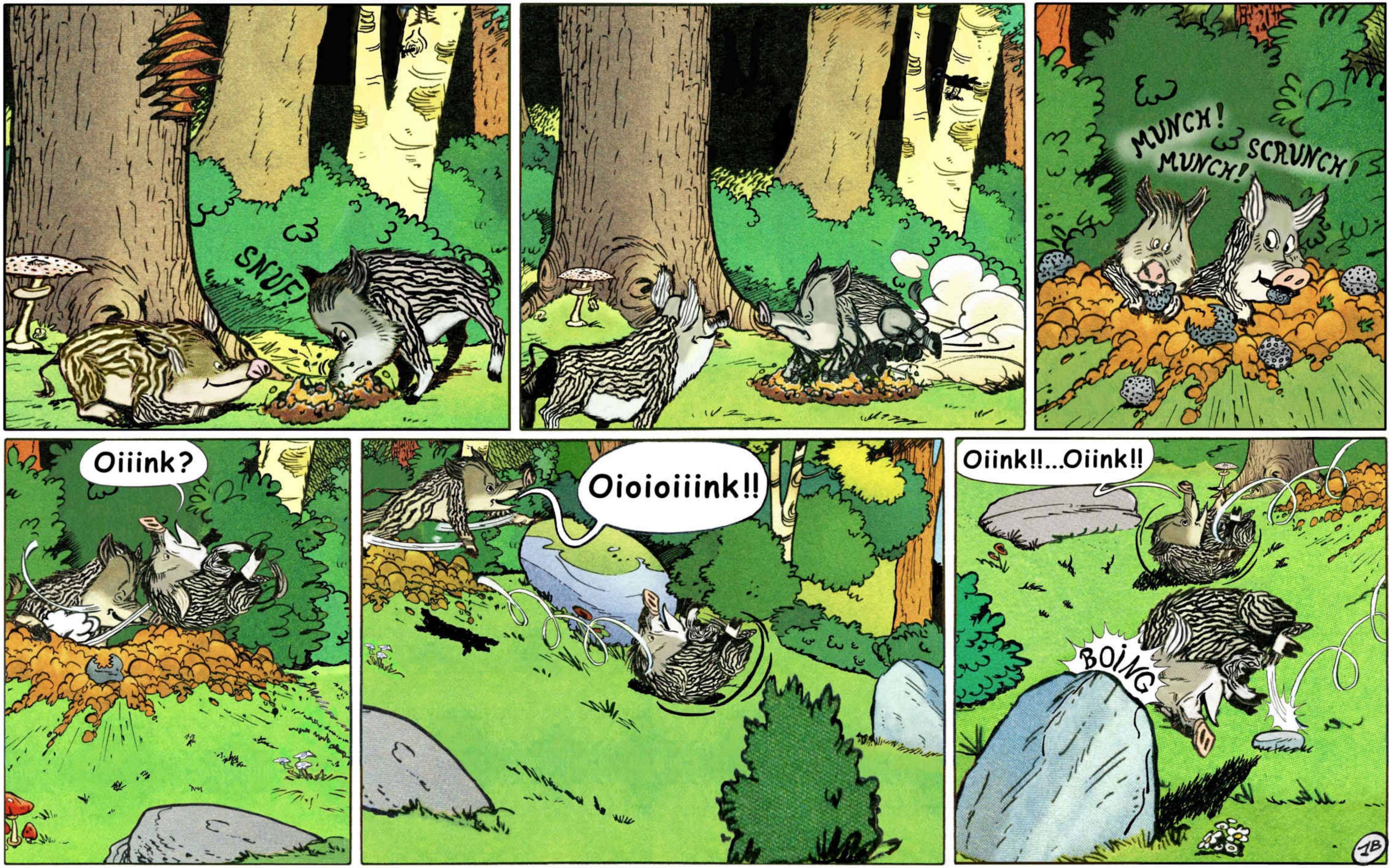


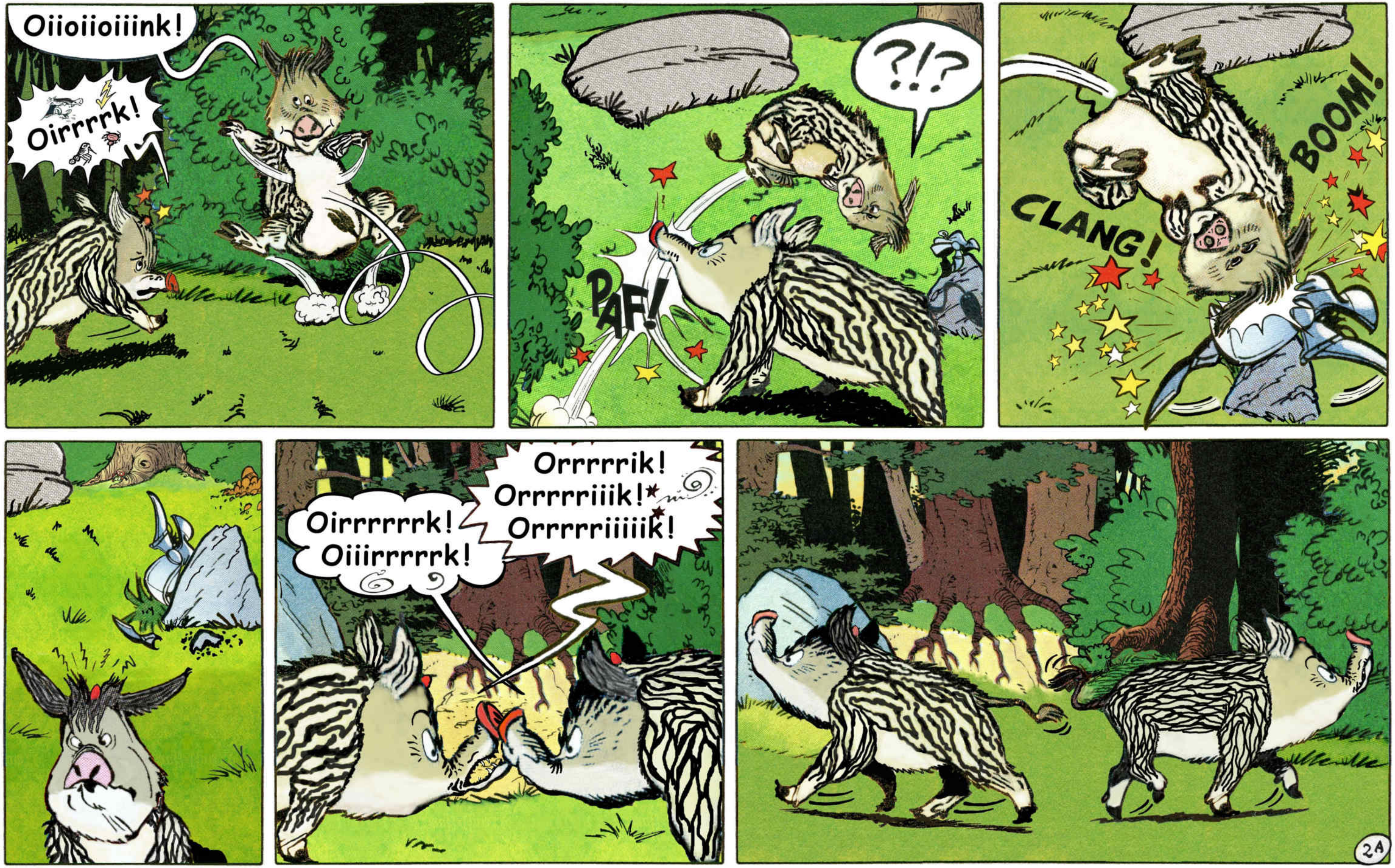
Geriatrix. The sprightly village elder with old-fashioned values and a youthful appreciation of feminine charms. A war veteran who fought victoriously against Caesar's troops at Gergovia, and not so victoriously at Alesia. His advice is always sought in difficult times. His heroism does not need magic potion, and whenever he kicks over the traces, his loving wife Senilephilia quickly reins him in.

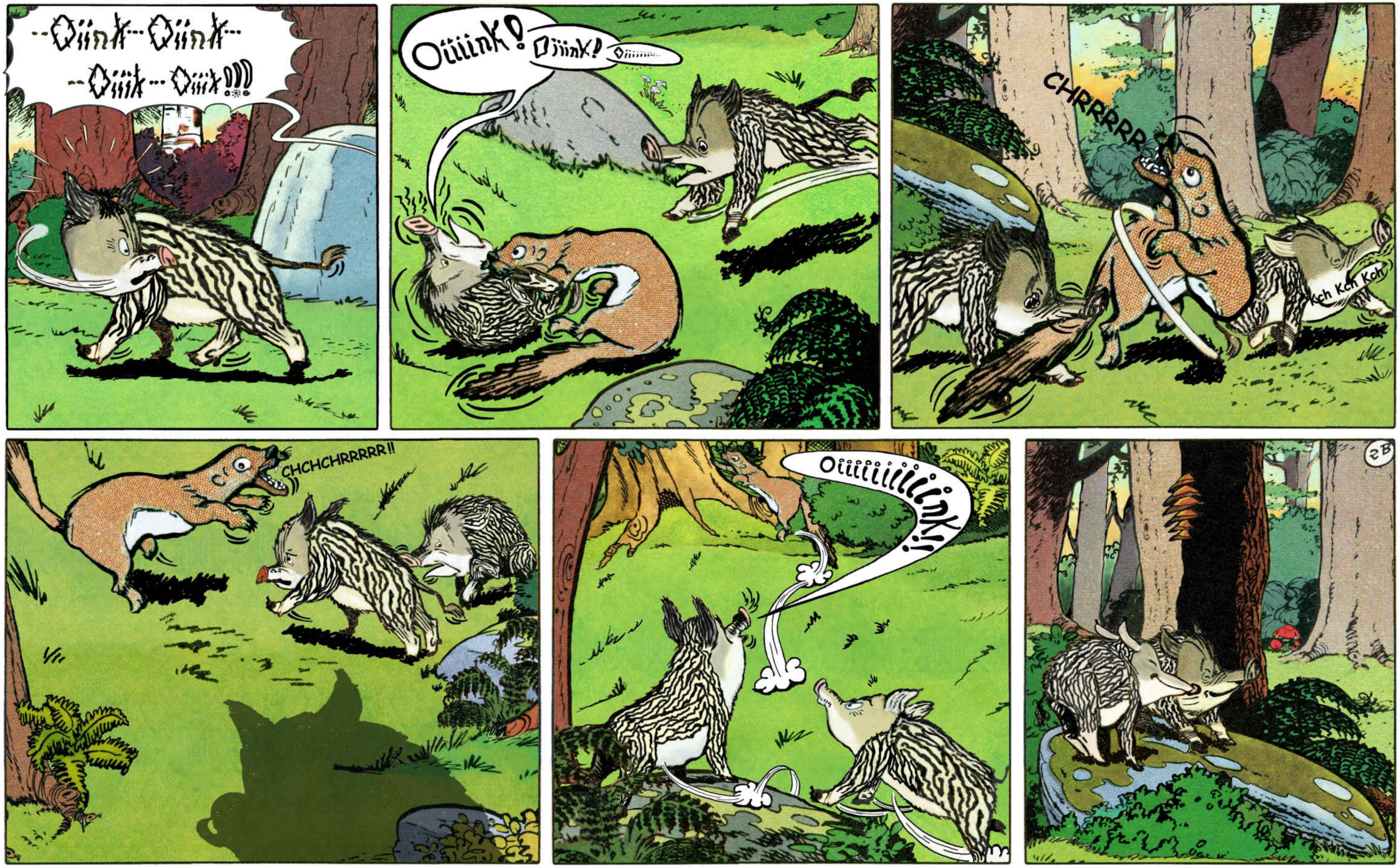

IMITATOR!!!
MOULDER!!!
NET PATCHER!!!
CRITIC!
NATURE FORGER!!!
COPPER MODELLER!!!
KETTLE TINKERER!!!
SAME OF YOU!!

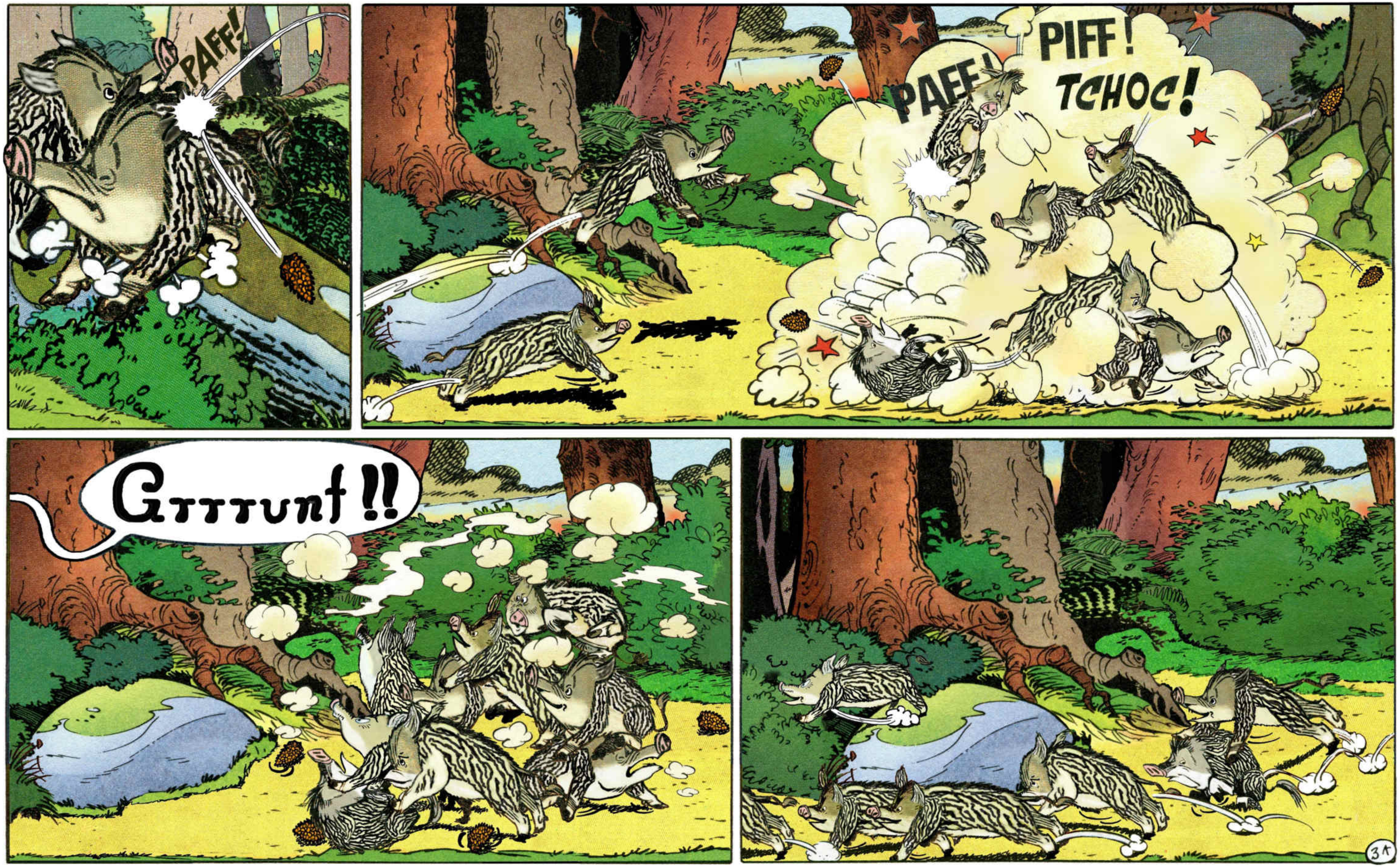
Fulliautomatix the blacksmith and Unhygienix the fishmonger. Buddies since childhood, with a passionate pugnacity that is ignited by the smell of fish and that often infects the whole village community ...

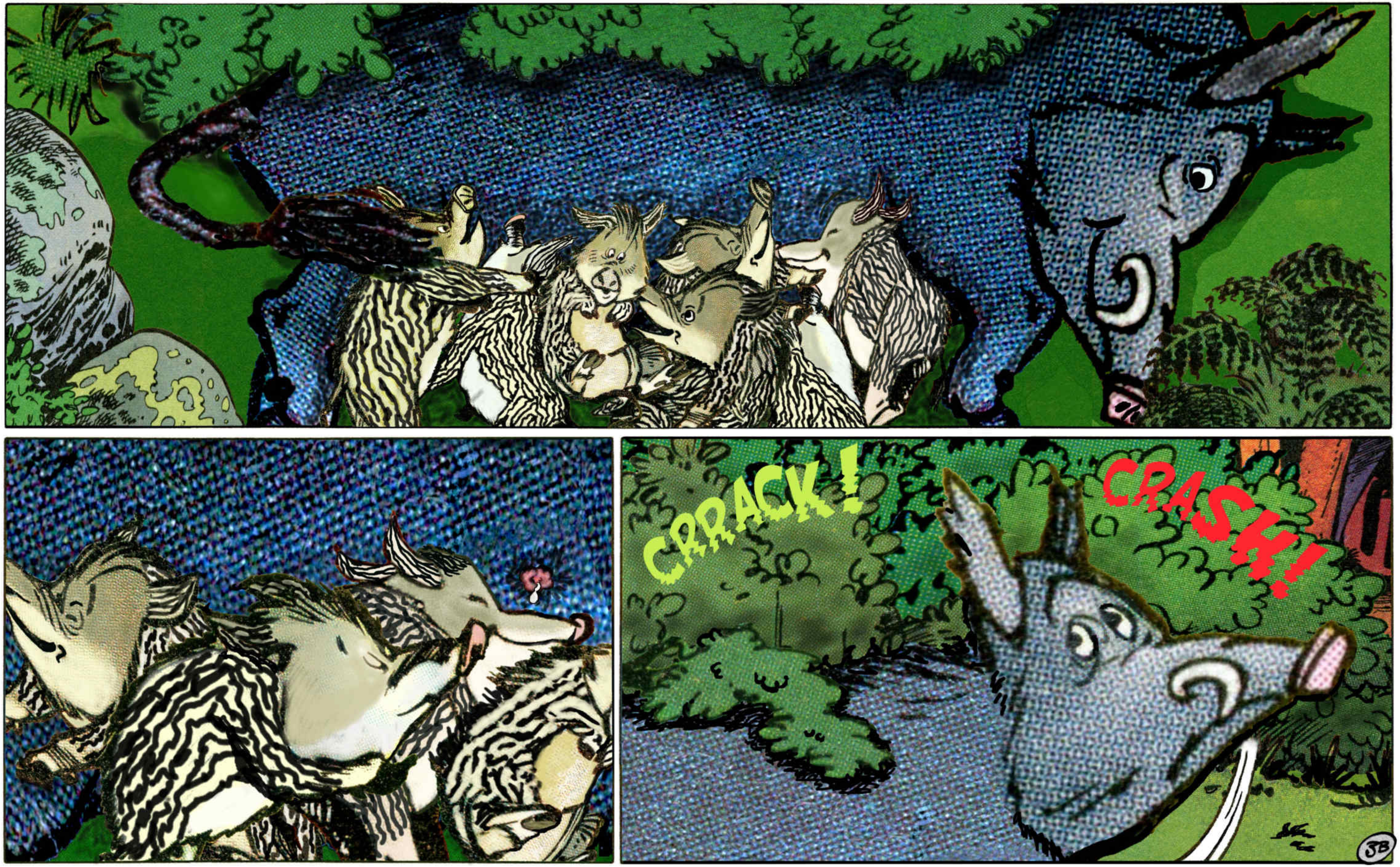

Springtime in a wood close to the large water ...

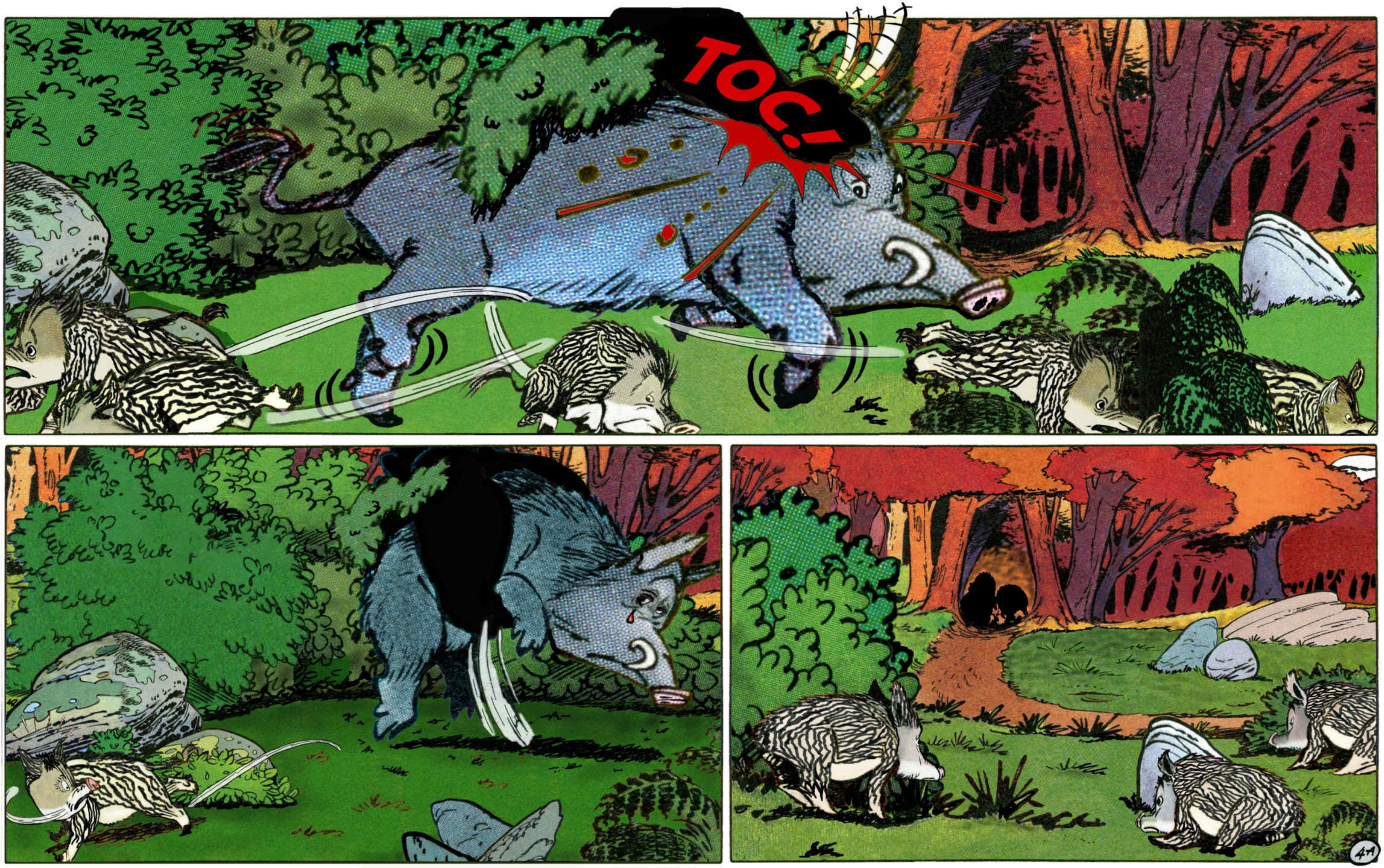

SNUF!
MUNCH! MUNCH!
SCRUNCH!
Oiiink?
Oioioiiink!!
Oiink!!...Oiink!!
BOING

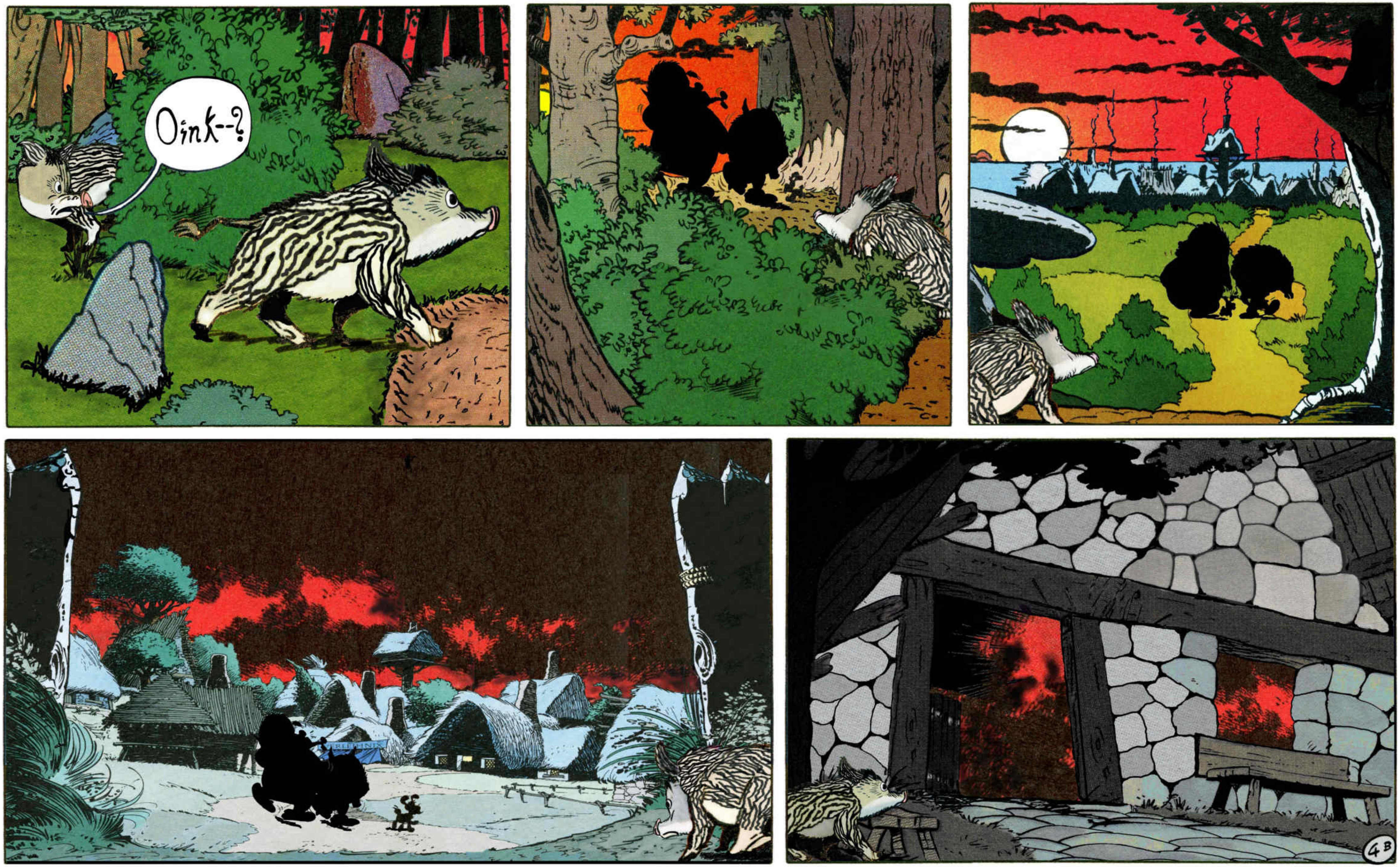

Oiioiioiiink!
Oirrrrk!
?!?
PAF!
CLANG!
BOOM!
Oirrrrrrk! Oiiirrrrrk!
Orrrrrik! Orrrrriiik! Orrrrriiiiik!

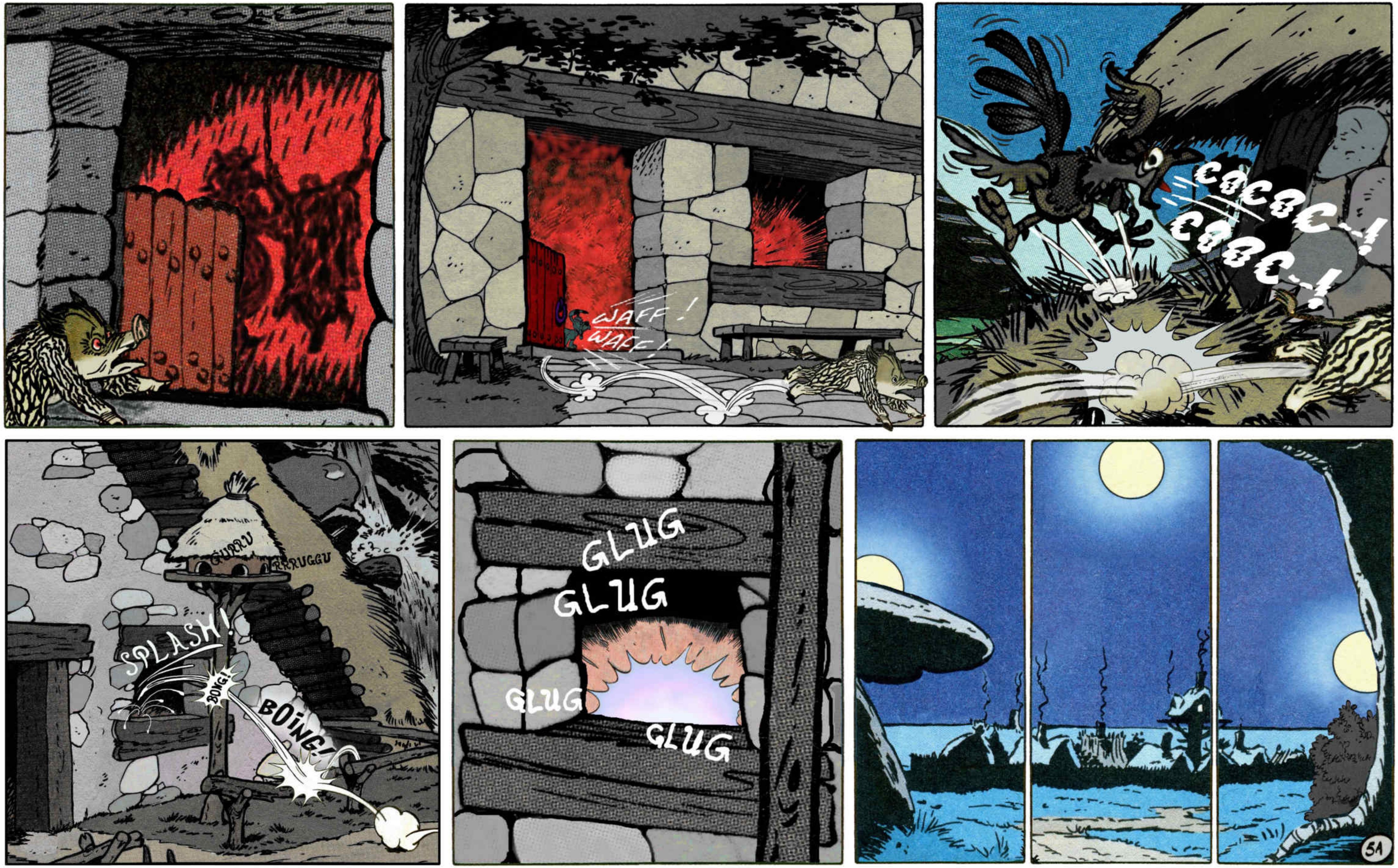

--Oiink--Oiink--
--Oiiik--Oiiik!!!
Oiiiink!
Oiiink!
Oiiiiiiiii
CHRRRRR
Kch Kch Kch
CHCHCHRRRRR!!
Oiiiiiiiiiink!!

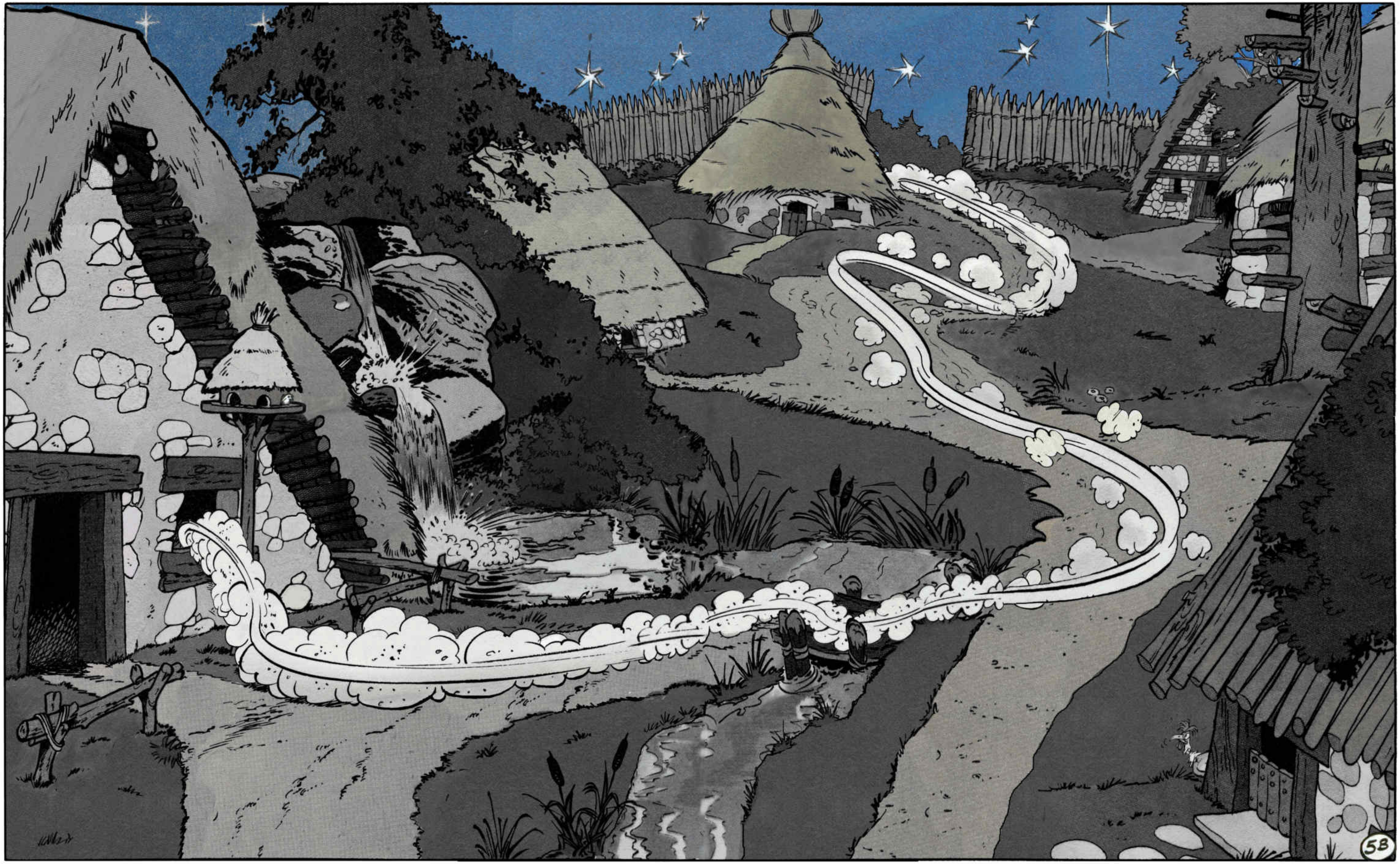

PAFF!
PAFF!
PIFF!
TCHOC!
Grrrrunf!!

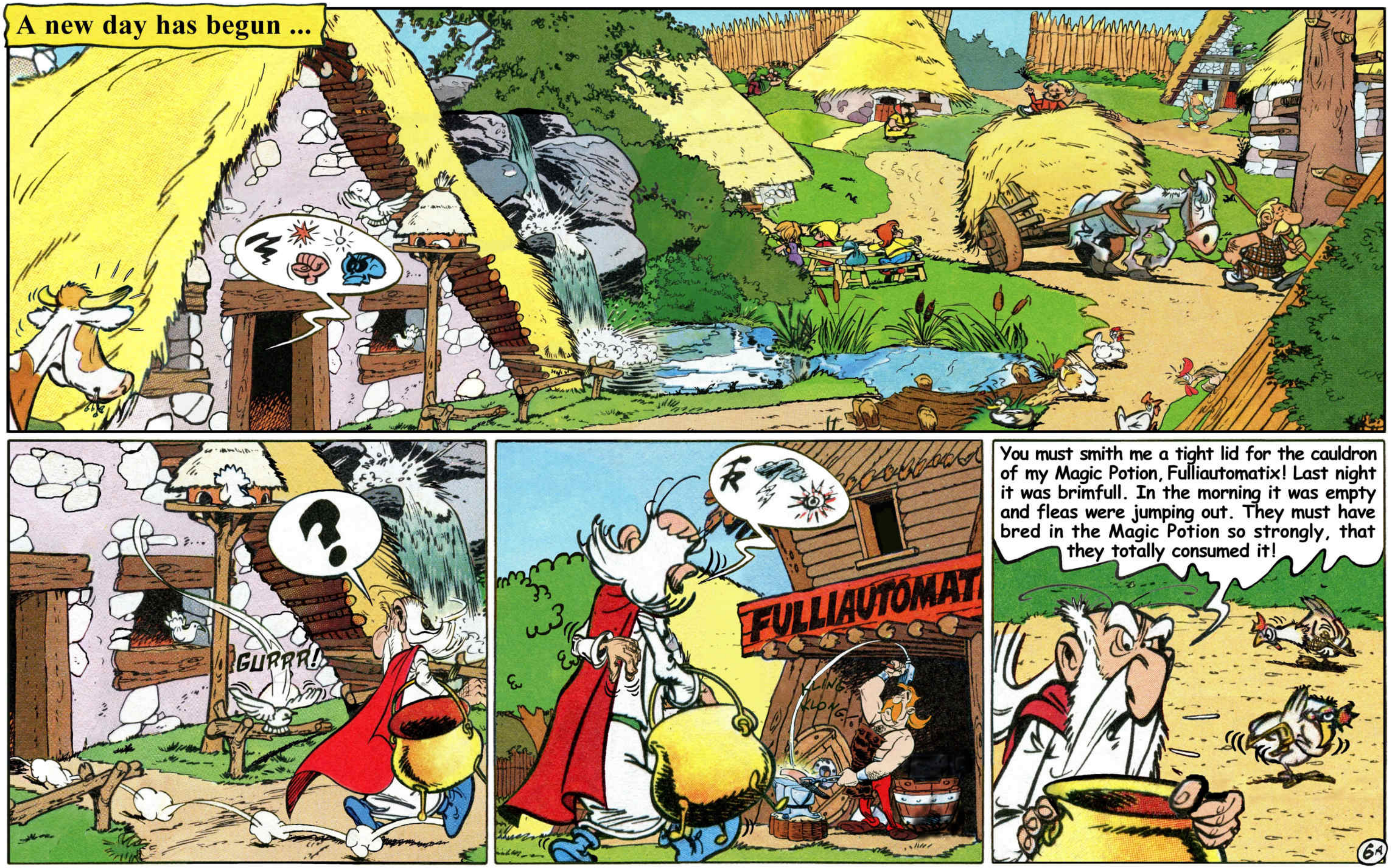

CRRACK!
CRASH!

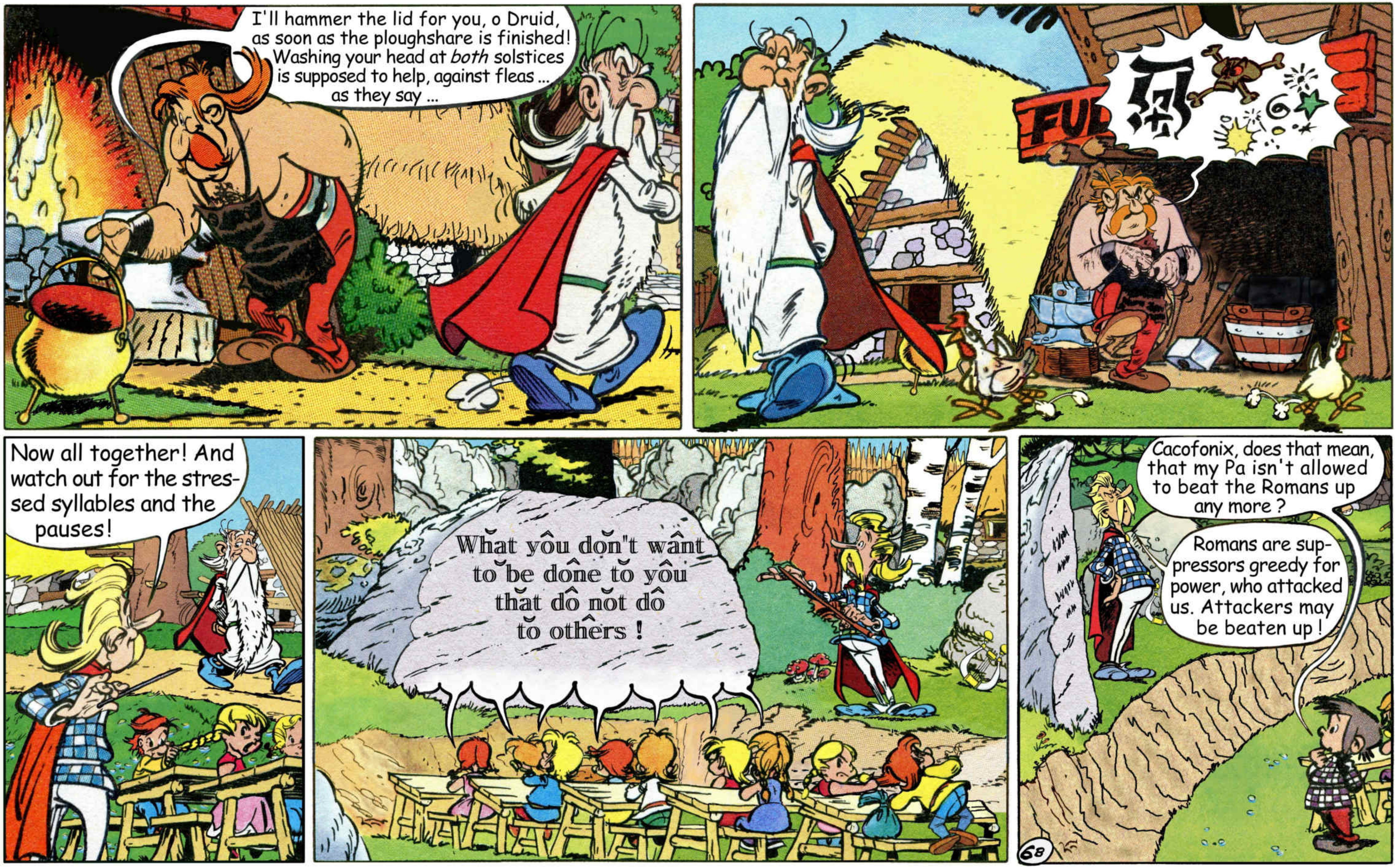

TOC!

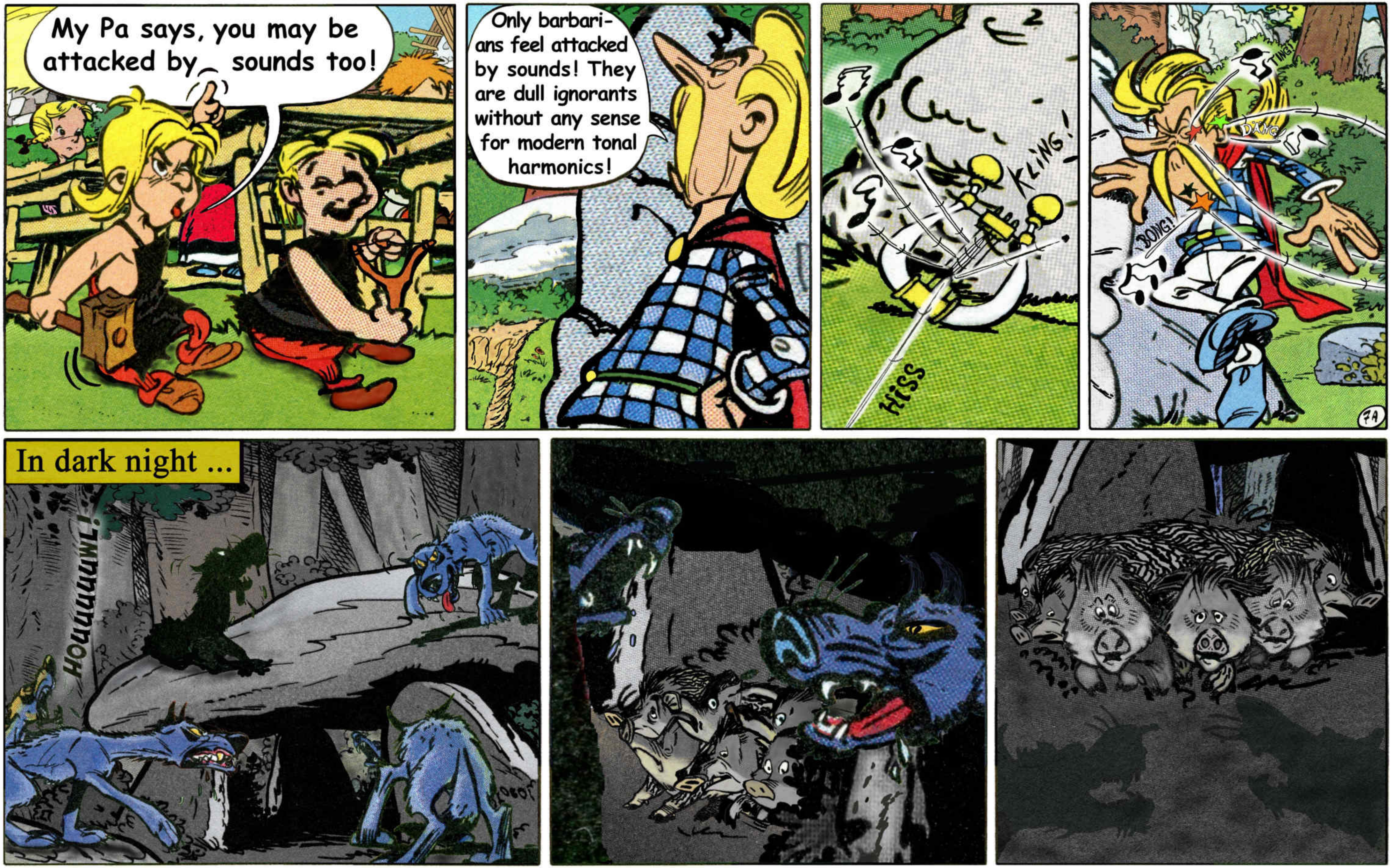

Oink--?

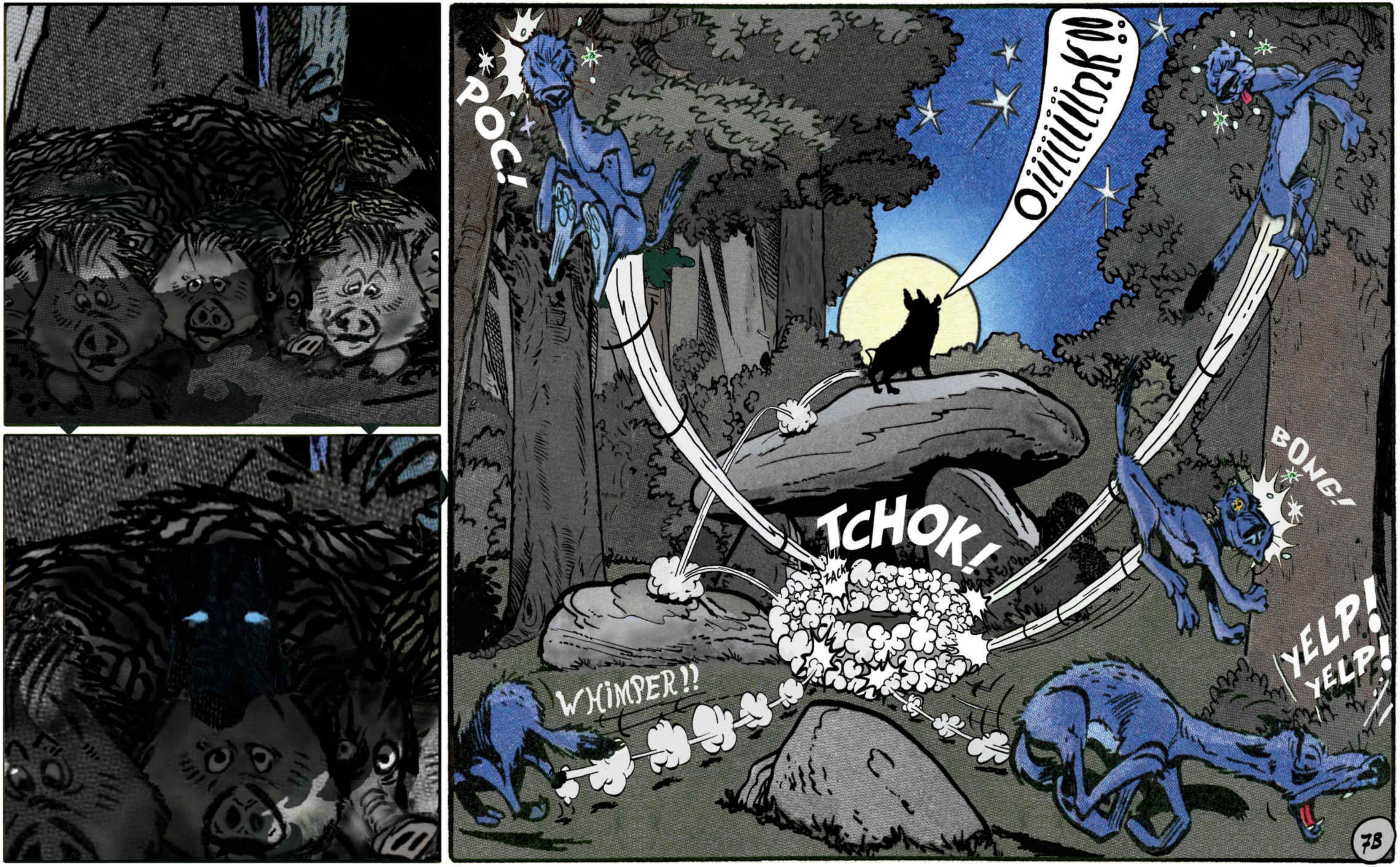

WAFF !
WAFF !
COCOC..!
COOC..!
GURRU
RRRUGGU
SPLASH!
BONG!
BOING!
GLUG
GLUG
GLUG
GLUG

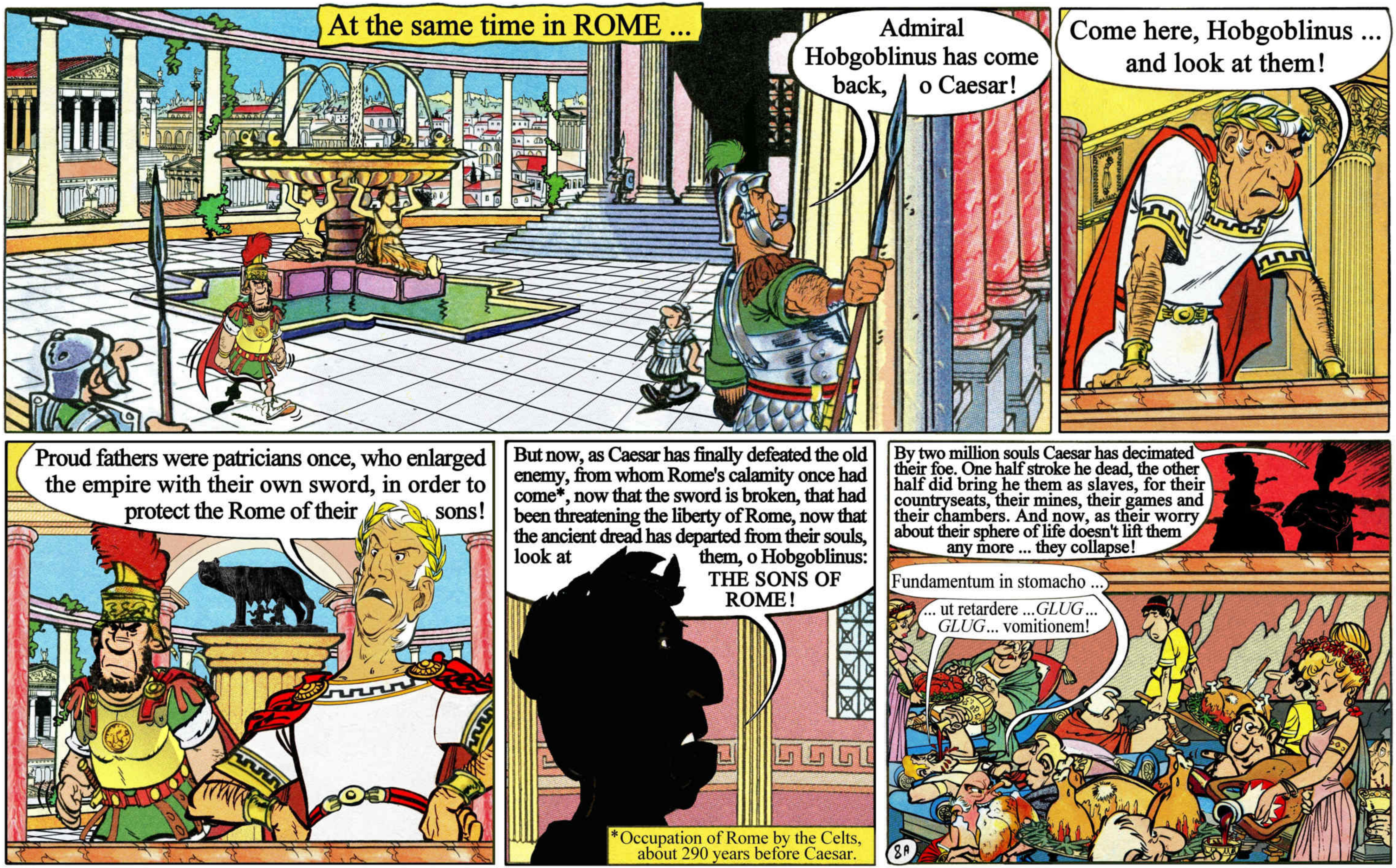


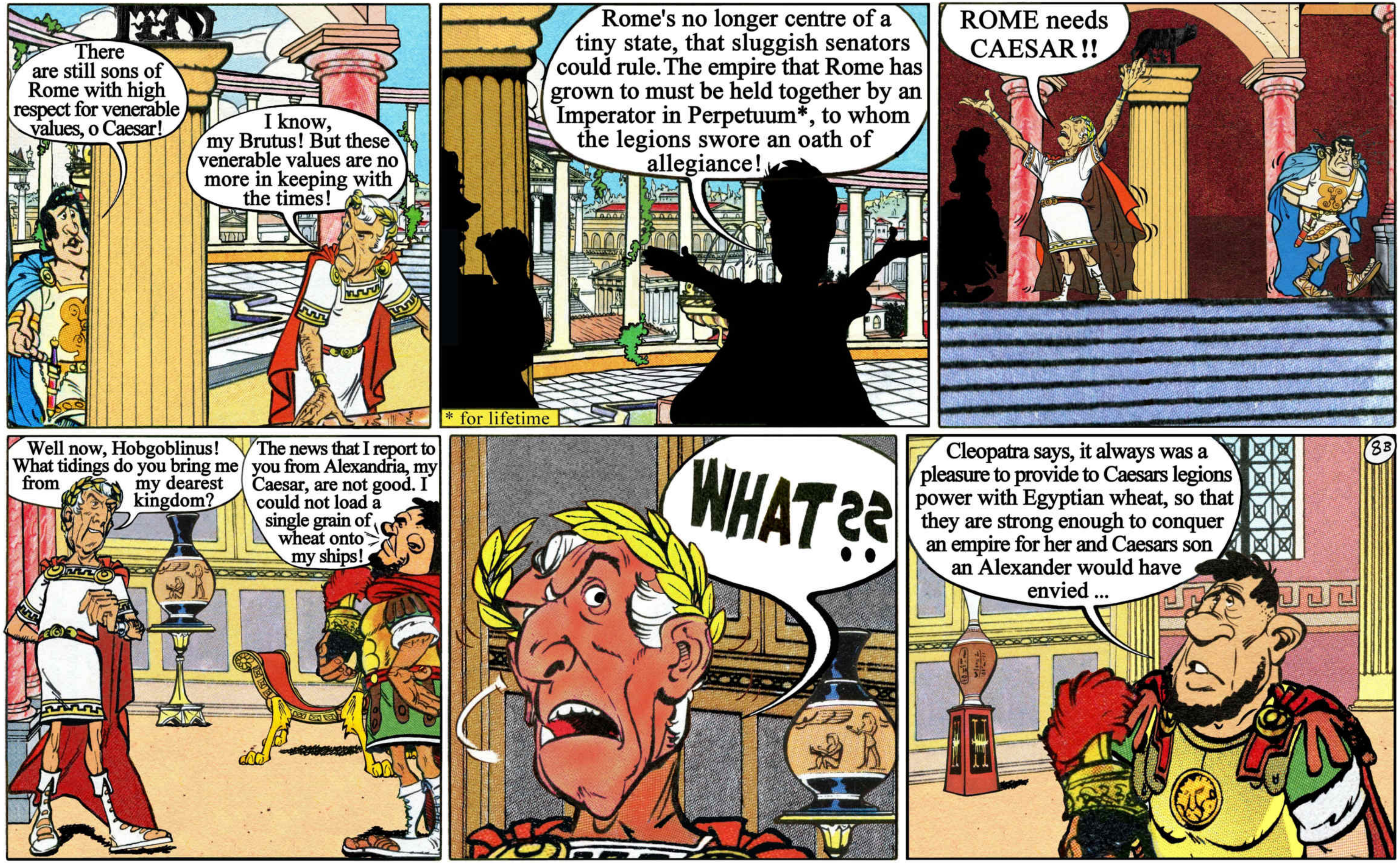

A new day has begun ...
GURRR!
FULLIAUTOMATI
KLING. KLONG.
You must smith me a tight lid for the cauldron of my Magic Potion, Fulliautomatix! Last night it was brimfull. In the morning it was empty and fleas were jumping out. They must have bred in the Magic Potion so strongly, that they totally consumed it!

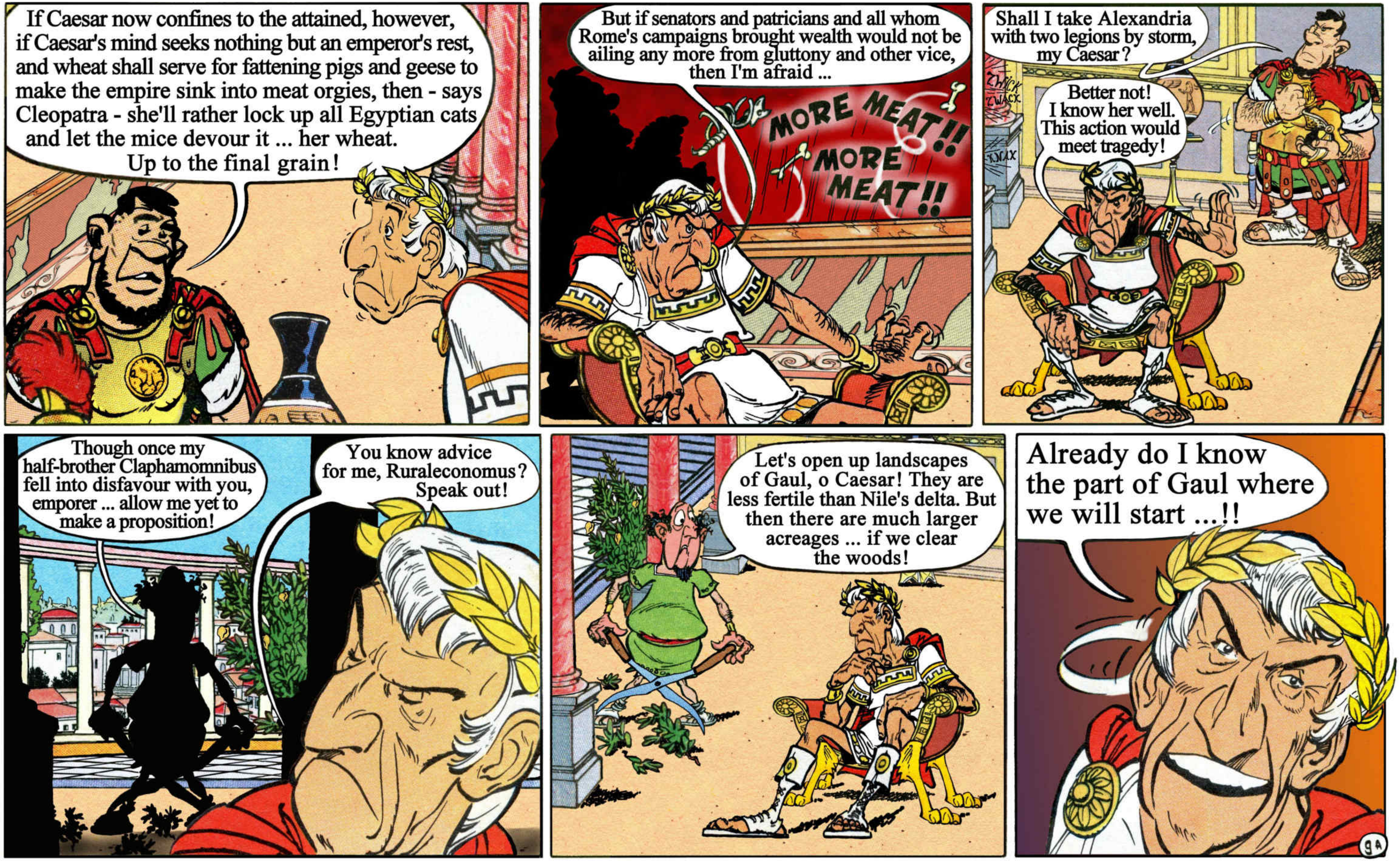

I'll hammer the lid for you, o Druid, as soon as the ploughshare is finished! Washing your head at *both* solstices is supposed to help, against fleas ... as they say ...
FUL
Now all together! And watch out for the stressed syllables and the pauses!
Whăt yôu dŏn"t wânt tŏ be dône tŏ yôu thăt dô nŏt dô tŏ othêrs !
Cacofonix, does that mean, that my Pa isn't allowed to beat the Romans up any more ?
Romans are suppressors greedy for power, who attacked us. Attackers may be beaten up !

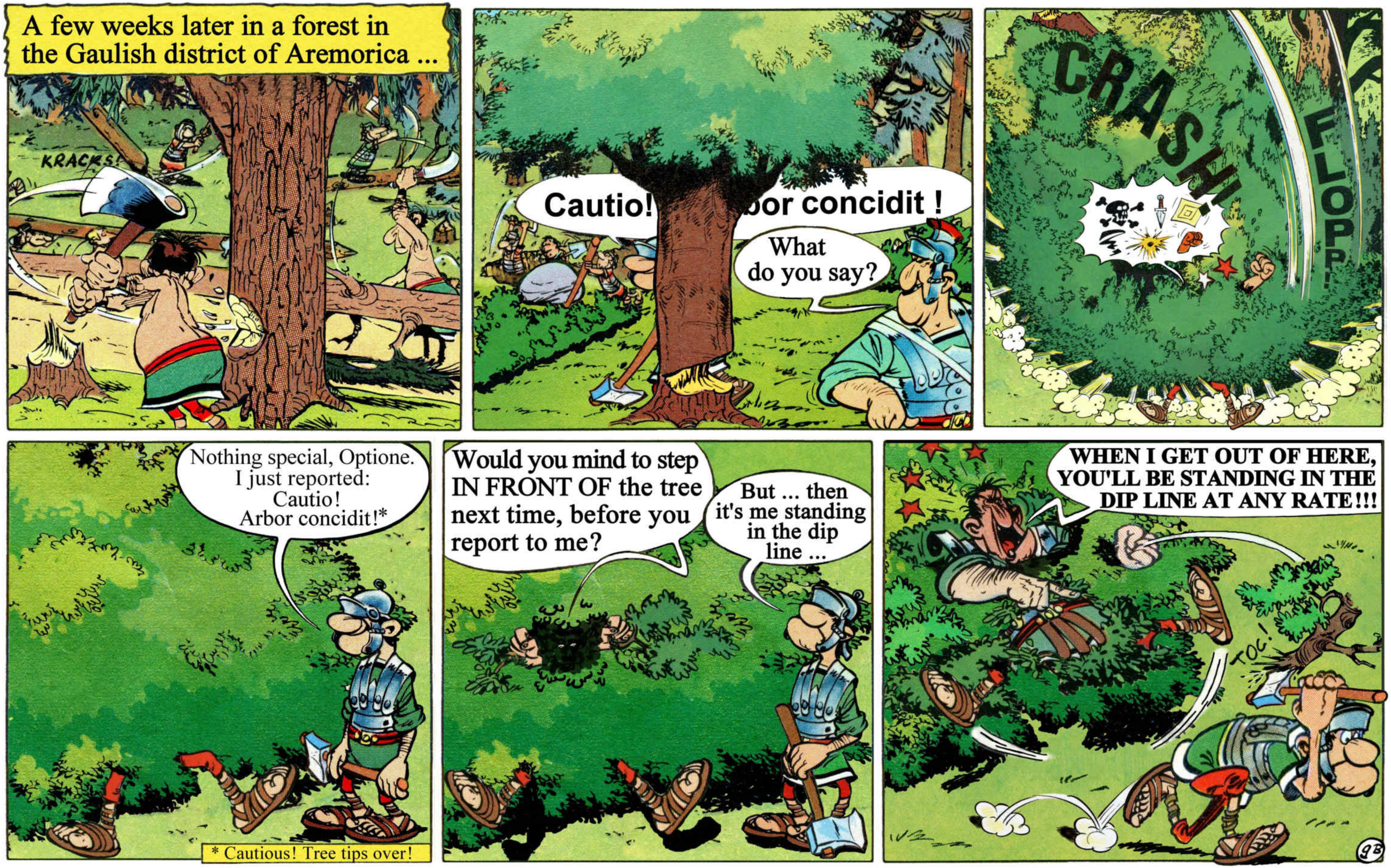

My Pa says, you may be attacked by sounds too!
Only barbarians feel attacked by sounds! They are dull ignorants without any sense for modern tonal harmonics!
KLING!
HISS
TING!
DANG!
BONG!
In dark night ...
HOUUUUUWL!


POC!
Oiiiiiiiiiink!!
TCHOK!
ZACK
BONG!
WHIMPER!!
YELP!
YELP!

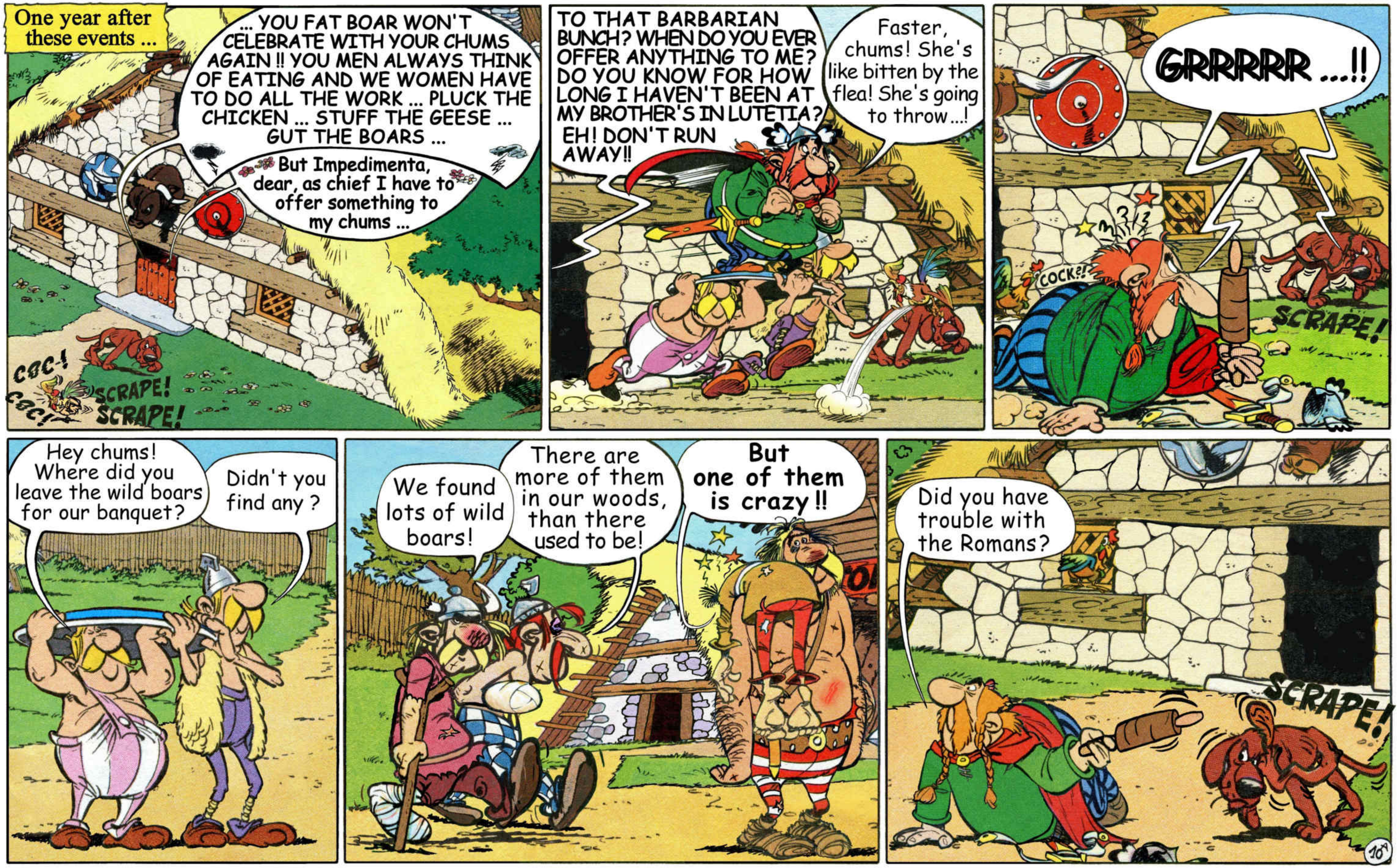

At the same time in ROME ...
Admiral Hobgoblinus has come back, o Caesar!
Come here, Hobgoblinus ... and look at them!
Proud fathers were patricians once, who enlarged the empire with their own sword, in order to protect the Rome of their sons!
But now, as Caesar has finally defeated the old enemy, from whom Rome's calamity once had come*, now that the sword is broken, that had been threatening the liberty of Rome, now that the ancient dread has departed from their souls, look at them, o Hobgoblinus: THE SONS OF ROME!
*Occupation of Rome by the Celts, about 290 years before Caesar.
By two million souls Caesar has decimated their foe. One half stroke he dead, the other half did bring he them as slaves, for their countryseats, their mines, their games and their chambers. And now, as their worry about their sphere of life doesn't lift them any more ... they collapse!
Fundamentum in stomacho ...
... ut retardere ...GLUG... GLUG... vomitionem!
8A

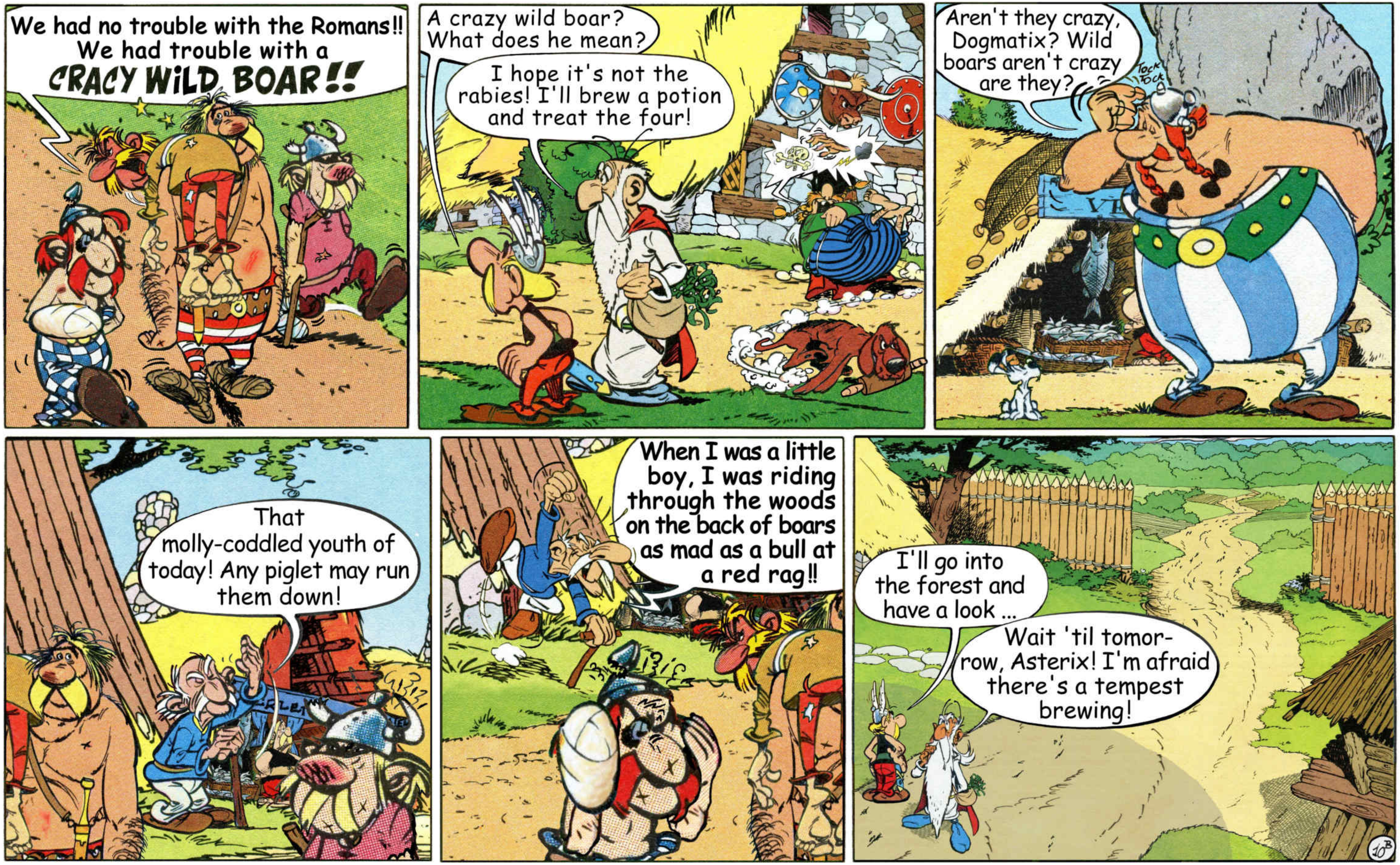

There are still sons of Rome with high respect for venerable values, o Caesar!
I know, my Brutus! But these venerable values are no more in keeping with the times!
Rome's no longer centre of a tiny state, that sluggish senators could rule. The empire that Rome has grown to must be held together by an Imperator in Perpetuum*, to whom the legions swore an oath of allegiance!
* for lifetime
ROME needs CAESAR!!
Well now, Hobgoblinus! What tidings do you bring me from my dearest kingdom?
The news that I report to you from Alexandria, my Caesar, are not good. I could not load a single grain of wheat onto my ships!
WHAT ??
Cleopatra says, it always was a pleasure to provide to Caesars legions power with Egyptian wheat, so that they are strong enough to conquer an empire for her and Caesars son an Alexander would have envied ...

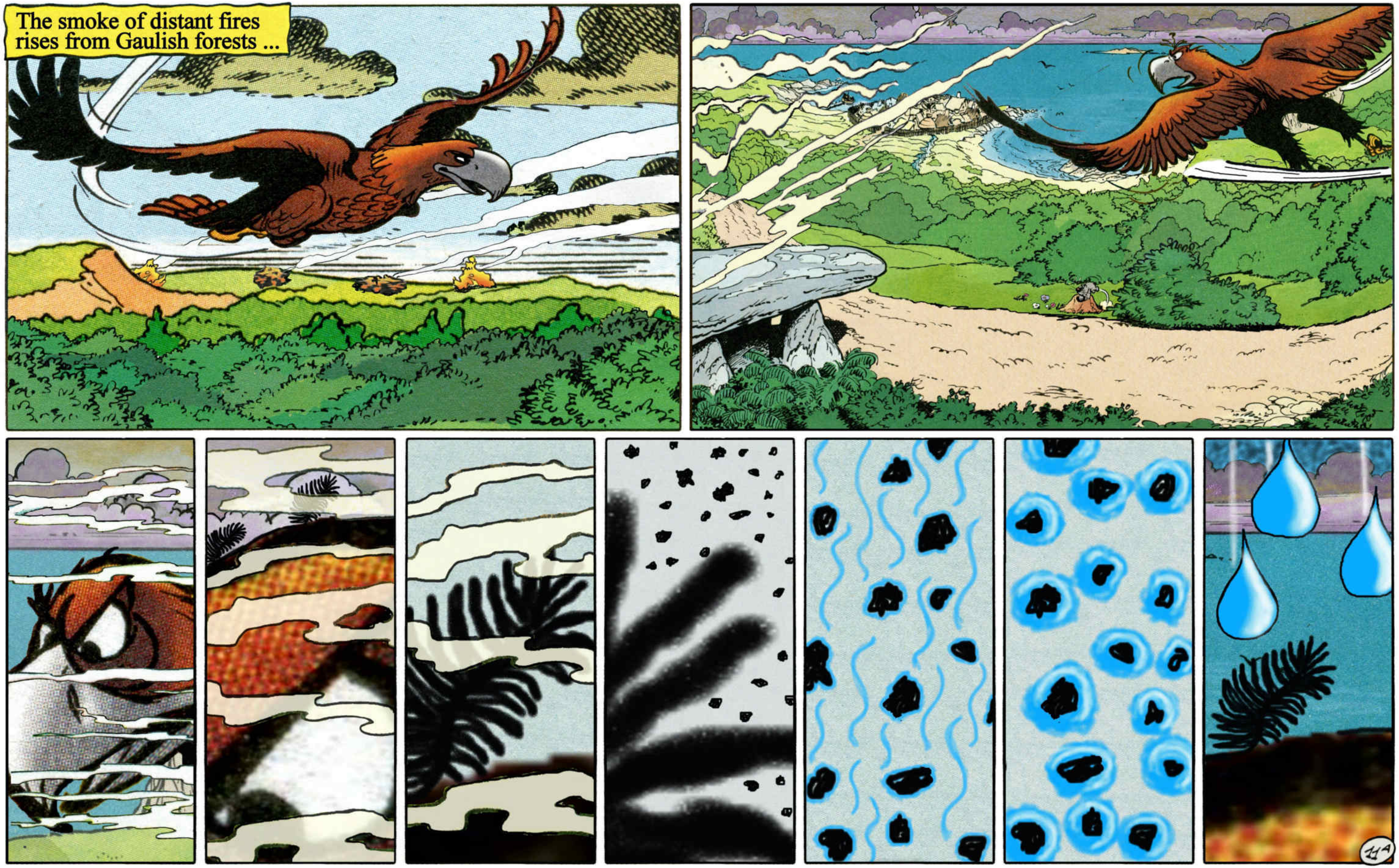

If Caesar now confines to the attained, however, if Caesar's mind seeks nothing but an emperor's rest, and wheat shall serve for fattening pigs and geese to make the empire sink into meat orgies, then - says Cleopatra - she'll rather lock up all Egyptian cats and let the mice devour it ... her wheat. Up to the final grain!
But if senators and patricians and all whom Rome's campaigns brought wealth would not be ailing any more from gluttony and other vice, then I'm afraid ...
MORE MEAT!! MORE MEAT!!
Shall I take Alexandria with two legions by storm, my Caesar?
ZWICK
ZWACK
KNAX
Better not! I know her well. This action would meet tragedy!
Though once my half-brother Claphamomnibus fell into disfavour with you, emporer ... allow me yet to make a proposition!
You know advice for me, Ruraleconomus? Speak out!
Let's open up landscapes of Gaul, o Caesar! They are less fertile than Nile's delta. But then there are much larger acreages ... if we clear the woods!
Already do I know the part of Gaul where we will start ...!!
9A

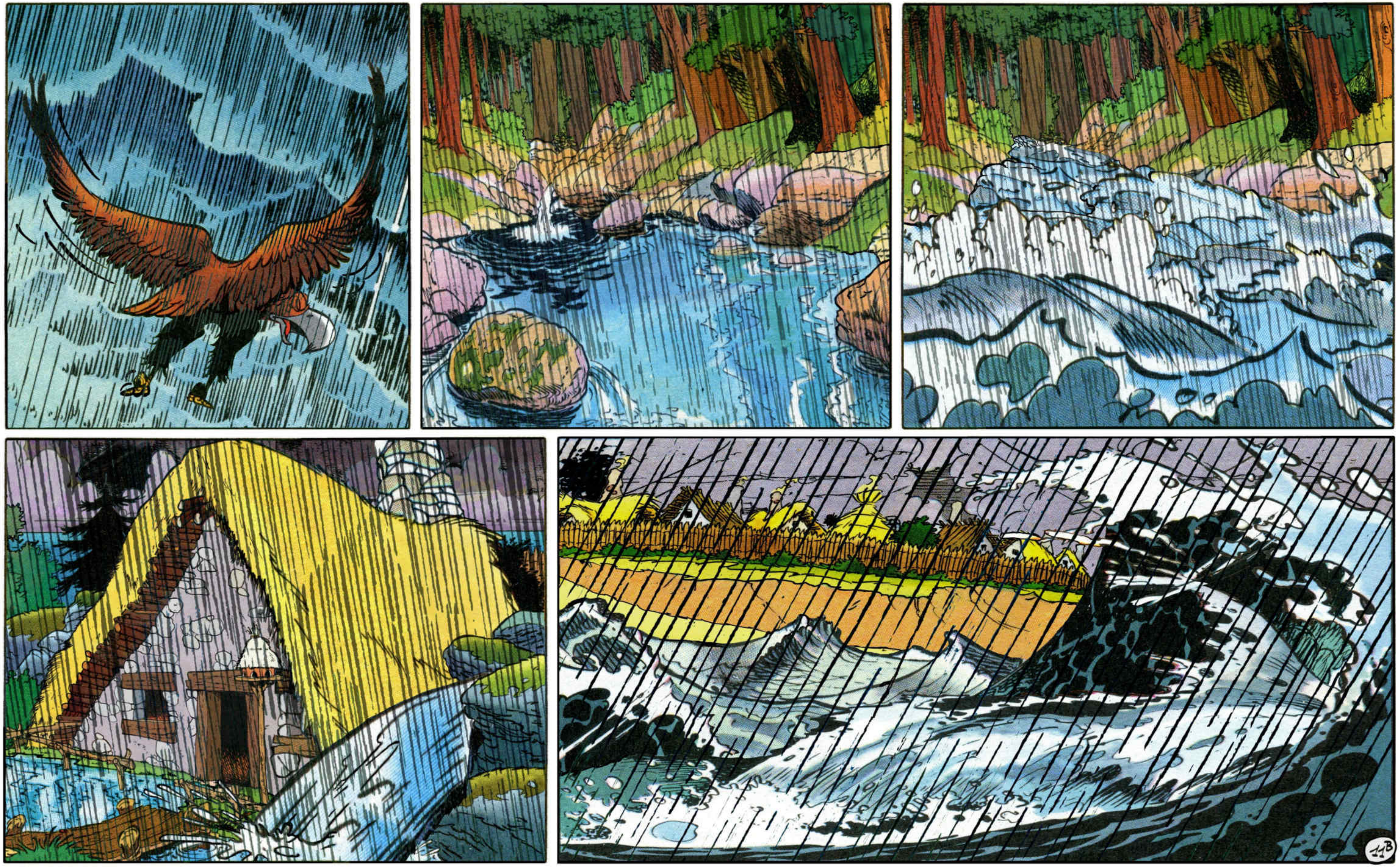

A few weeks later in a forest in the Gaulish district of Aremorica ...
KRACKS!
Cautio! …bor concidit !
What do you say?
CRASH!
FLOPP!
Nothing special, Optione. I just reported: Cautio! Arbor concidit!*
Would you mind to step IN FRONT OF the tree next time, before you report to me?
But ... then it's me standing in the dip line ...
WHEN I GET OUT OF HERE, YOU'LL BE STANDING IN THE DIP LINE AT ANY RATE!!!
TOC!

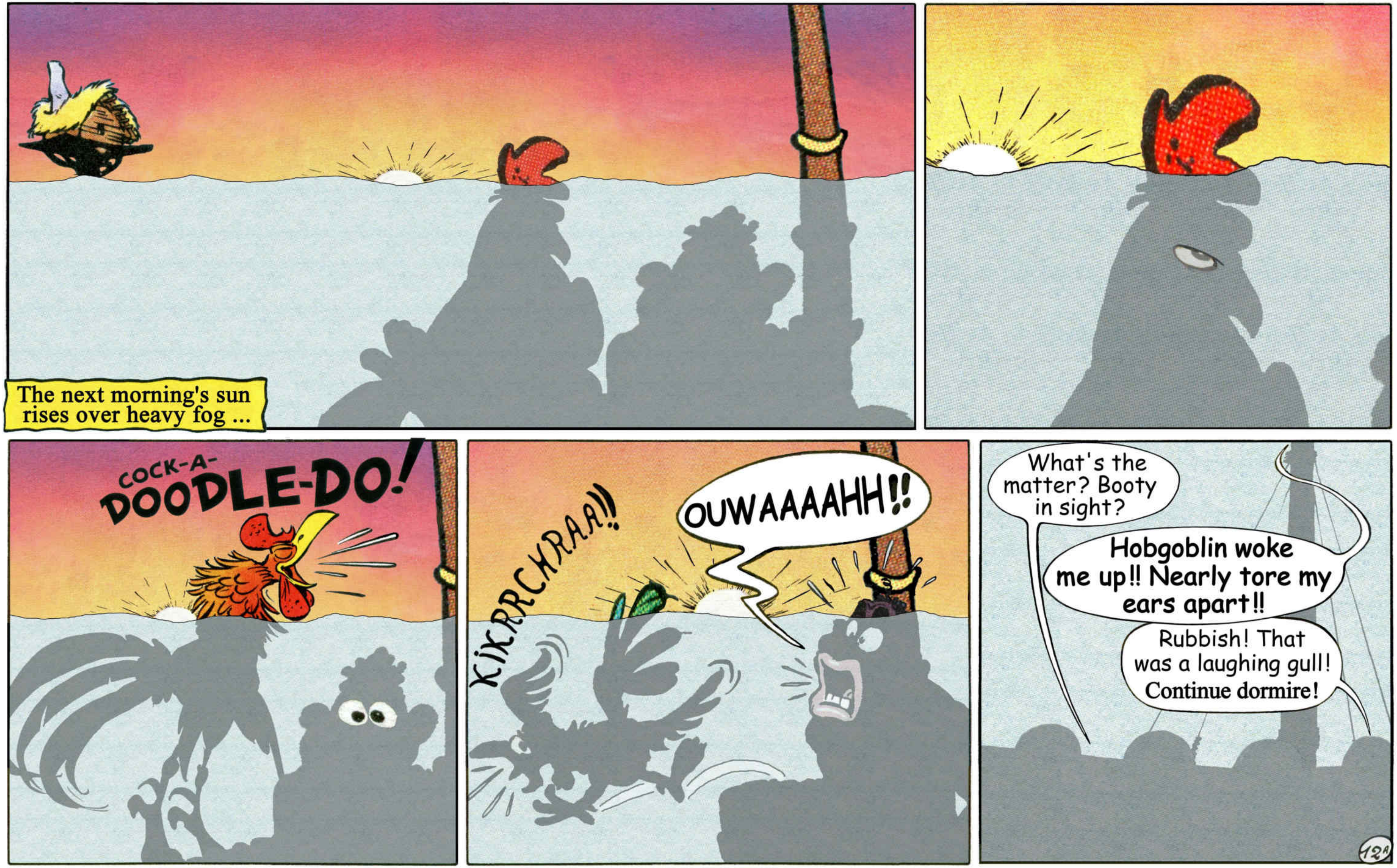
* Cautious! Tree tips over!

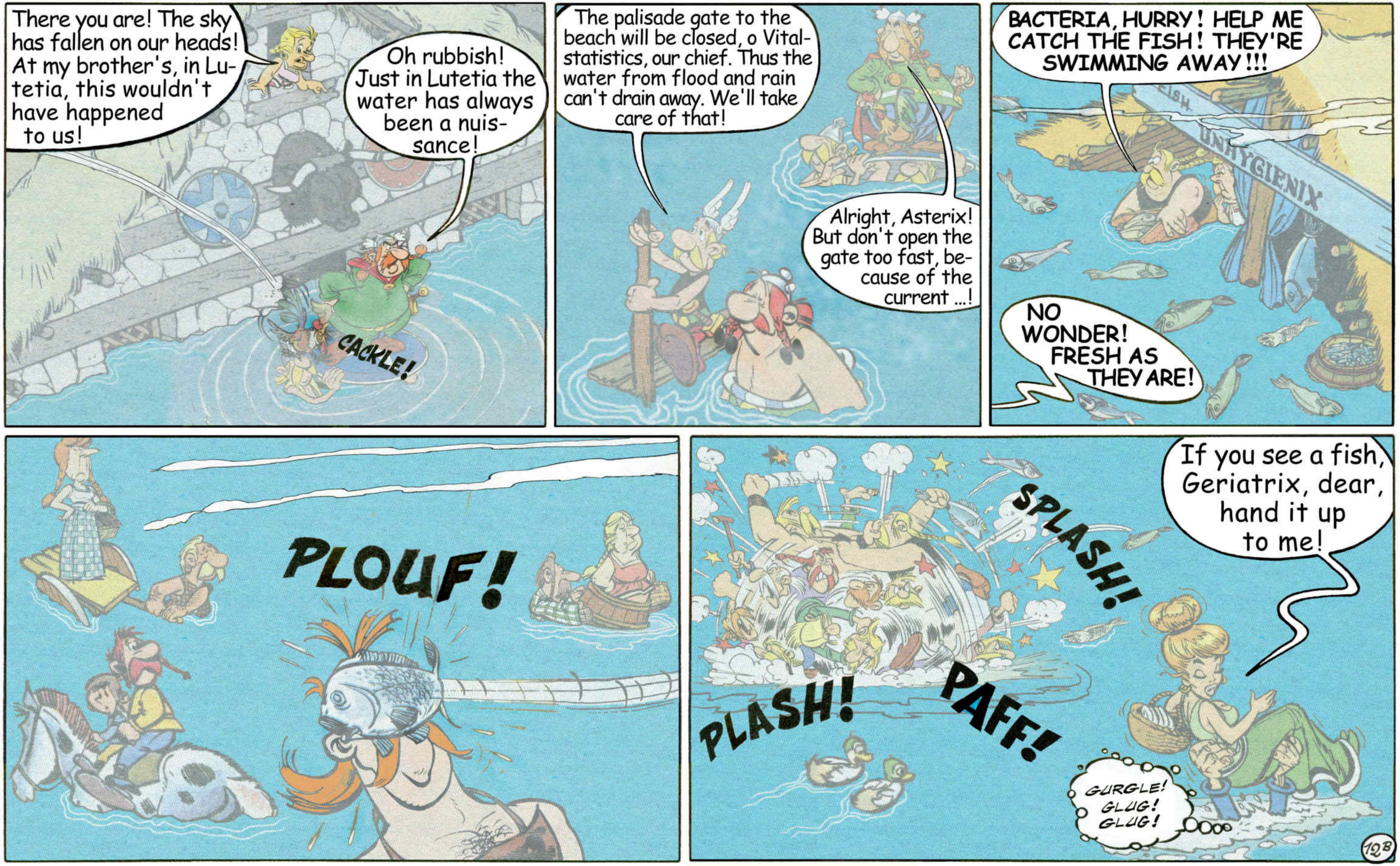

One year after these events ...
... YOU FAT BOAR WON'T CELEBRATE WITH YOUR CHUMS AGAIN !! YOU MEN ALWAYS THINK OF EATING AND WE WOMEN HAVE TO DO ALL THE WORK ... PLUCK THE CHICKEN ... STUFF THE GEESE ... GUT THE BOARS ...
But Impedimenta, dear, as chief I have to offer something to my chums ...
COC-! COC!
SCRAPE! SCRAPE!
TO THAT BARBARIAN BUNCH? WHEN DO YOU EVER OFFER ANYTHING TO ME? DO YOU KNOW FOR HOW LONG I HAVEN'T BEEN AT MY BROTHER'S IN LUTETIA? EH! DON'T RUN AWAY!!
Faster, chums! She's like bitten by the flea! She's going to throw ...!
GRRRRR ...!!
COCK?!
SCRAPE!
Hey chums! Where did you leave the wild boars for our banquet?
Didn't you find any ?
We found lots of wild boars!
There are more of them in our woods, than there used to be!
But one of them is crazy !!
Did you have trouble with the Romans?
SCRAPE!

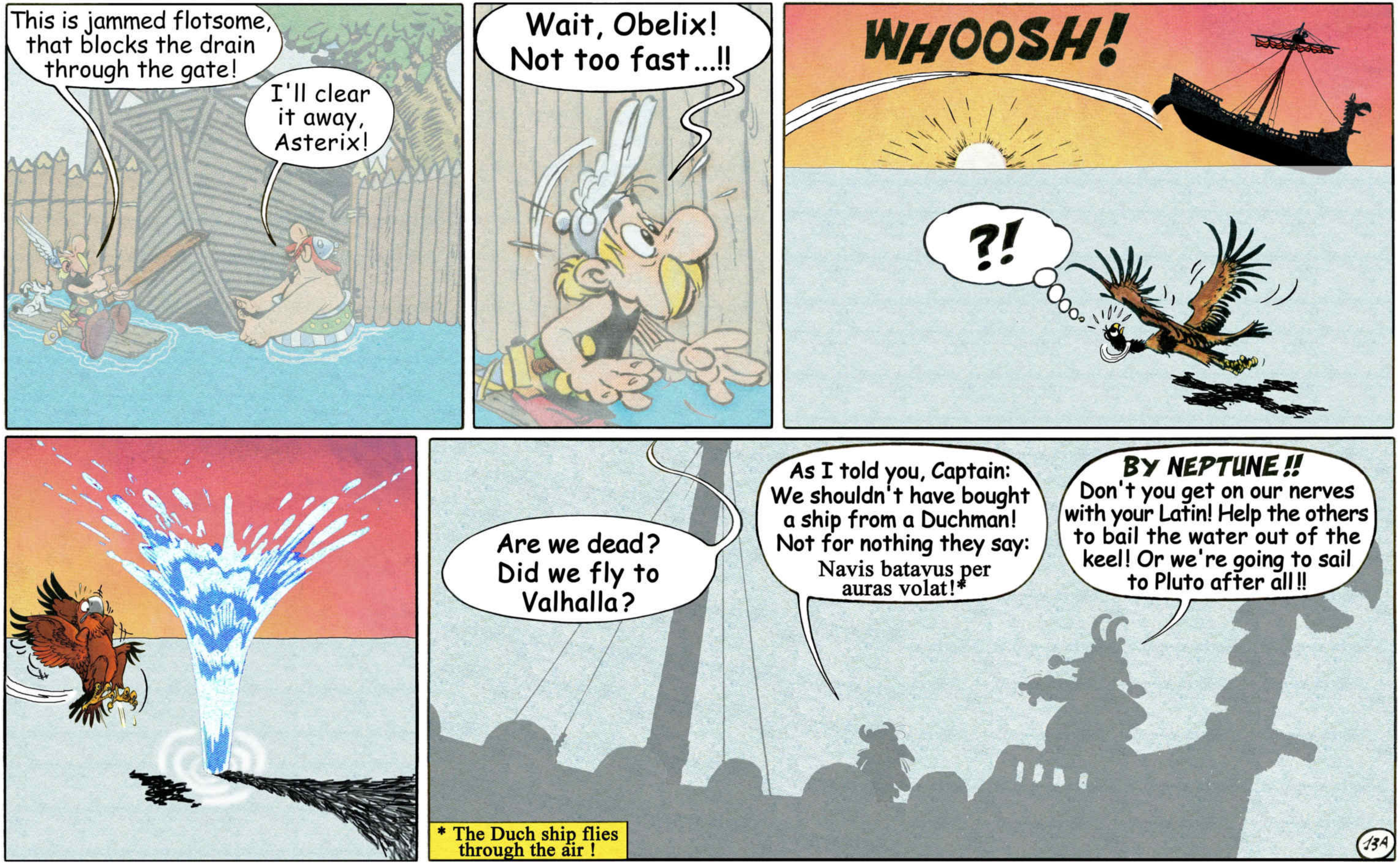

We had no trouble with the Romans!! We had trouble with a CRACY WILD BOAR!!
A crazy wild boar? What does he mean?
I hope it's not the rabies! I'll brew a potion and treat the four!
Aren't they crazy, Dogmatix? Wild boars aren't crazy are they?
TOCK TOCK
That molly-coddled youth of today! Any piglet may run them down!
When I was a little boy, I was riding through the woods on the back of boars as mad as a bull at a red rag!!
I'll go into the forest and have a look ...
Wait 'til tomorrow, Asterix! I'm afraid there's a tempest brewing!


The smoke of distant fires rises from Gaulish forests ...

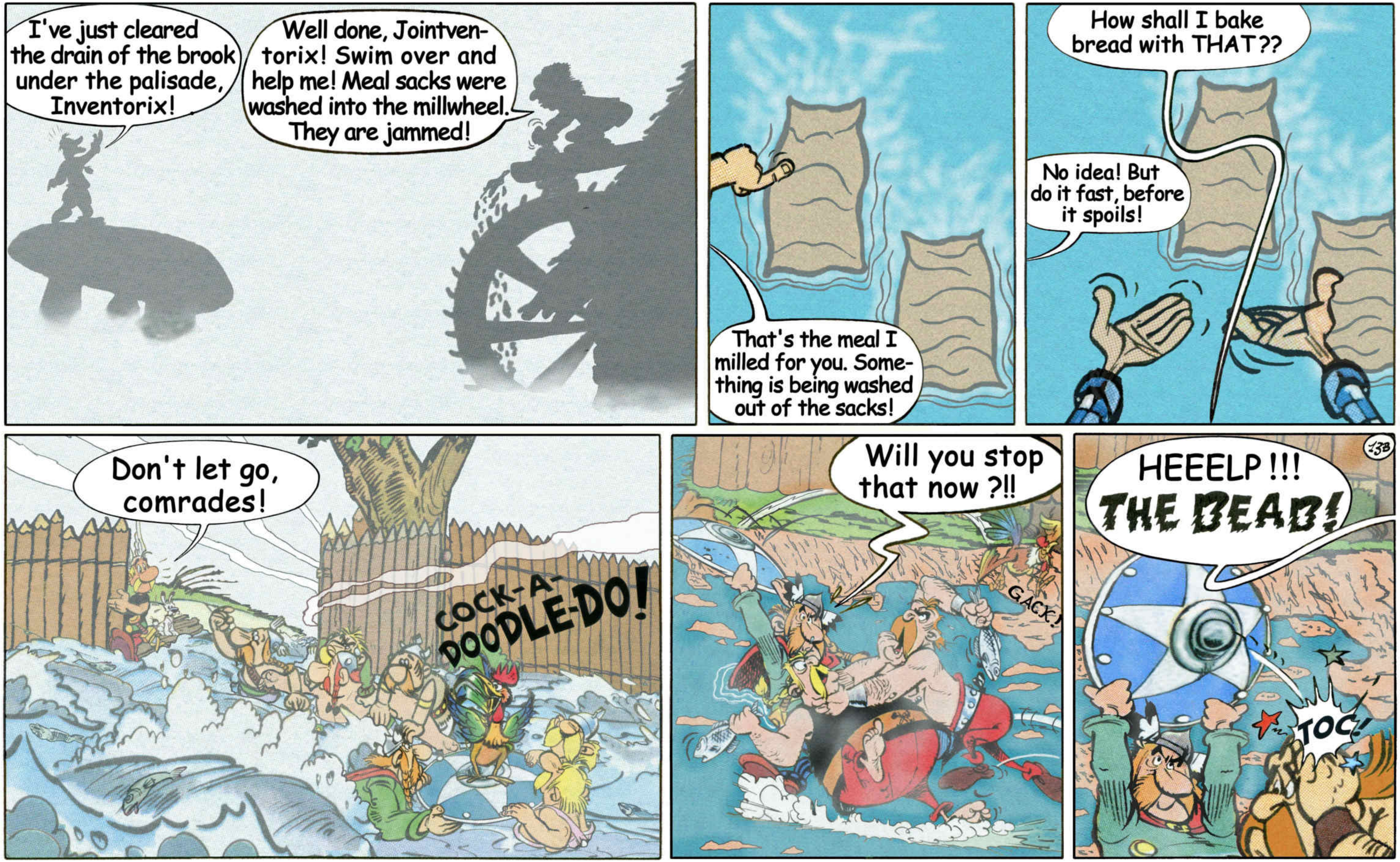


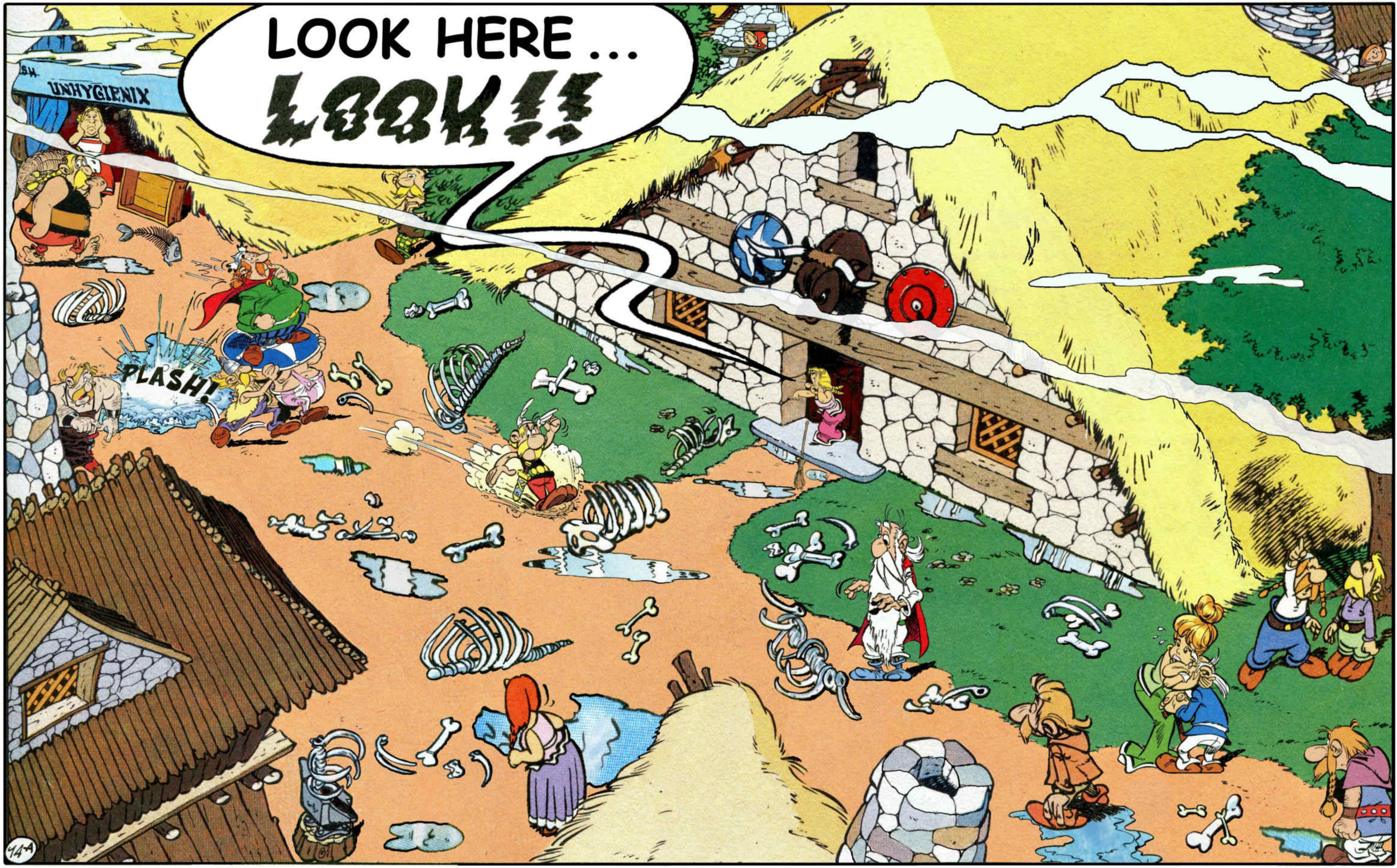

The next morning's sun rises over heavy fog ...
COCK-A-DOODLE-DO!
KIKRRCHRAA!!
OUWAAAAHH!!
What's the matter? Booty in sight?
Hobgoblin woke me up!! Nearly tore my ears apart!!
Rubbish! That was a laughing gull! Continue dormire!

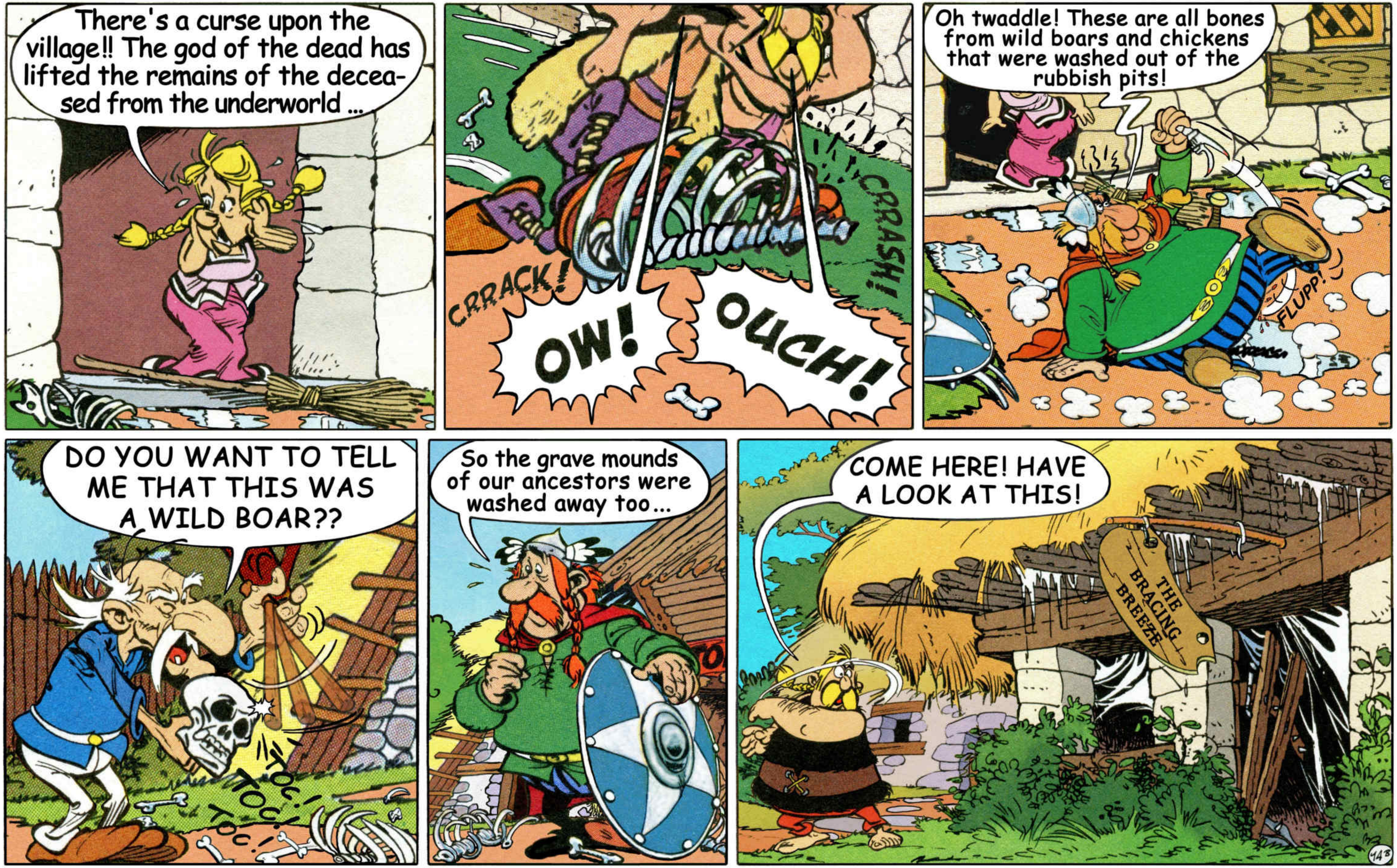

There you are! The sky has fallen on our heads! At my brother's, in Lutetia, this wouldn't have happened to us!
Oh rubbish! Just in Lutetia the water has always been a nuisance!
CACKLE!
The palisade gate to the beach will be closed, o Vitalstatistics, our chief. Thus the water from flood and rain can't drain away. We'll take care of that!
Alright, Asterix! But don't open the gate too fast, because of the current ...!
BACTERIA, HURRY! HELP ME CATCH THE FISH! THEY'RE SWIMMING AWAY!!!
FISH
UNHYGIENIX
NO WONDER! FRESH AS THEY ARE!
PLOUF!
SPLASH!
PLASH!
PAFF!
If you see a fish, Geriatrix, dear, hand it up to me!
GURGLE! GLUG! GLUG!

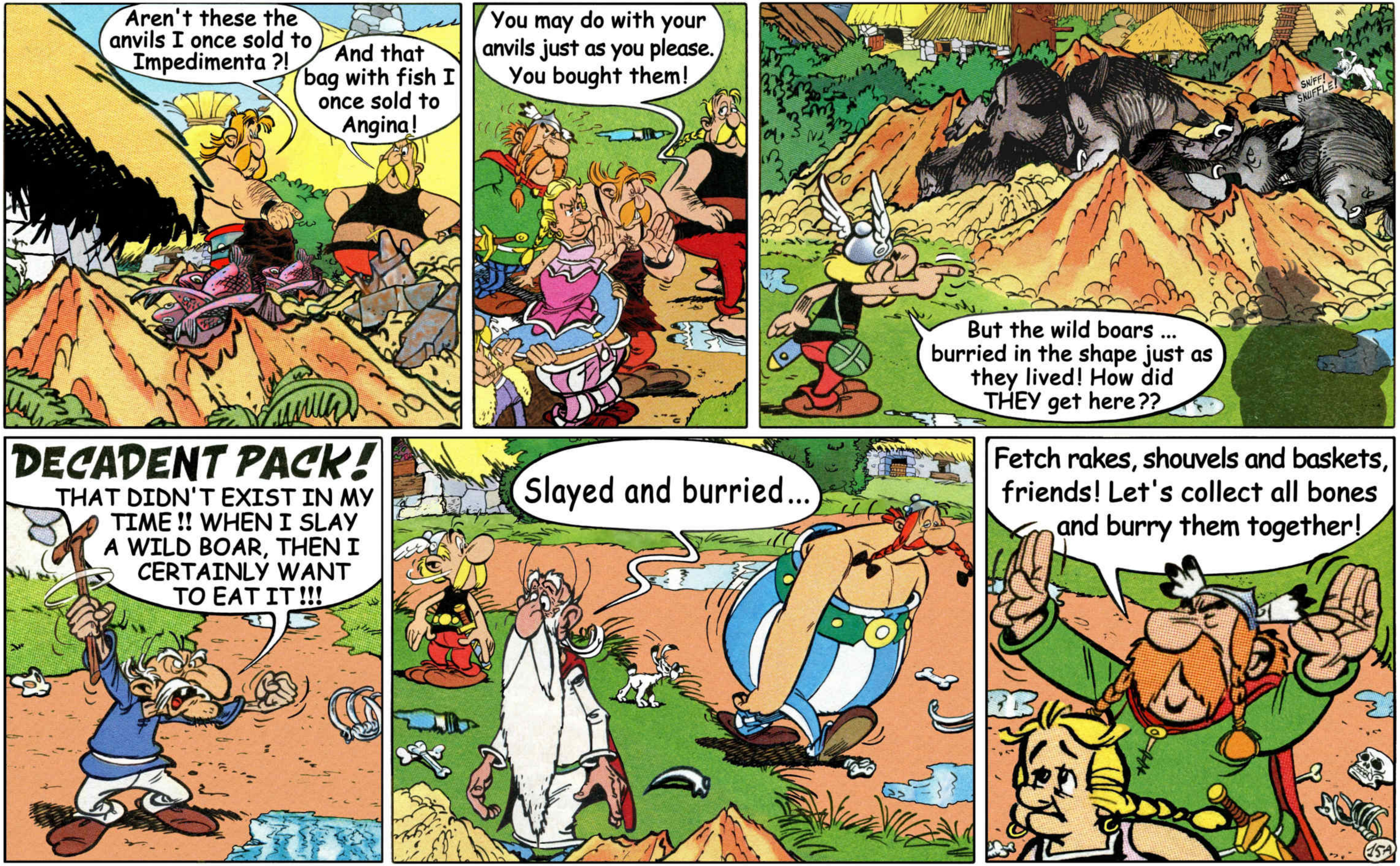

This is jammed flotsome, that blocks the drain through the gate!
I'll clear it away, Asterix!
Wait, Obelix! Not too fast...!!
WHOOSH!
?!
Are we dead? Did we fly to Valhalla?
As I told you, Captain: We shouldn't have bought a ship from a Duchman! Not for nothing they say: Navis batavus per auras volat!*
BY NEPTUNE!! Don't you get on our nerves with your Latin! Help the others to bail the water out of the keel! Or we're going to sail to Pluto after all!!

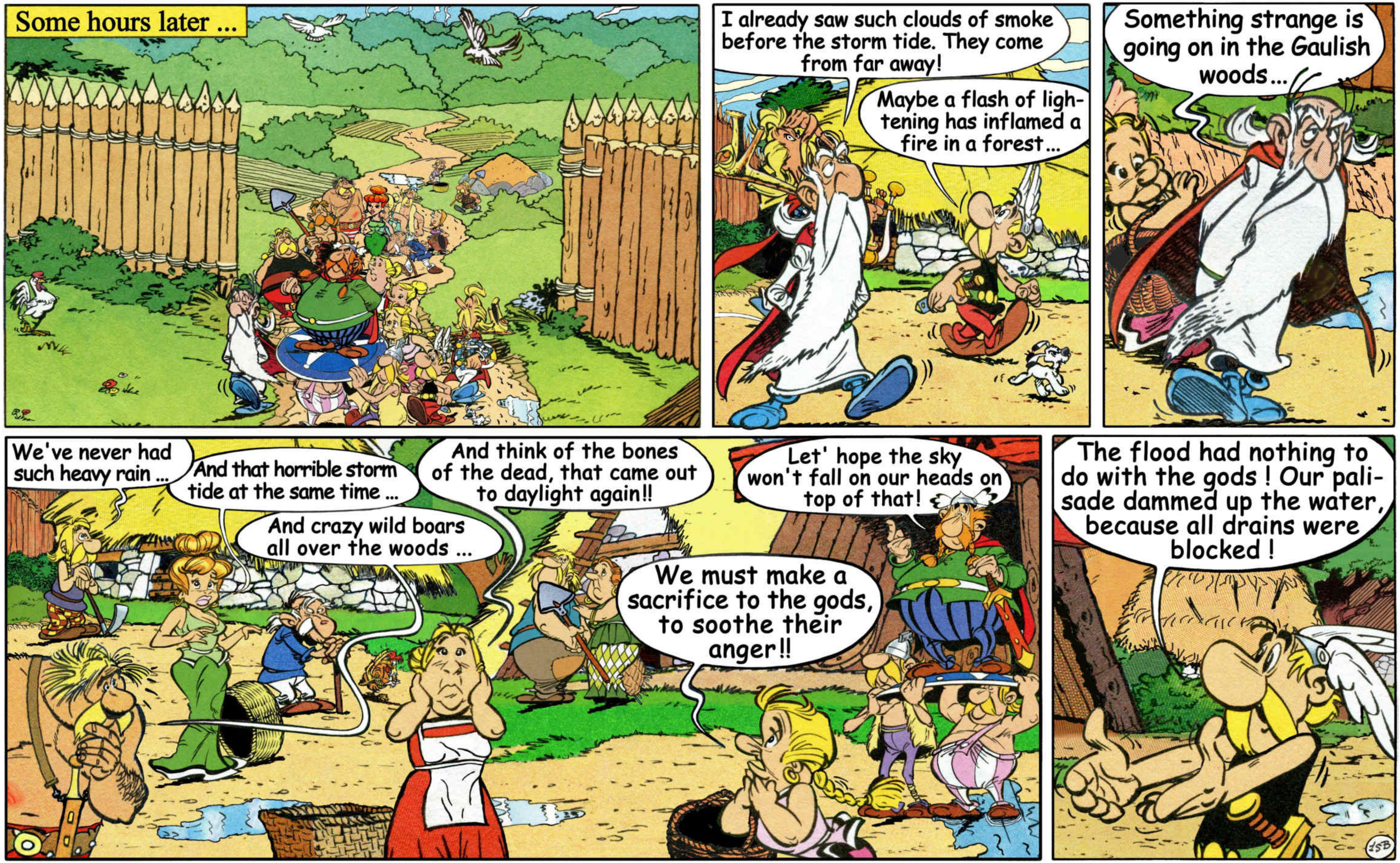
* The Duch ship flies through the air !

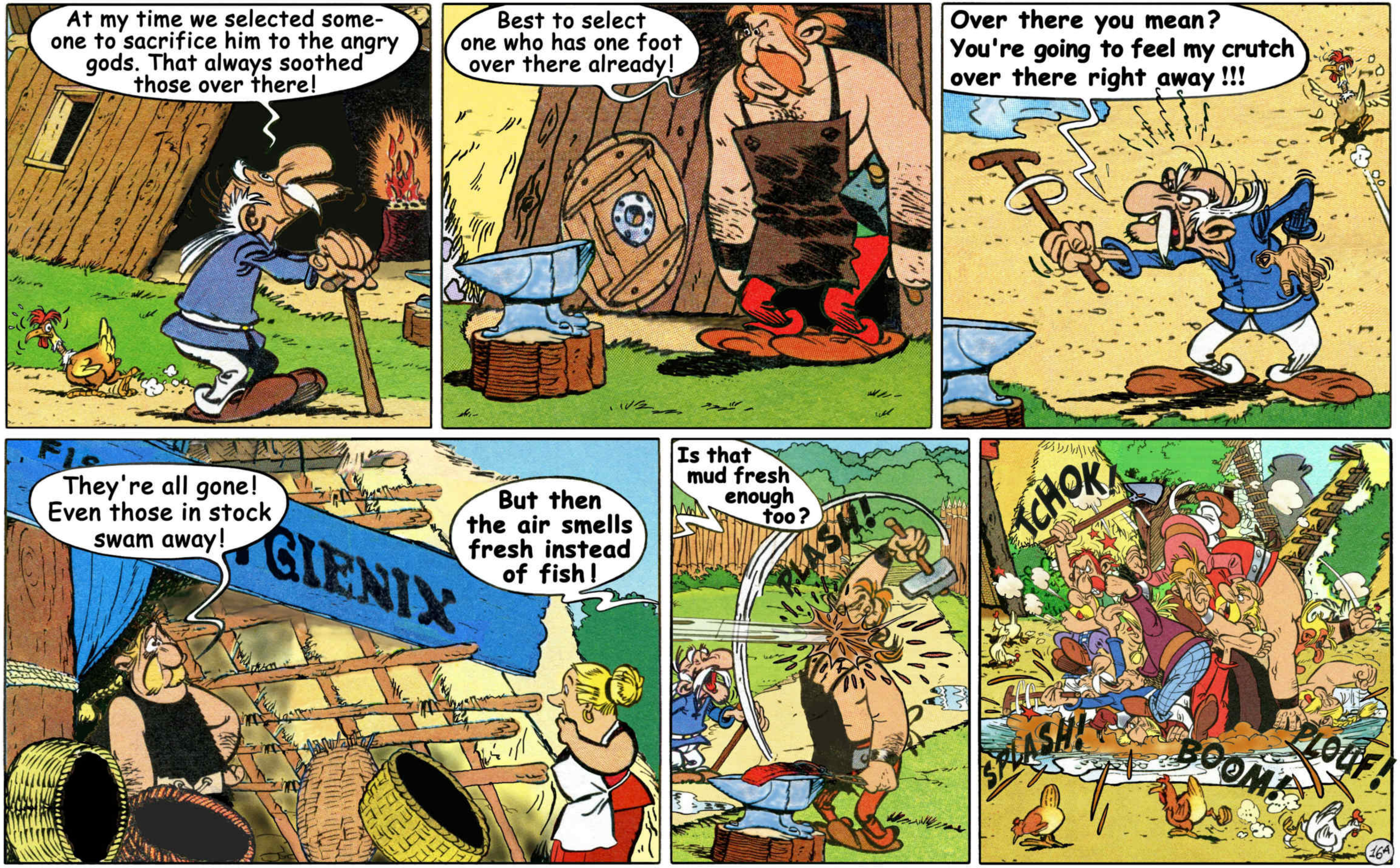

I've just cleared the drain of the brook under the palisade, Inventorix!
Well done, Jointventorix! Swim over and help me! Meal sacks were washed into the millwheel. They are jammed!
That's the meal I milled for you. Something is being washed out of the sacks!
How shall I bake bread with THAT??
No idea! But do it fast, before it spoils!
Don't let go, comrades!
COCK-A-DOODLE-DO!
Will you stop that now ?!!
GACK!
13B
HEEELP !!!
THE DEAD!
TOC!

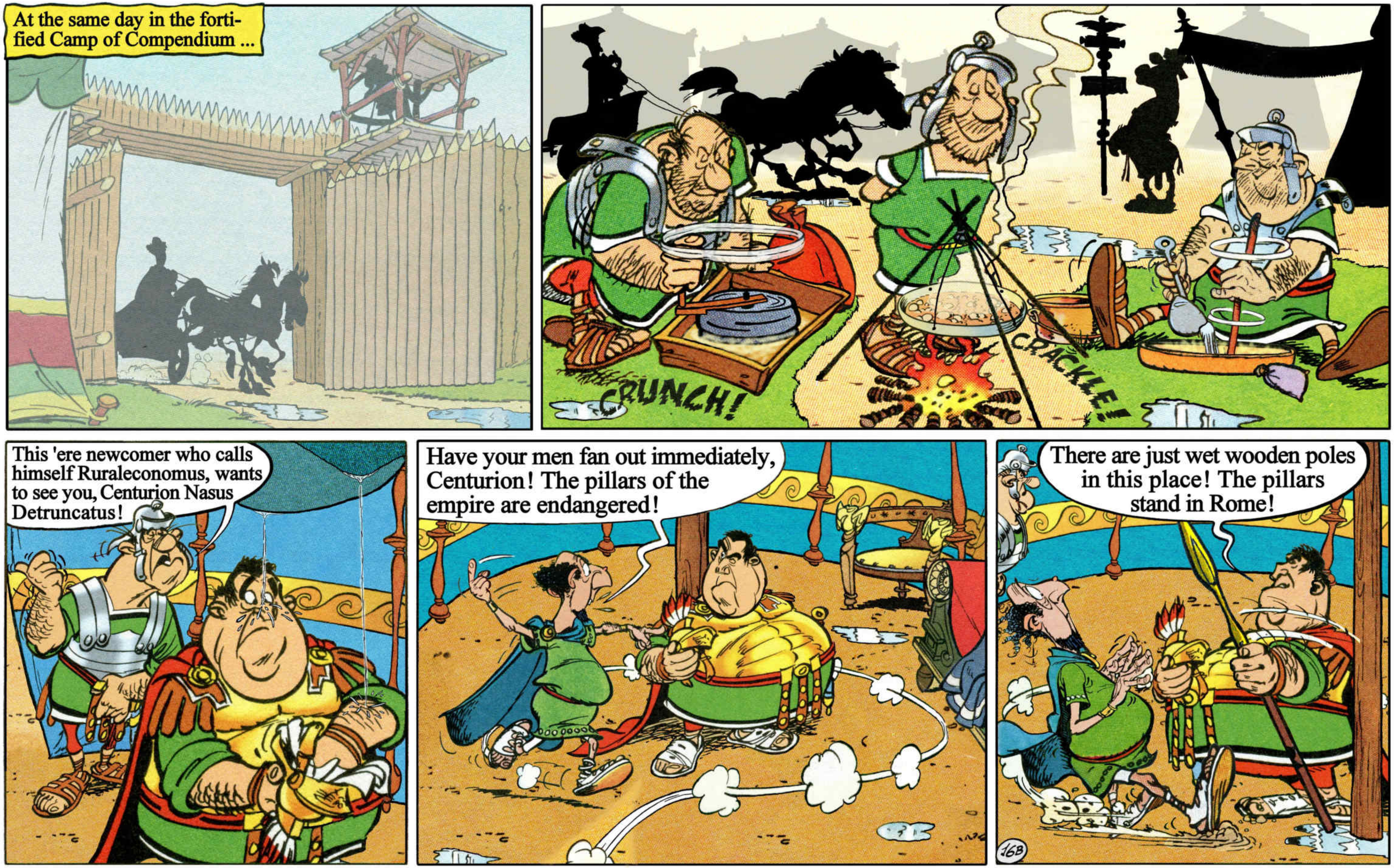

LOOK HERE ...
LOOK!!!
SH.
UNHYGIENIX
PLASH!
44-A

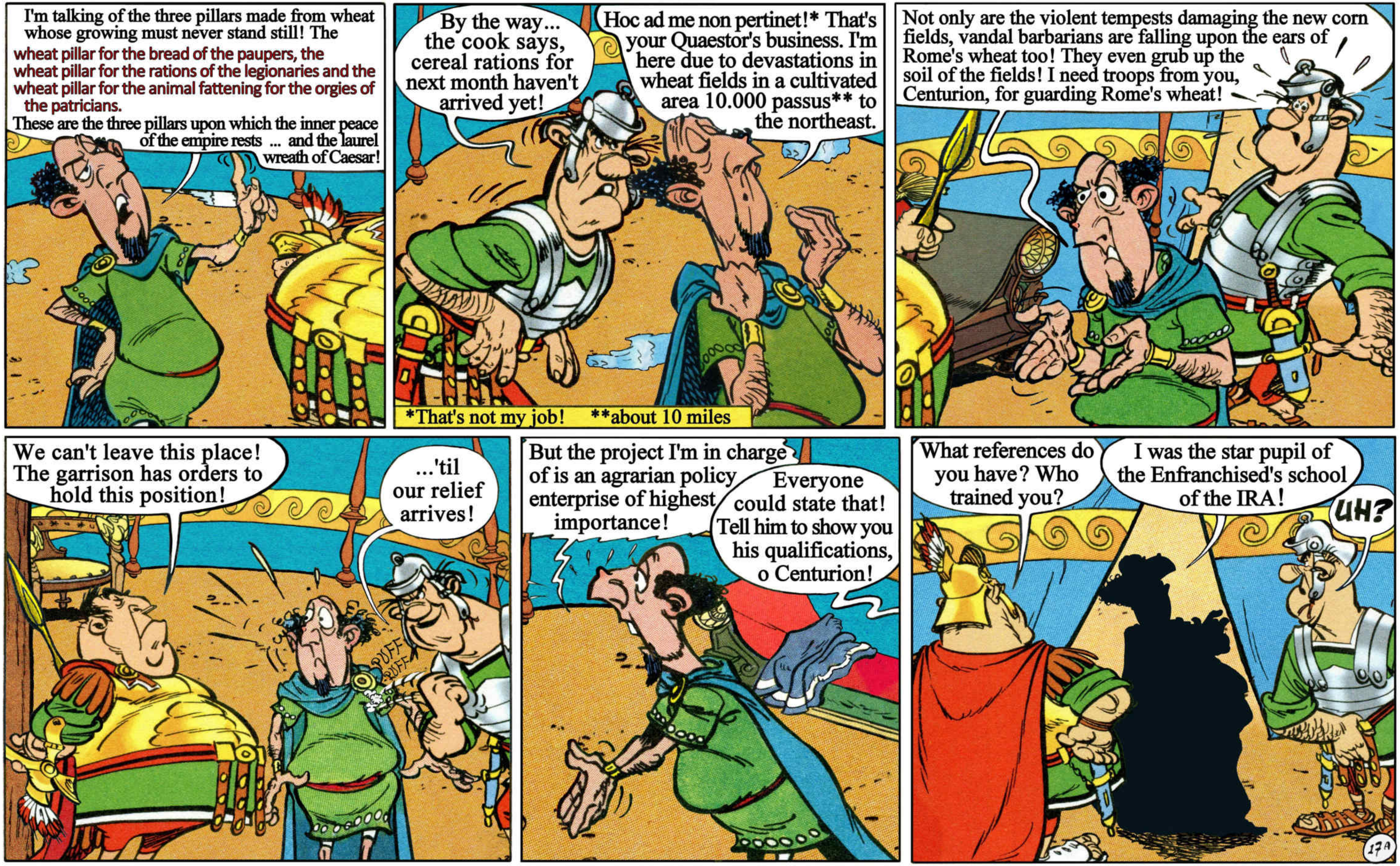

There's a curse upon the village!! The god of the dead has lifted the remains of the deceased from the underworld ...
CRRACK!
OW!
OUCH!
CRRASH!
Oh twaddle! These are all bones from wild boars and chickens that were washed out of the rubbish pits!
FLUPP!
DO YOU WANT TO TELL ME THAT THIS WAS A WILD BOAR??
TOC! TOC! TOC!
So the grave mounds of our ancestors were washed away too...
COME HERE! HAVE A LOOK AT THIS!
THE BRACING BREEZE

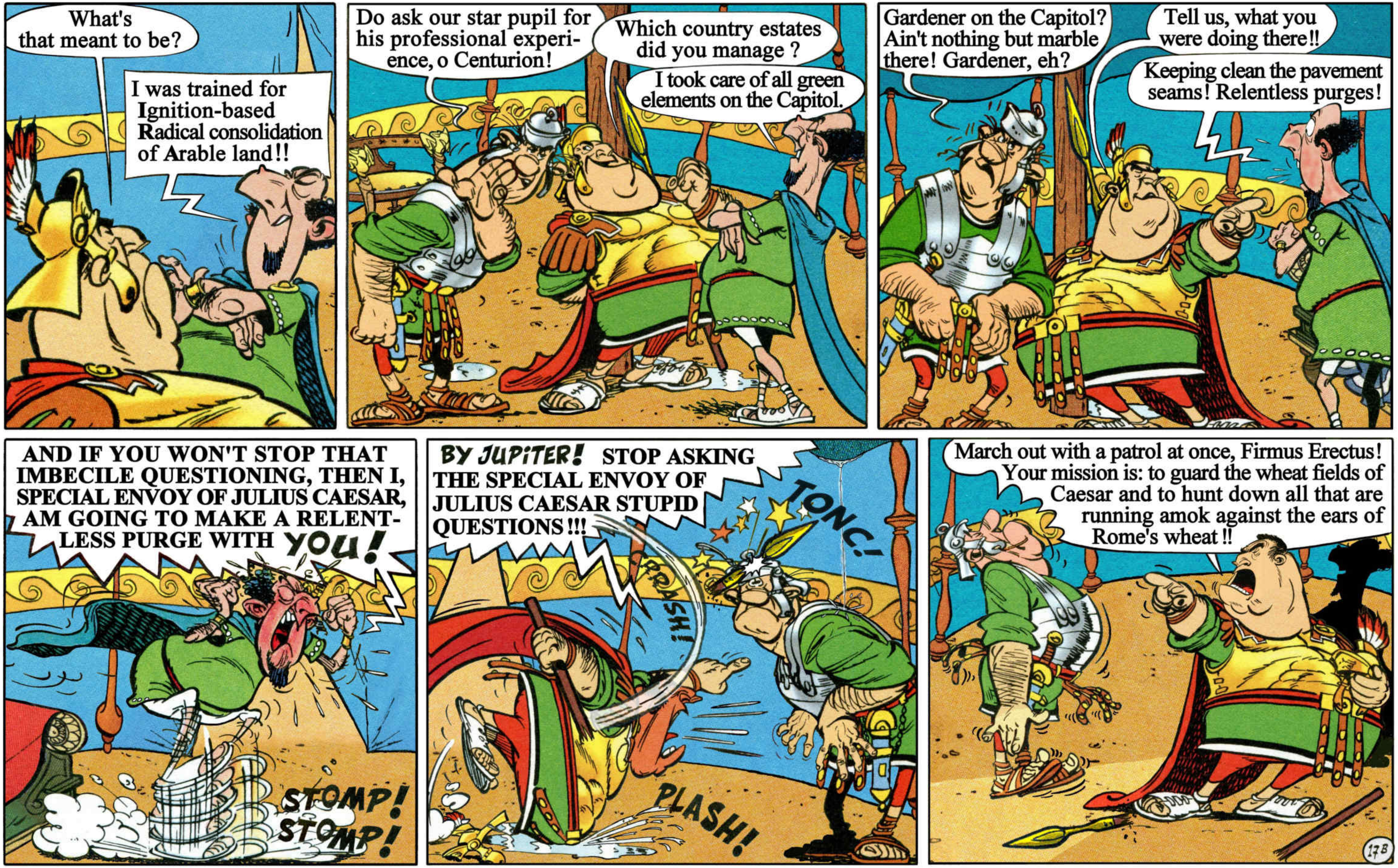

Aren't these the anvils I once sold to Impedimenta ?!
And that bag with fish I once sold to Angina!
You may do with your anvils just as you please. You bought them!
SNIFF! SNUFFLE!
But the wild boars ... burried in the shape just as they lived! How did THEY get here??
DECADENT PACK! THAT DIDN'T EXIST IN MY TIME !! WHEN I SLAY A WILD BOAR, THEN I CERTAINLY WANT TO EAT IT !!!
Slayed and burried...
Fetch rakes, shouvels and baskets, friends! Let's collect all bones and burry them together!

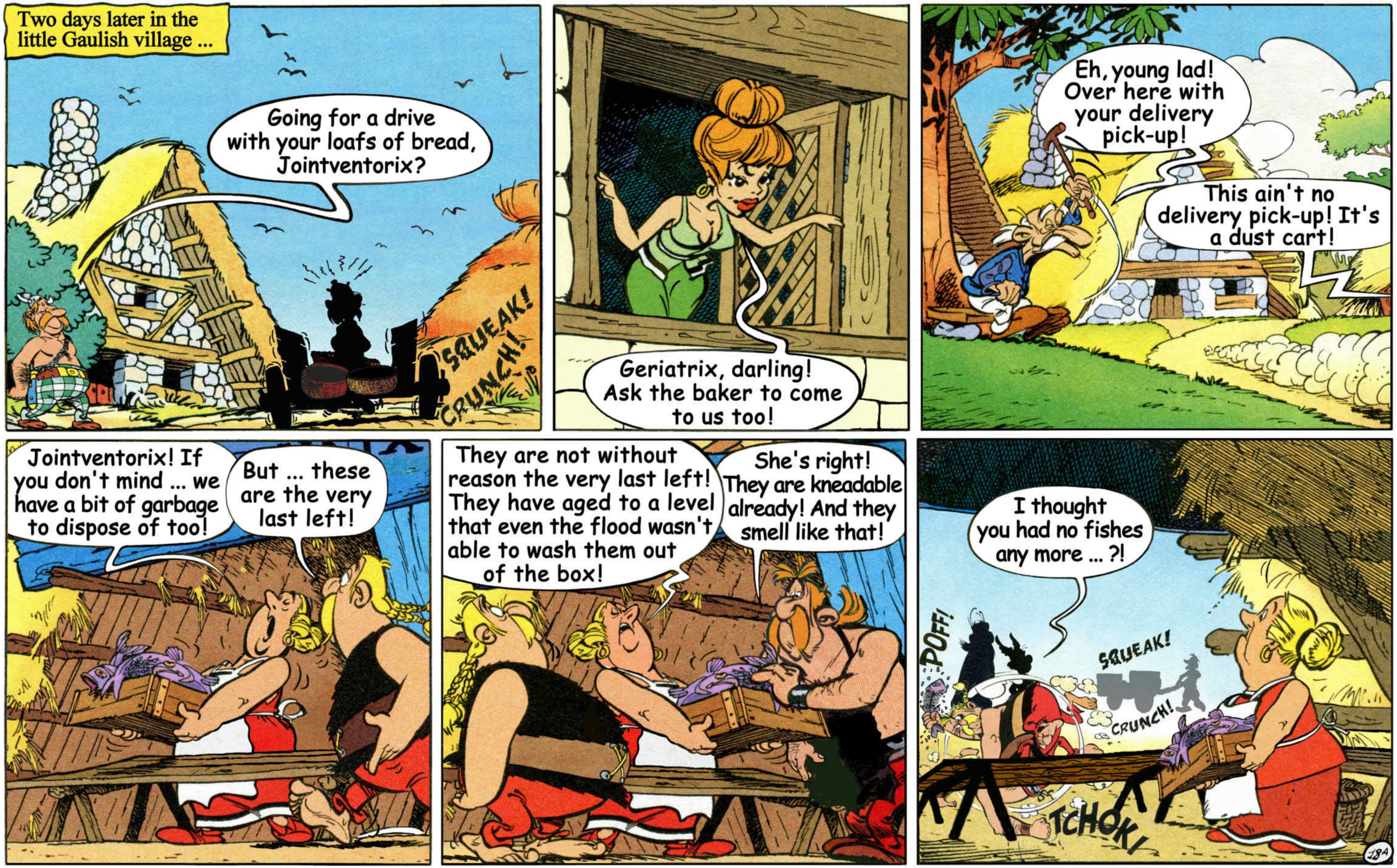

Some hours later ...
I already saw such clouds of smoke before the storm tide. They come from far away!
Maybe a flash of lightening has inflamed a fire in a forest ...
Something strange is going on in the Gaulish woods ...
We've never had such heavy rain ...
And that horrible storm tide at the same time ...
And crazy wild boars all over the woods ...
And think of the bones of the dead, that came out to daylight again!!
Let' hope the sky won't fall on our heads on top of that!
We must make a sacrifice to the gods, to soothe their anger!!
The flood had nothing to do with the gods ! Our palisade dammed up the water, because all drains were blocked !

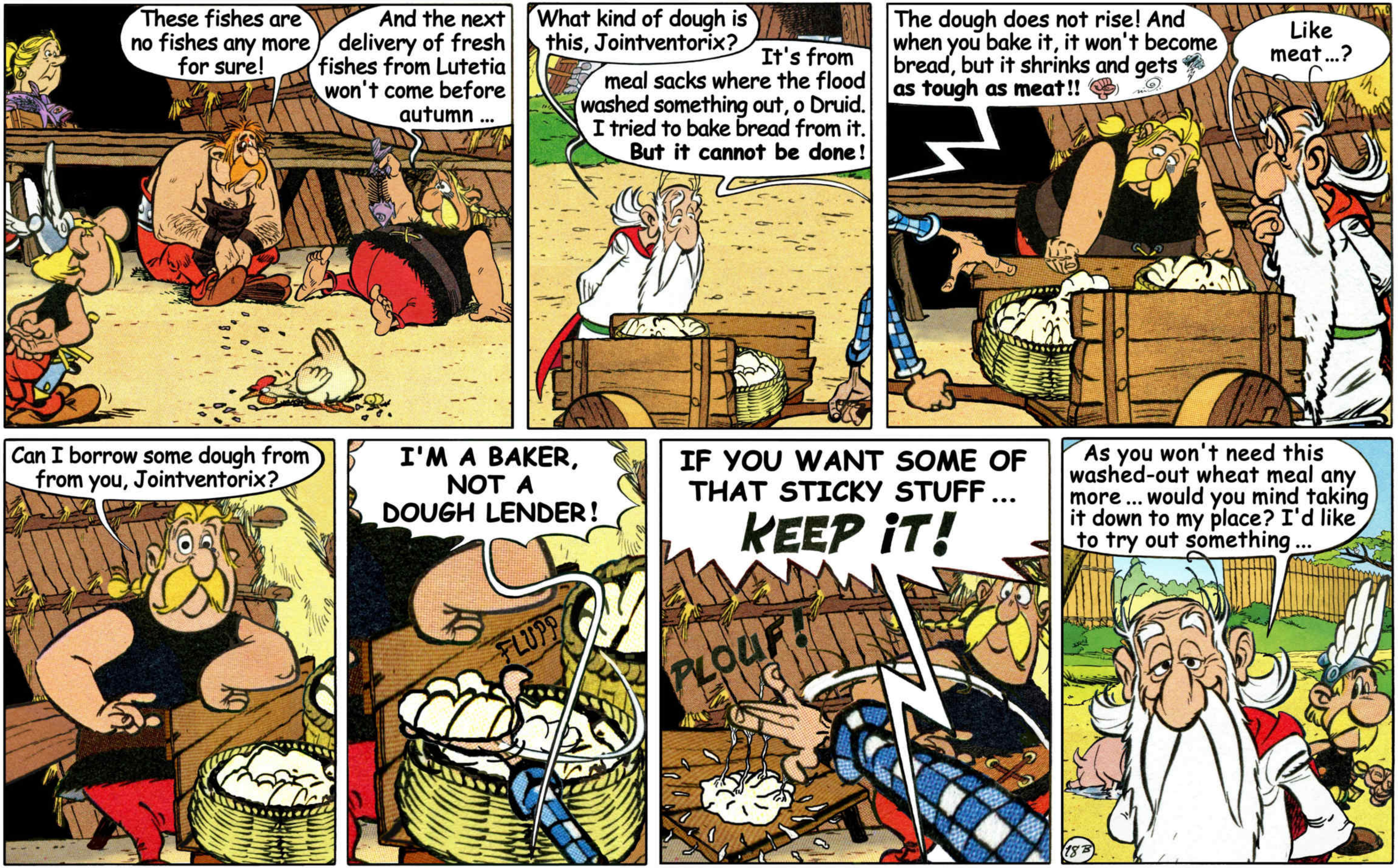

At my time we selected someone to sacrifice him to the angry gods. That always soothed those over there!
Best to select one who has one foot over there already!
Over there you mean? You're going to feel my crutch over there right away!!!
FIS
GIENIX
They're all gone! Even those in stock swam away!
But then the air smells fresh instead of fish!
Is that mud fresh enough too?
PLASH!
TCHOK!
SPLASH!
BOOM!
PLOUF!

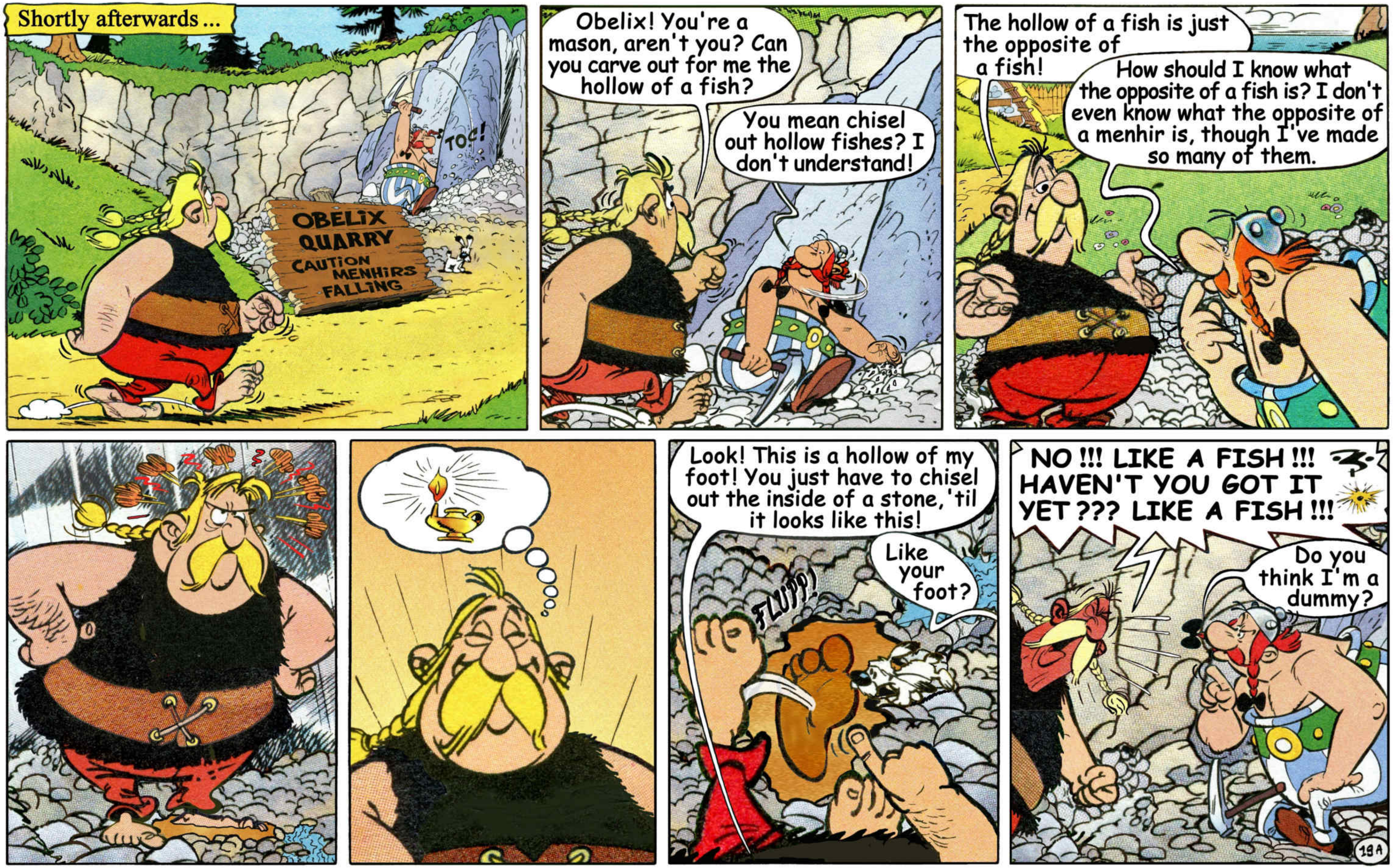

At the same day in the fortified Camp of Compendium ...
CRUNCH!
CRACKLE!
This 'ere newcomer who calls himself Ruraleconomus, wants to see you, Centurion Nasus Detruncatus!
Have your men fan out immediately, Centurion! The pillars of the empire are endangered!
There are just wet wooden poles in this place! The pillars stand in Rome!
16B

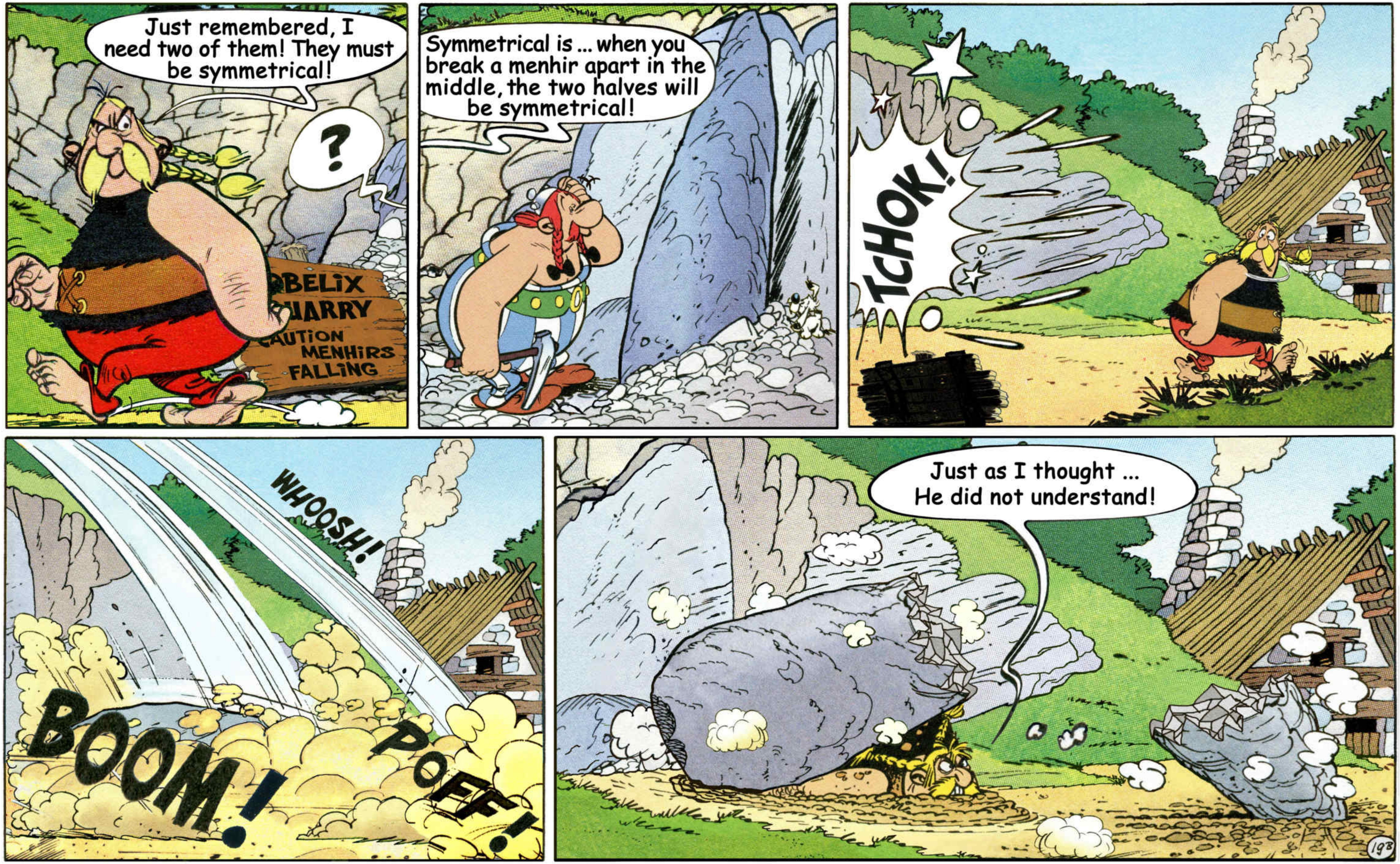

I'm talking of the three pillars made from wheat whose growing must never stand still! The wheat pillar for the bread of the paupers, the wheat pillar for the rations of the legionaries and the wheat pillar for the animal fattening for the orgies of the patricians. These are the three pillars upon which the inner peace of the empire rests ... and the laurel wreath of Caesar!
By the way... the cook says, cereal rations for next month haven't arrived yet!
Hoc ad me non pertinet!* That's your Quaestor's business. I'm here due to devastations in wheat fields in a cultivated area 10.000 passus** to the northeast.
*That's not my job! **about 10 miles
Not only are the violent tempests damaging the new corn fields, vandal barbarians are falling upon the ears of Rome's wheat too! They even grub up the soil of the fields! I need troops from you, Centurion, for guarding Rome's wheat!
We can't leave this place! The garrison has orders to hold this position!
...'til our relief arrives!
PUFF PUFF
But the project I'm in charge of is an agrarian policy enterprise of highest importance!
Everyone could state that! Tell him to show you his qualifications, o Centurion!
What references do you have? Who trained you?
I was the star pupil of the Enfranchised's school of the IRA!
UH?

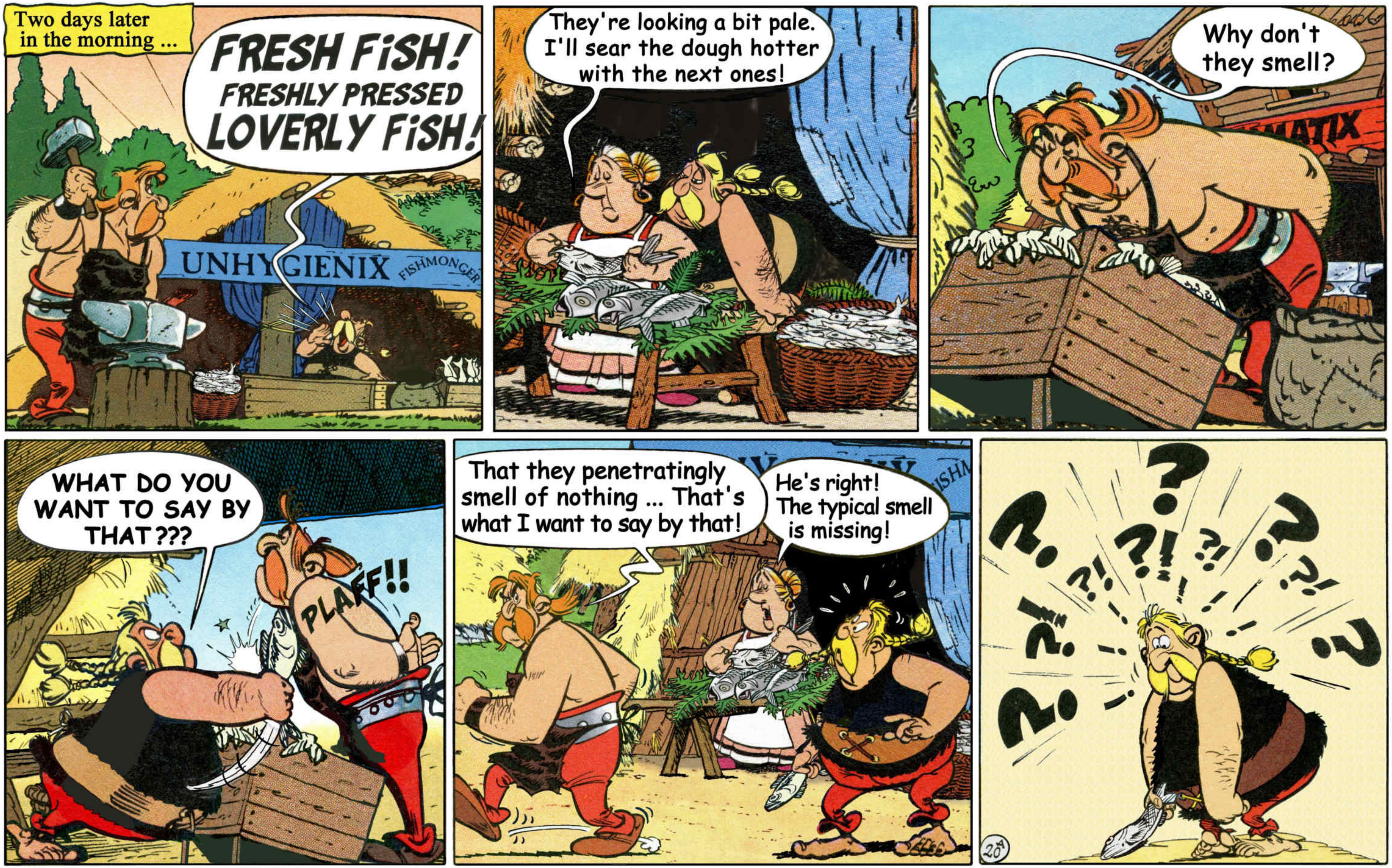

What's that meant to be?
I was trained for Ignition-based Radical consolidation of Arable land!!
Do ask our star pupil for his professional experience, o Centurion!
Which country estates did you manage ?
I took care of all green elements on the Capitol.
Gardener on the Capitol? Ain't nothing but marble there! Gardener, eh?
Tell us, what you were doing there!!
Keeping clean the pavement seams! Relentless purges!
AND IF YOU WON'T STOP THAT IMBECILE QUESTIONING, THEN I, SPECIAL ENVOY OF JULIUS CAESAR, AM GOING TO MAKE A RELENTLESS PURGE WITH YOU!
STOMP! STOMP!
BY JUPITER! STOP ASKING THE SPECIAL ENVOY OF JULIUS CAESAR STUPID QUESTIONS!!!
TONC!
CRASH!
PLASH!
March out with a patrol at once, Firmus Erectus! Your mission is: to guard the wheat fields of Caesar and to hunt down all that are running amok against the ears of Rome's wheat!!

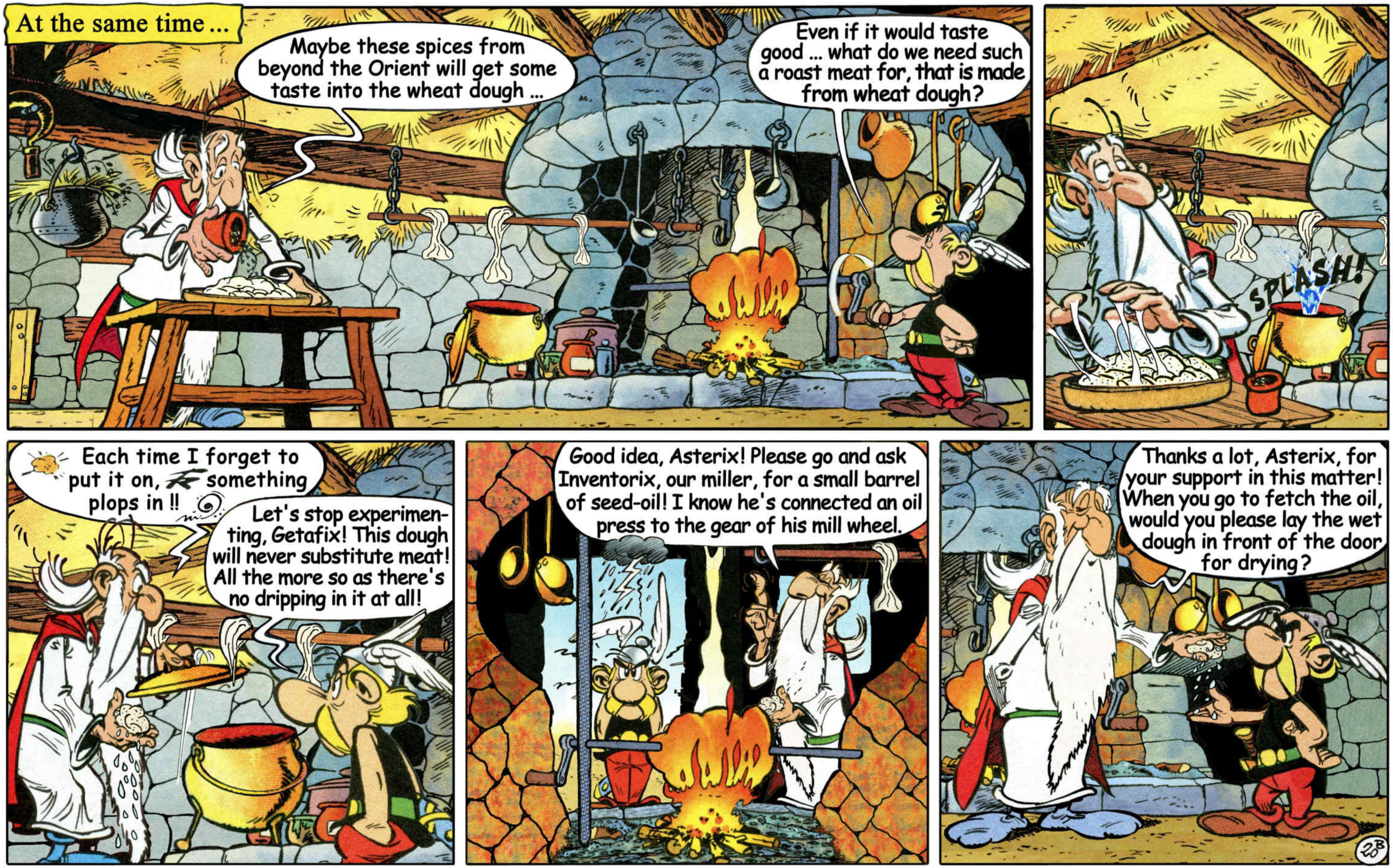

Two days later in the little Gaulish village ...
Going for a drive with your loafs of bread, Jointventorix?
SQUEAK!
CRUNCH!
Geriatrix, darling! Ask the baker to come to us too!
Eh, young lad! Over here with your delivery pick-up!
This ain't no delivery pick-up! It's a dust cart!
Jointventorix! If you don't mind ... we have a bit of garbage to dispose of too!
But ... these are the very last left!
They are not without reason the very last left! They have aged to a level that even the flood wasn't able to wash them out of the box!
She's right! They are kneadable already! And they smell like that!
I thought you had no fishes any more ... ?!
POFF!
SQUEAK!
CRUNCH!
TCHOK!

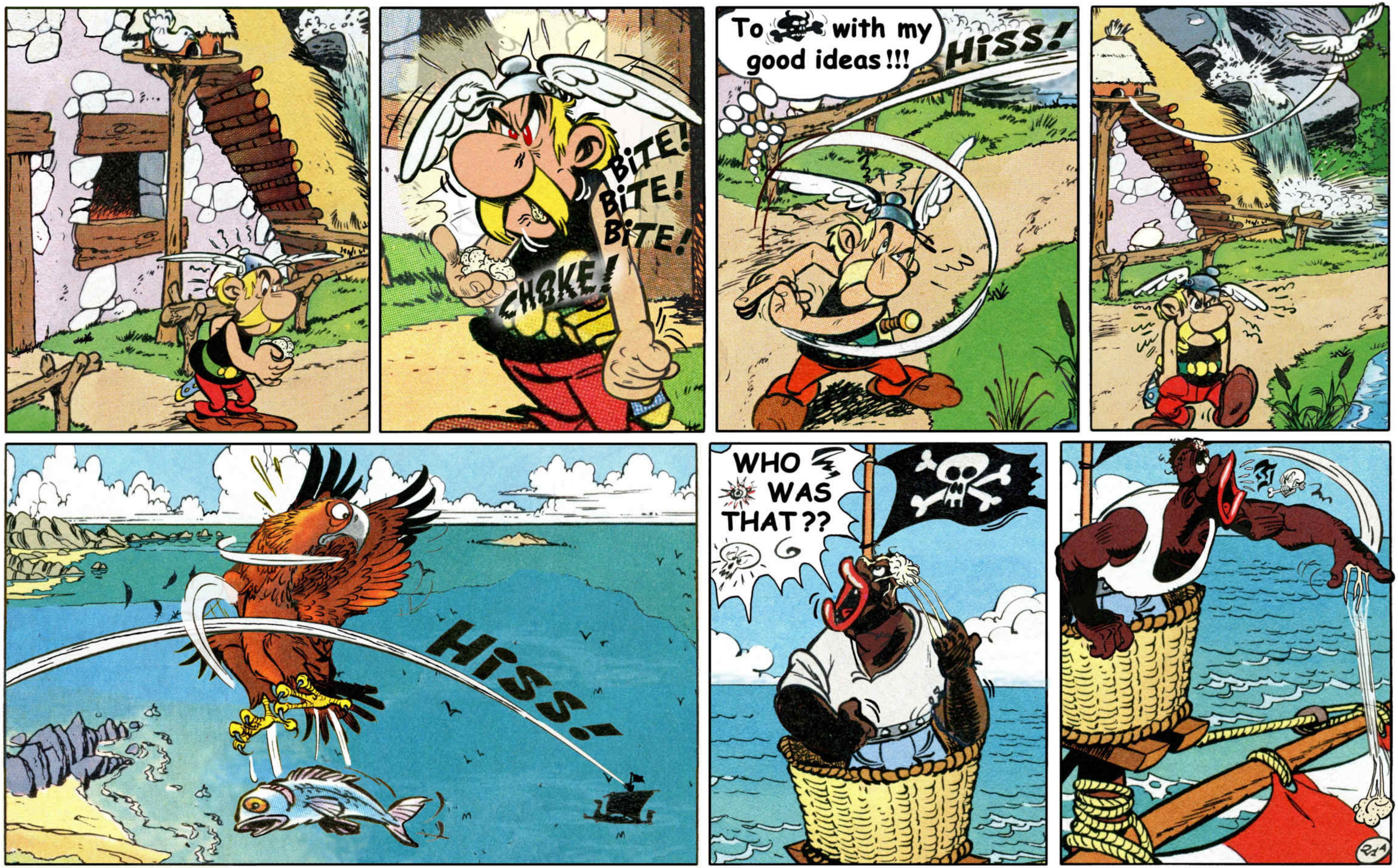

These fishes are no fishes any more for sure!
And the next delivery of fresh fishes from Lutetia won't come before autumn ...
What kind of dough is this, Jointventorix?
It's from meal sacks where the flood washed something out, o Druid. I tried to bake bread from it. **But it cannot be done!**
The dough does not rise! And when you bake it, it won't become bread, but it shrinks and gets **as tough as meat!!**
Like meat ...?
Can I borrow some dough from from you, Jointventorix?
I'M A BAKER, NOT A DOUGH LENDER!
FLUPP
IF YOU WANT SOME OF THAT STICKY STUFF ...
KEEP IT!
PLOUF!
As you won't need this washed-out wheat meal any more ... would you mind taking it down to my place? I'd like to try out something ...
18B

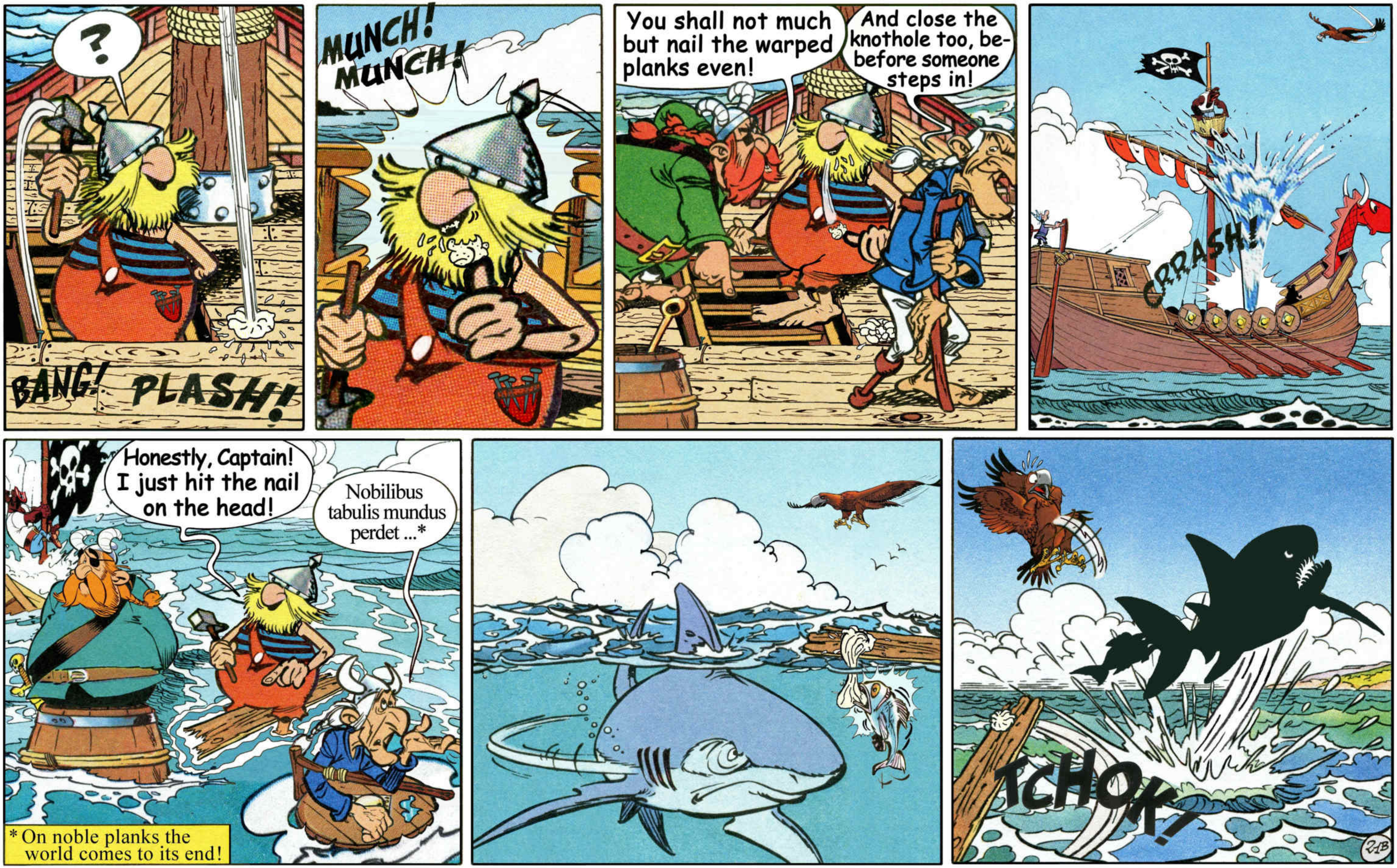

Shortly afterwards ...
TOC!
OBELIX QUARRY CAUTION MENHIRS FALLING
Obelix! You're a mason, aren't you? Can you carve out for me the hollow of a fish?
You mean chisel out hollow fishes? I don't understand!
The hollow of a fish is just the opposite of a fish!
How should I know what the opposite of a fish is? I don't even know what the opposite of a menhir is, though I've made so many of them.
Look! This is a hollow of my foot! You just have to chisel out the inside of a stone, 'til it looks like this!
FLUPP!
Like your foot?
NO !!! LIKE A FISH !!! HAVEN'T YOU GOT IT YET ??? LIKE A FISH !!!
Do you think I'm a dummy?

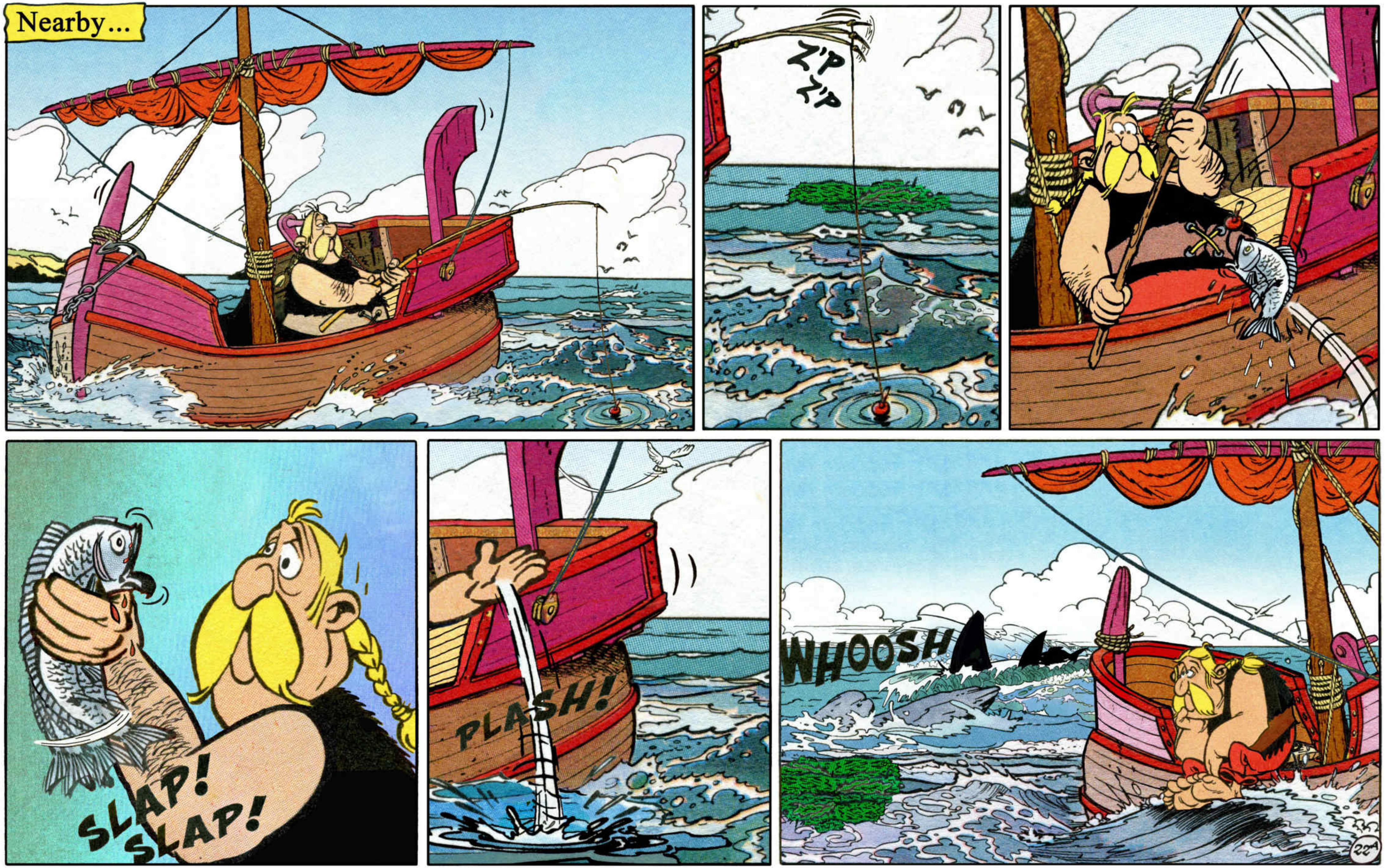

Just remembered, I need two of them! They must be symmetrical!
?
OBELIX QUARRY
CAUTION MENHIRS FALLING
Symmetrical is ... when you break a menhir apart in the middle, the two halves will be symmetrical!
TCHOK!
WHOOSH!
BOOM!
POFF!
Just as I thought ... He did not understand!

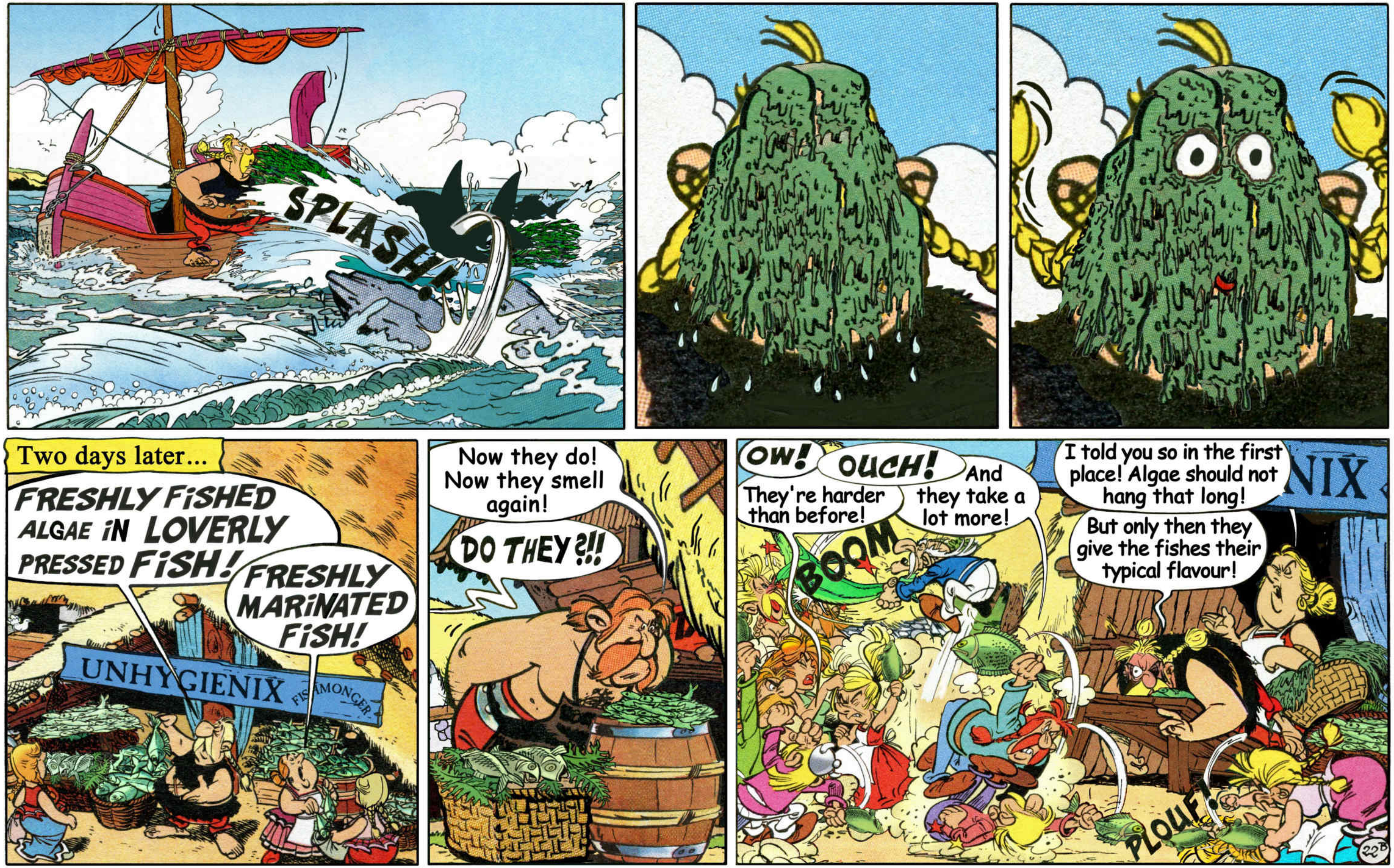

Two days later in the morning ...
FRESH FiSH! FRESHLY PRESSED LOVERLY FiSH!
UNHYGIENIX
FISHMONGER
They're looking a bit pale. I'll sear the dough hotter with the next ones!
Why don't they smell?
MATIX
WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SAY BY THAT???
PLAFF!!
That they penetratingly smell of nothing ... That's what I want to say by that!
He's right! The typical smell is missing!
?!

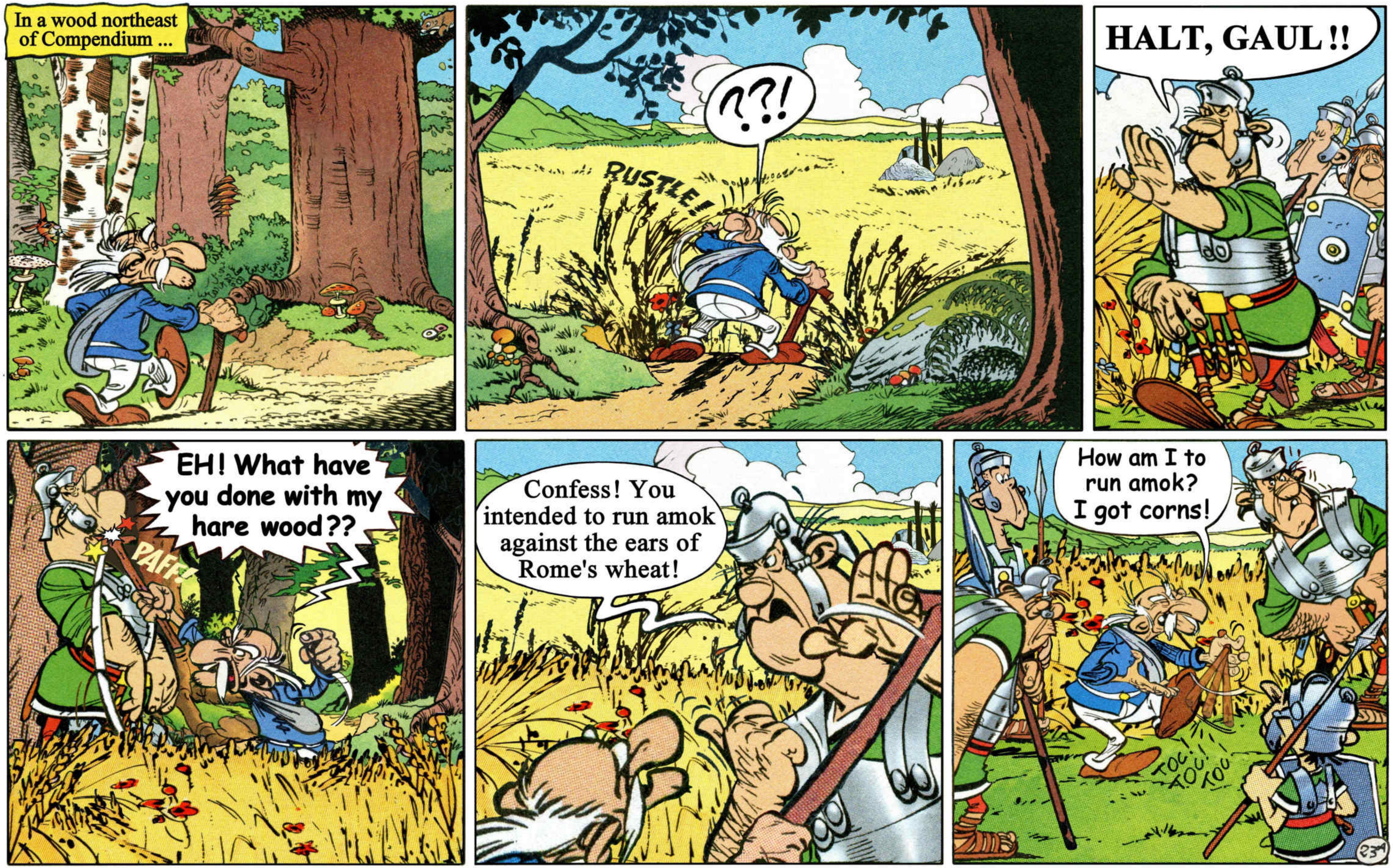

At the same time ...
Maybe these spices from beyond the Orient will get some taste into the wheat dough ...
Even if it would taste good ... what do we need such a roast meat for, that is made from wheat dough?
SPLASH!
Each time I forget to put it on, something plops in !!
Let's stop experimenting, Getafix! This dough will never substitute meat! All the more so as there's no dripping in it at all!
Good idea, Asterix! Please go and ask Inventorix, our miller, for a small barrel of seed-oil! I know he's connected an oil press to the gear of his mill wheel.
Thanks a lot, Asterix, for your support in this matter! When you go to fetch the oil, would you please lay the wet dough in front of the door for drying?

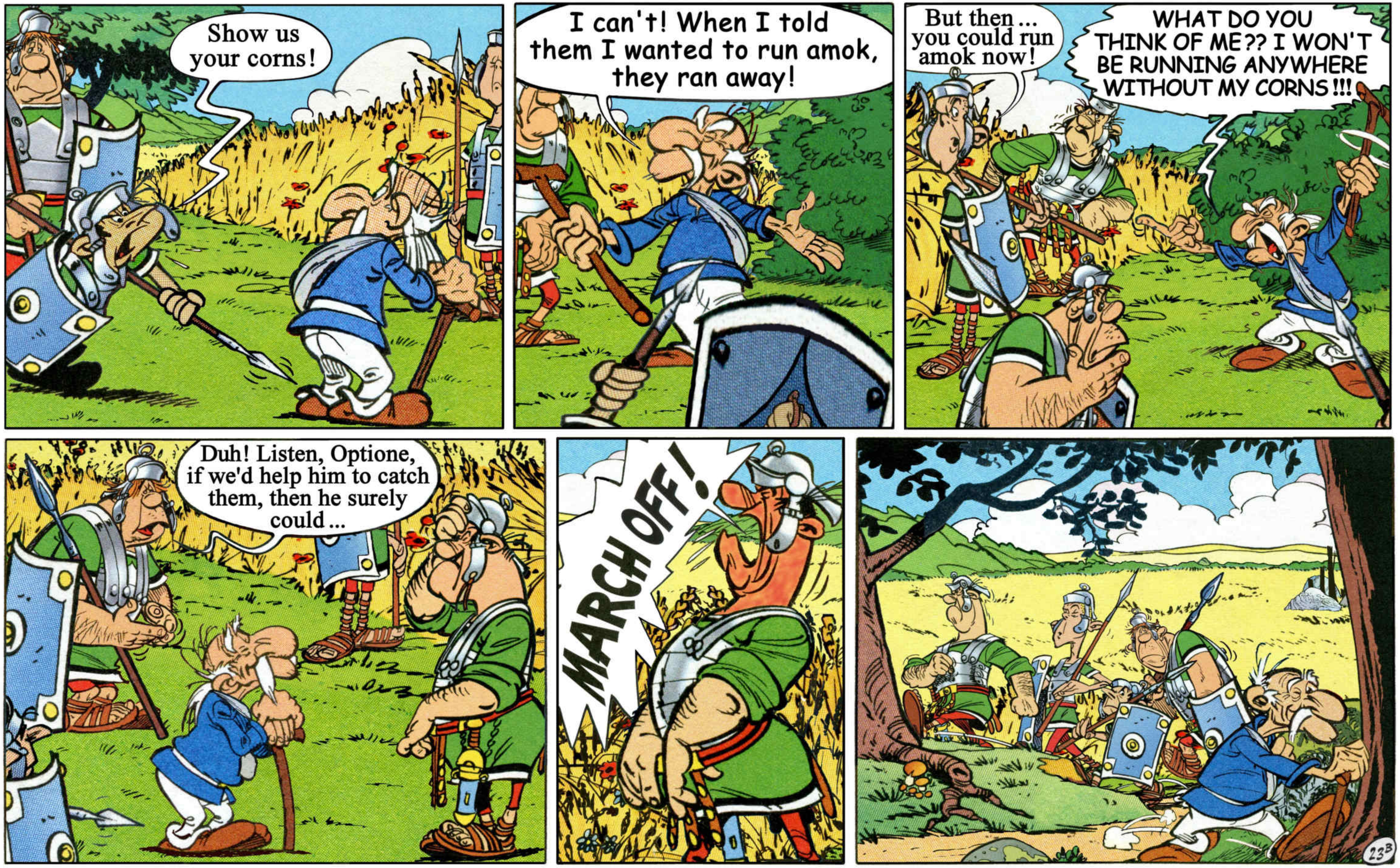

BITE!
BITE!
BITE!
CHOKE!
To ☠ with my good ideas!!!
HISS!
HISS!
WHO WAS THAT??

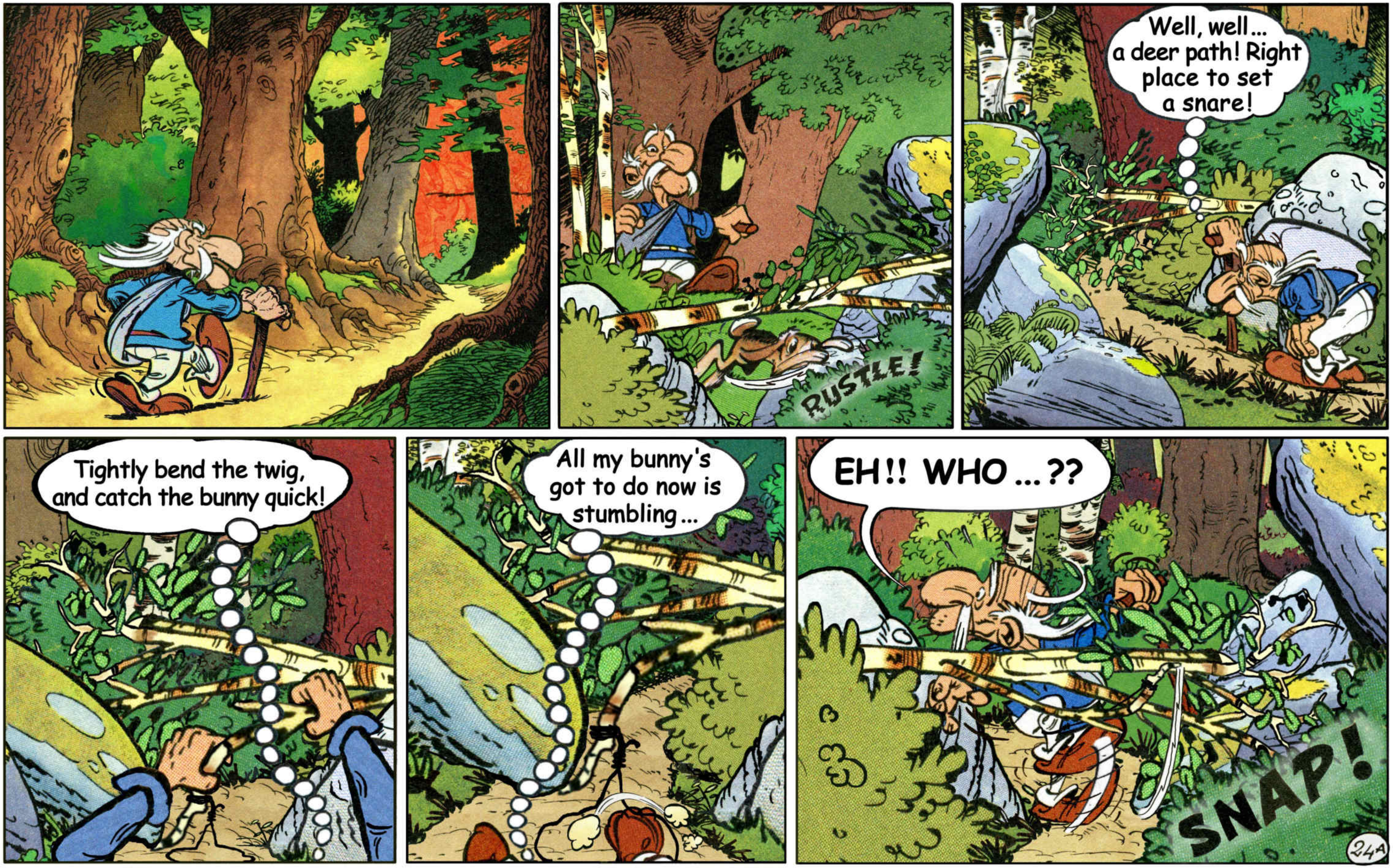

?
BANG!
PLASH!
MUNCH!
MUNCH!
You shall not much but nail the warped planks even!
And close the knothole too, be-before someone steps in!
CRRASH!
Honestly, Captain! I just hit the nail on the head!
Nobilibus tabulis mundus perdet ...*
* On noble planks the world comes to its end!
TCHOK!

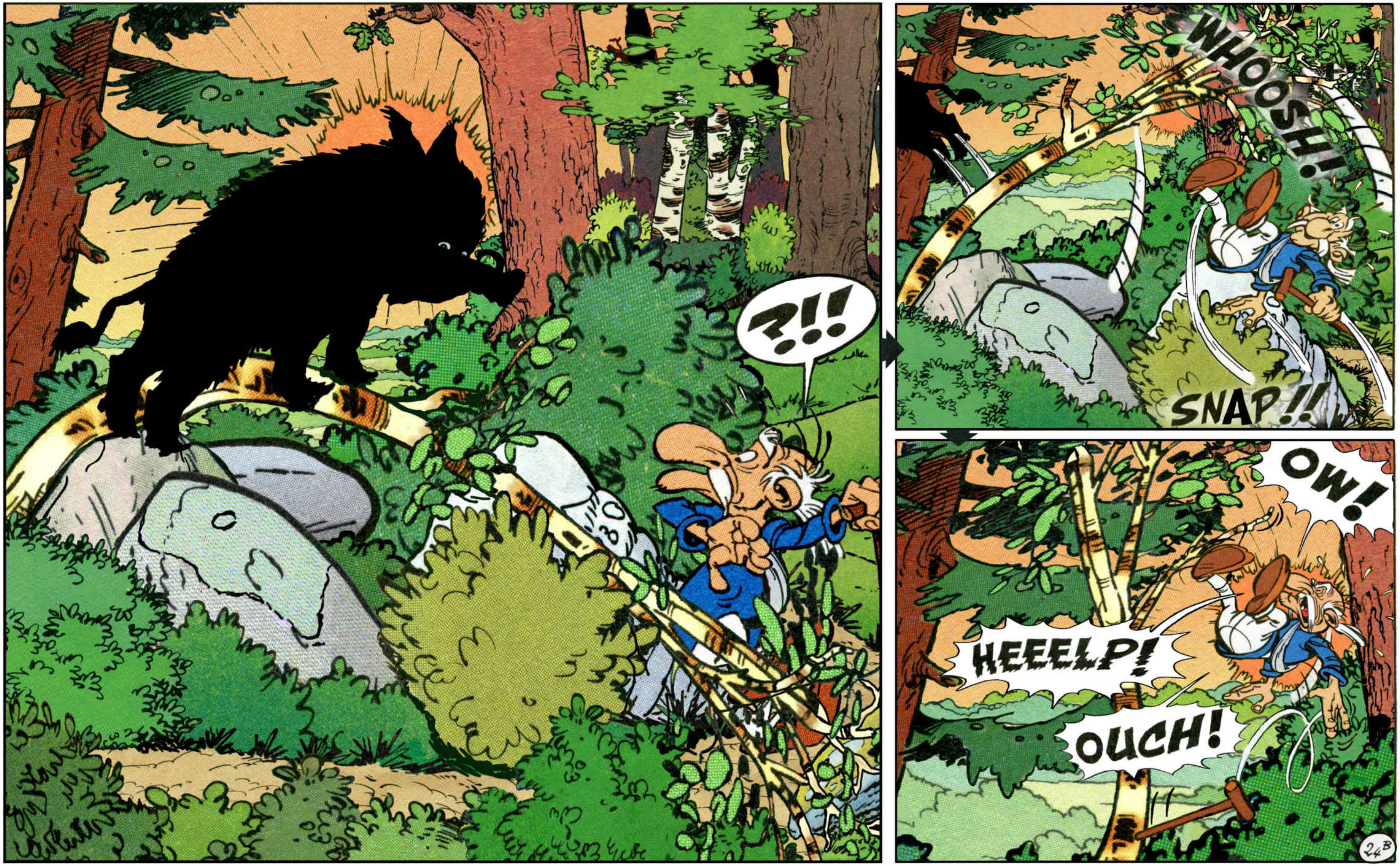

Nearby...
Z'P
Z'P
SLAP!
SLAP!
PLASH!
WHOOSH

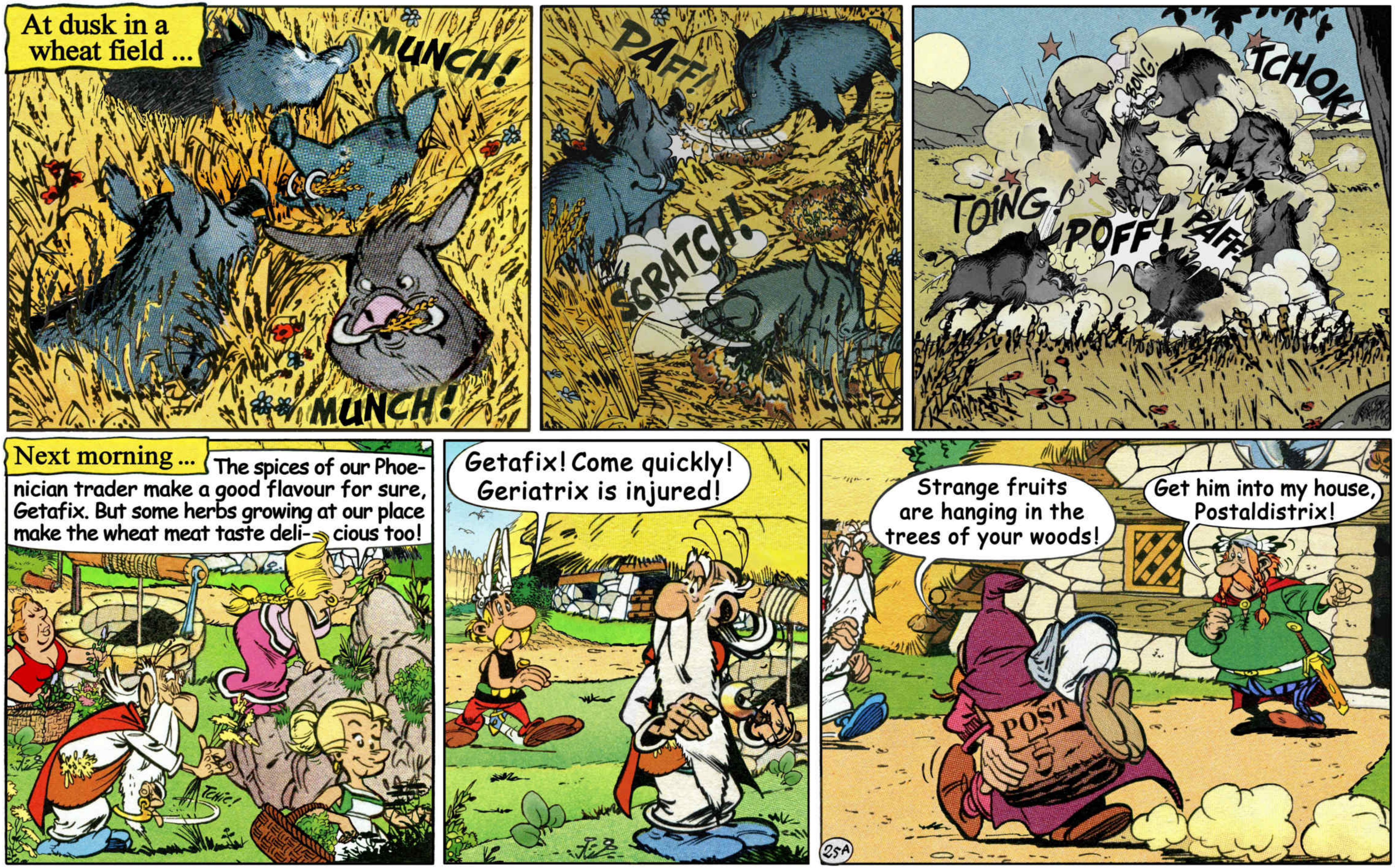

SPLASH!
Two days later...
FRESHLY FISHED ALGAE IN LOVERLY PRESSED FISH!
FRESHLY MARINATED FISH!
UNHYGIENIX FISHMONGER
Now they do! Now they smell again!
DO THEY?!!
OW!
OUCH!
They're harder than before!
And they take a lot more!
BOOM
I told you so in the first place! Algae should not hang that long!
But only then they give the fishes their typical flavour!
NIX
PLOUF!

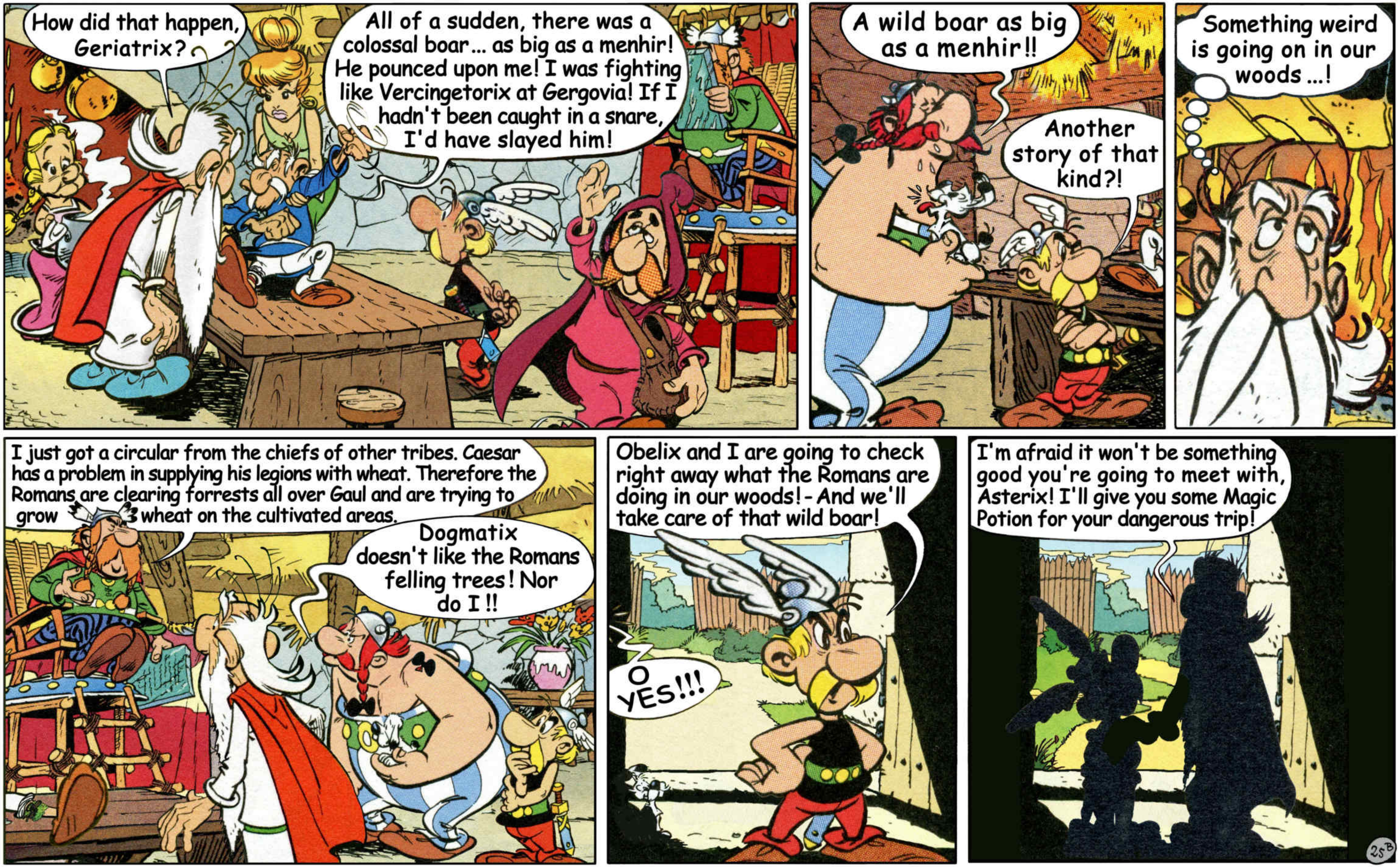

In a wood northeast of Compendium ...
RUSTLE!
??!
HALT, GAUL !!
PAFF!
EH! What have you done with my hare wood??
Confess! You intended to run amok against the ears of Rome's wheat!
How am I to run amok? I got corns!
TOC! TOC! TOC!

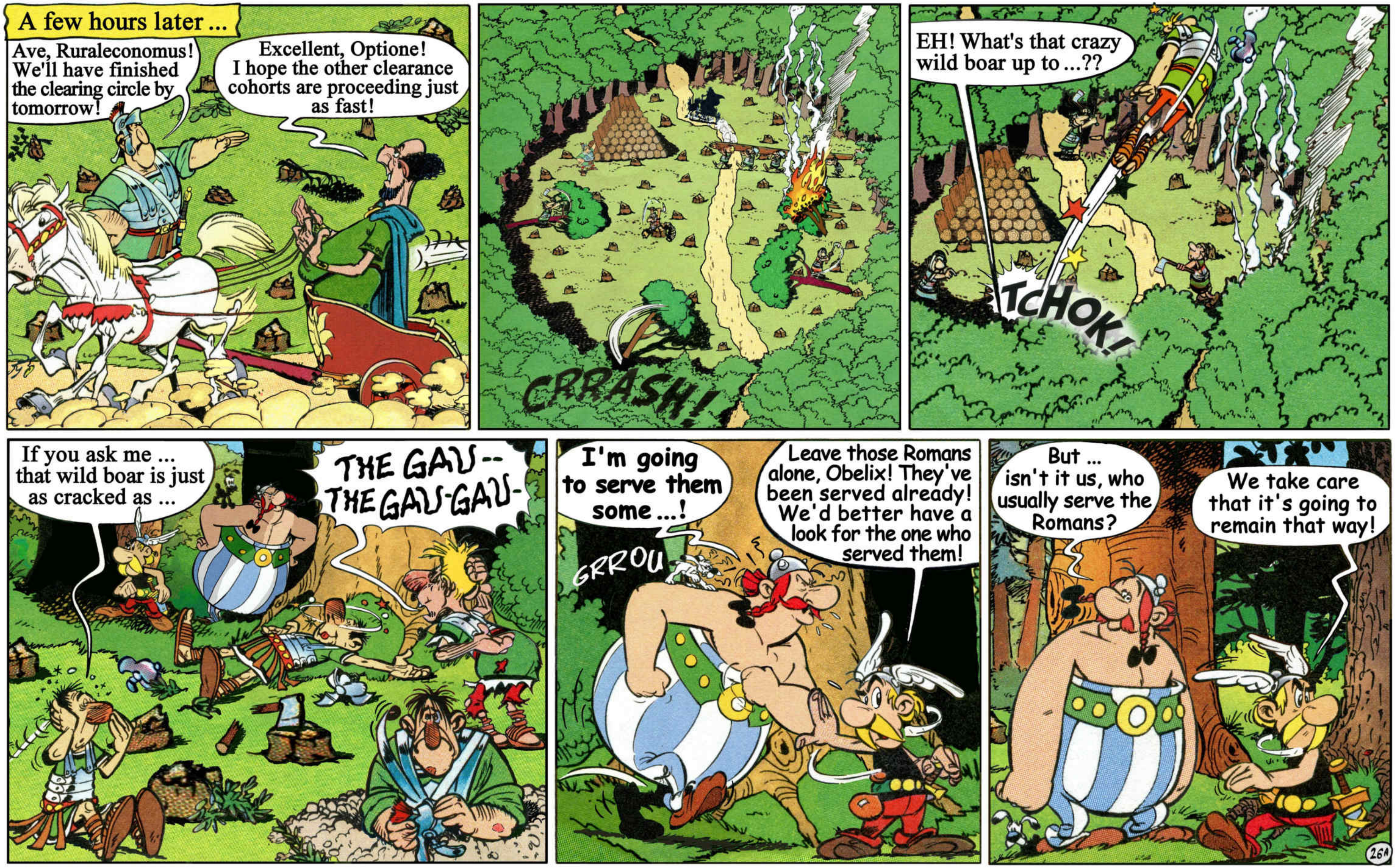

Show us your corns!
I can't! When I told them I wanted to run amok, they ran away!
But then ... you could run amok now!
WHAT DO YOU THINK OF ME?? I WON'T BE RUNNING ANYWHERE WITHOUT MY CORNS!!!
Duh! Listen, Optione, if we'd help him to catch them, then he surely could ...
MARCH OFF!

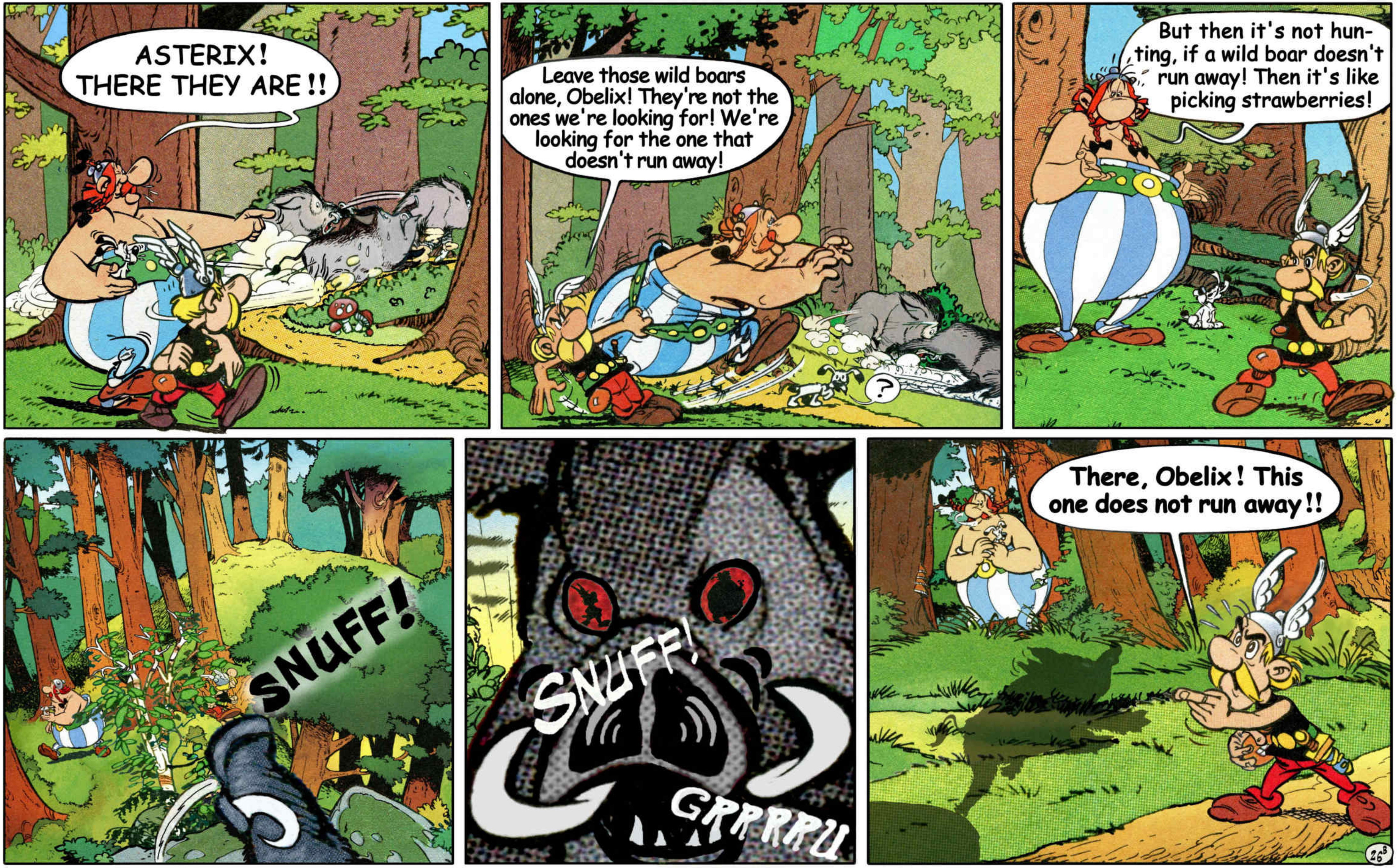

RUSTLE!
Well, well... a deer path! Right place to set a snare!
Tightly bend the twig, and catch the bunny quick!
All my bunny's got to do now is stumbling...
EH!! WHO...??
SNAP!

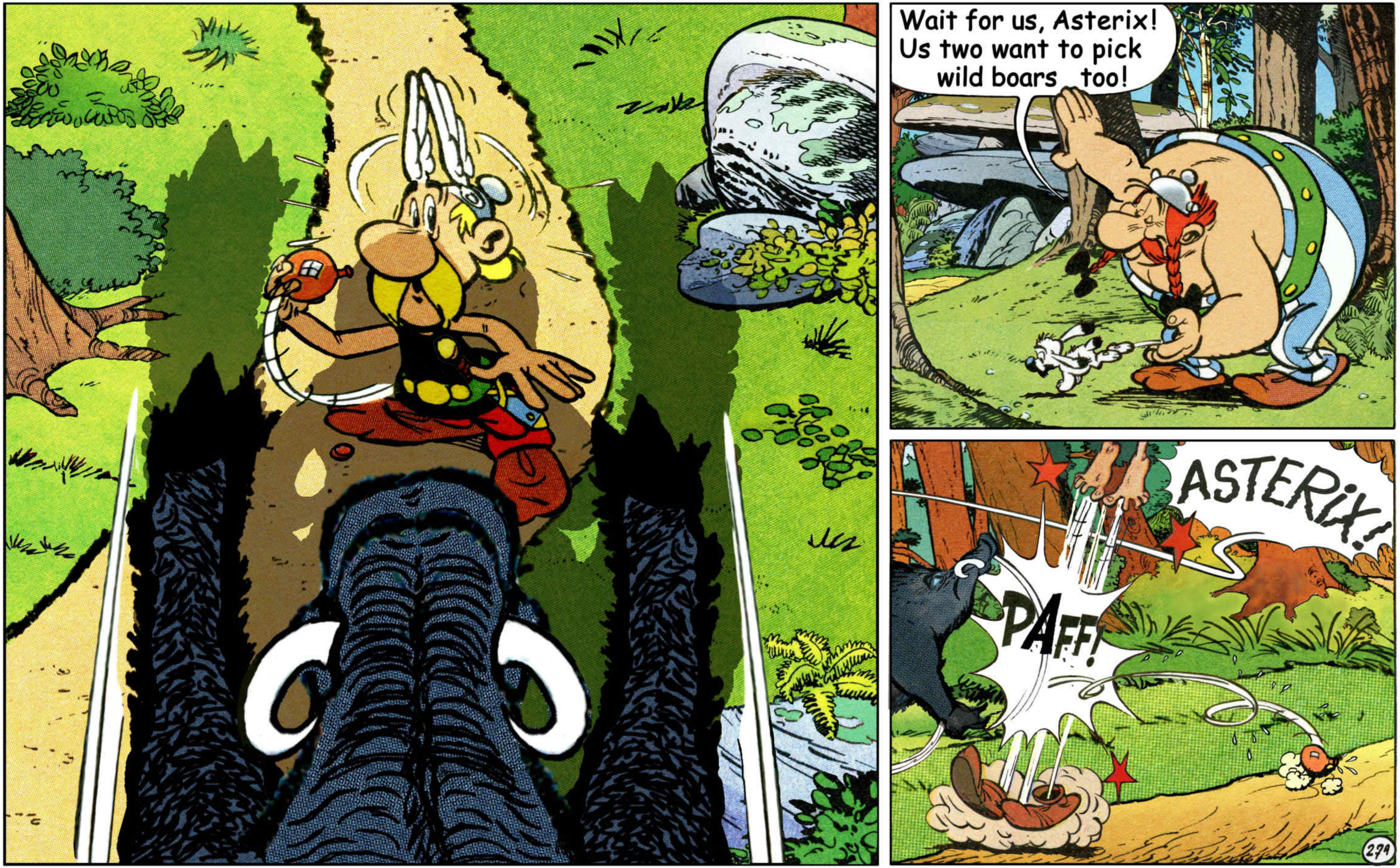

?!!
WHOOSH!!
SNAP!!
OW!
HEEELP!
OUCH!

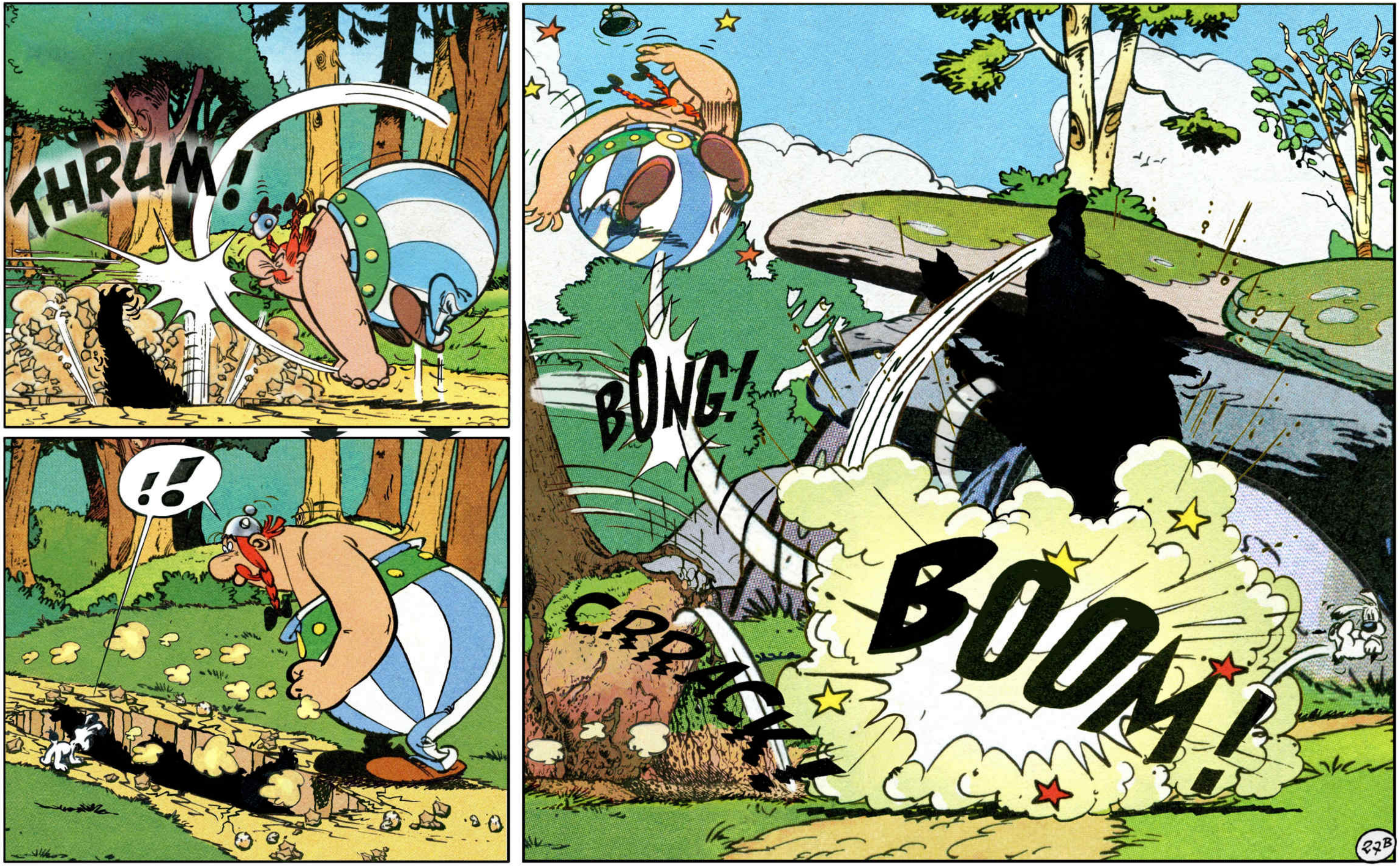

At dusk in a wheat field ...
MUNCH!
MUNCH!
PAFF!
SCRATCH!
BONG!
TCHOK!
TOING!
POFF!
PAFF!
Next morning ...
The spices of our Phoenician trader make a good flavour for sure, Getafix. But some herbs growing at our place make the wheat meat taste delicious too!
TCHIC!
Getafix! Come quickly! Geriatrix is injured!
Strange fruits are hanging in the trees of your woods!
Get him into my house, Postaldistrix!
POST
25A

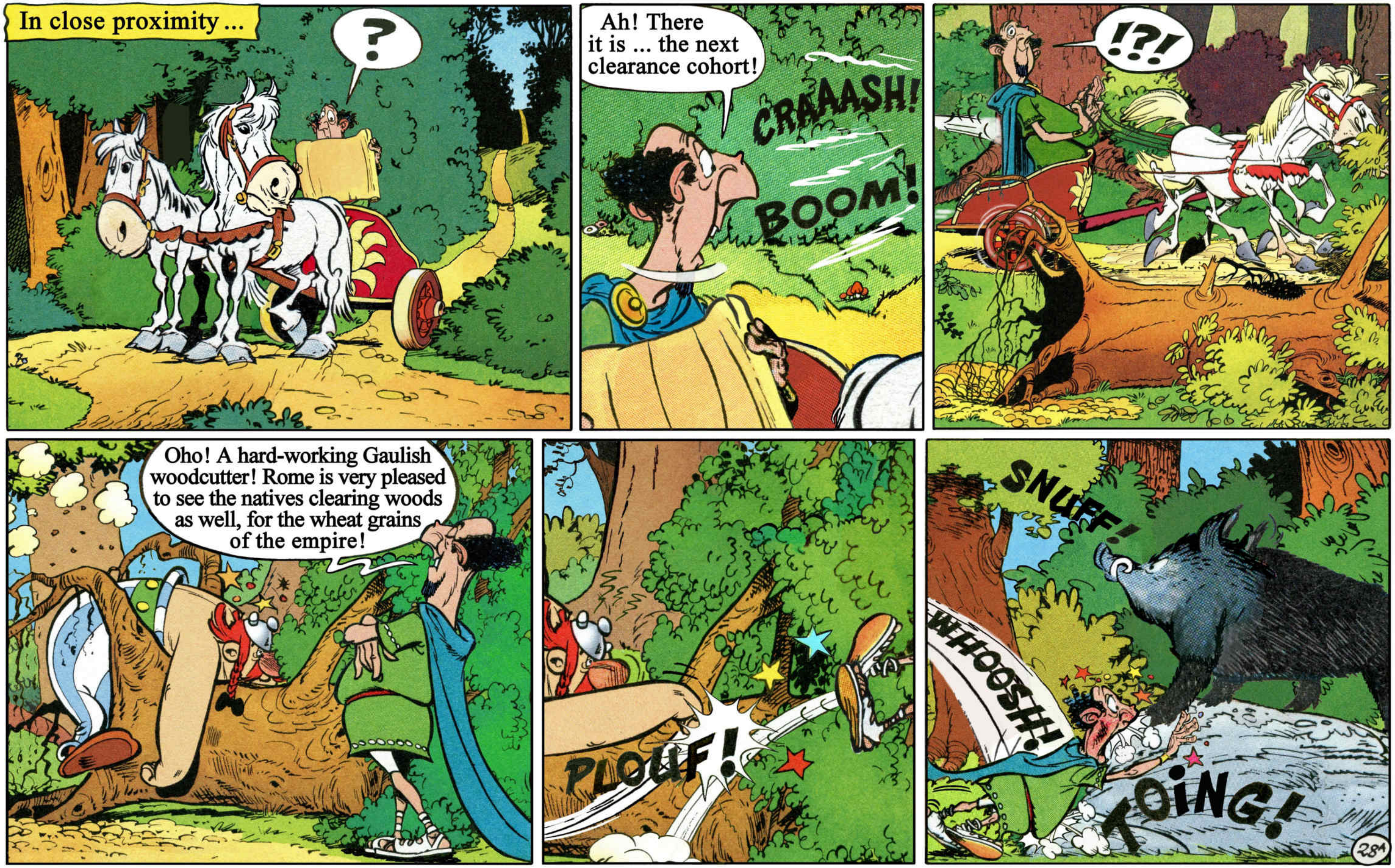

How did that happen, Geriatrix?
All of a sudden, there was a colossal boar ... as big as a menhir! He pounced upon me! I was fighting like Vercingetorix at Gergovia! If I hadn't been caught in a snare, I'd have slayed him!
A wild boar as big as a menhir!!
Another story of that kind?!
Something weird is going on in our woods ...!
I just got a circular from the chiefs of other tribes. Caesar has a problem in supplying his legions with wheat. Therefore the Romans are clearing forrests all over Gaul and are trying to grow wheat on the cultivated areas.
Dogmatix doesn't like the Romans felling trees! Nor do I !!
Obelix and I are going to check right away what the Romans are doing in our woods! - And we'll take care of that wild boar!
O YES!!!
I'm afraid it won't be something good you're going to meet with, Asterix! I'll give you some Magic Potion for your dangerous trip!

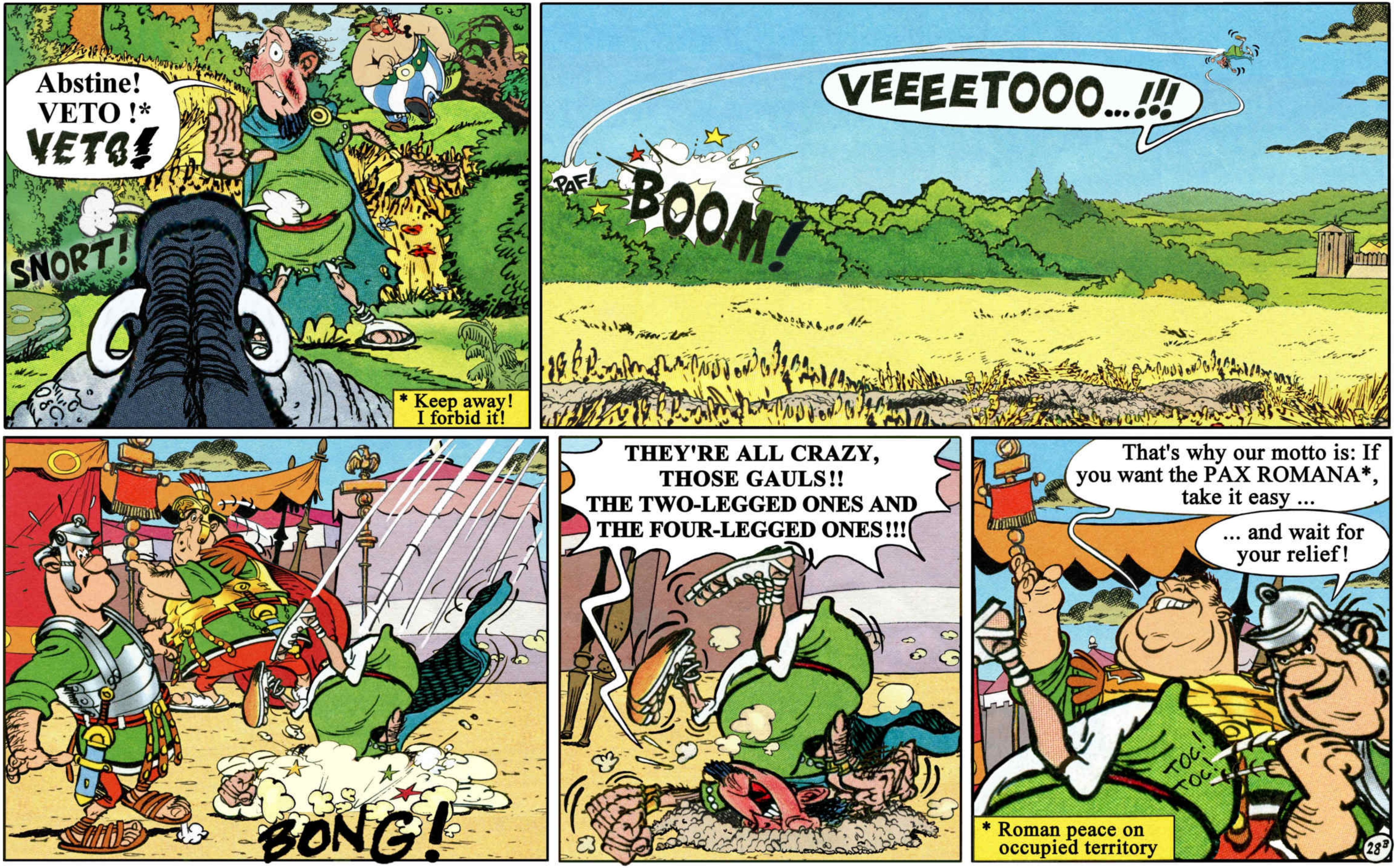

A few hours later ...
Ave, Ruraleconomus! We'll have finished the clearing circle by tomorrow!
Excellent, Optione! I hope the other clearance cohorts are proceeding just as fast!
CRRASH!
EH! What's that crazy wild boar up to ...??
TCHOK!
If you ask me ... that wild boar is just as cracked as ...
THE GAU -- THE GAU-GAU-
I'm going to serve them some ...!
GRROU
Leave those Romans alone, Obelix! They've been served already! We'd better have a look for the one who served them!
But ... isn't it us, who usually serve the Romans?
We take care that it's going to remain that way!

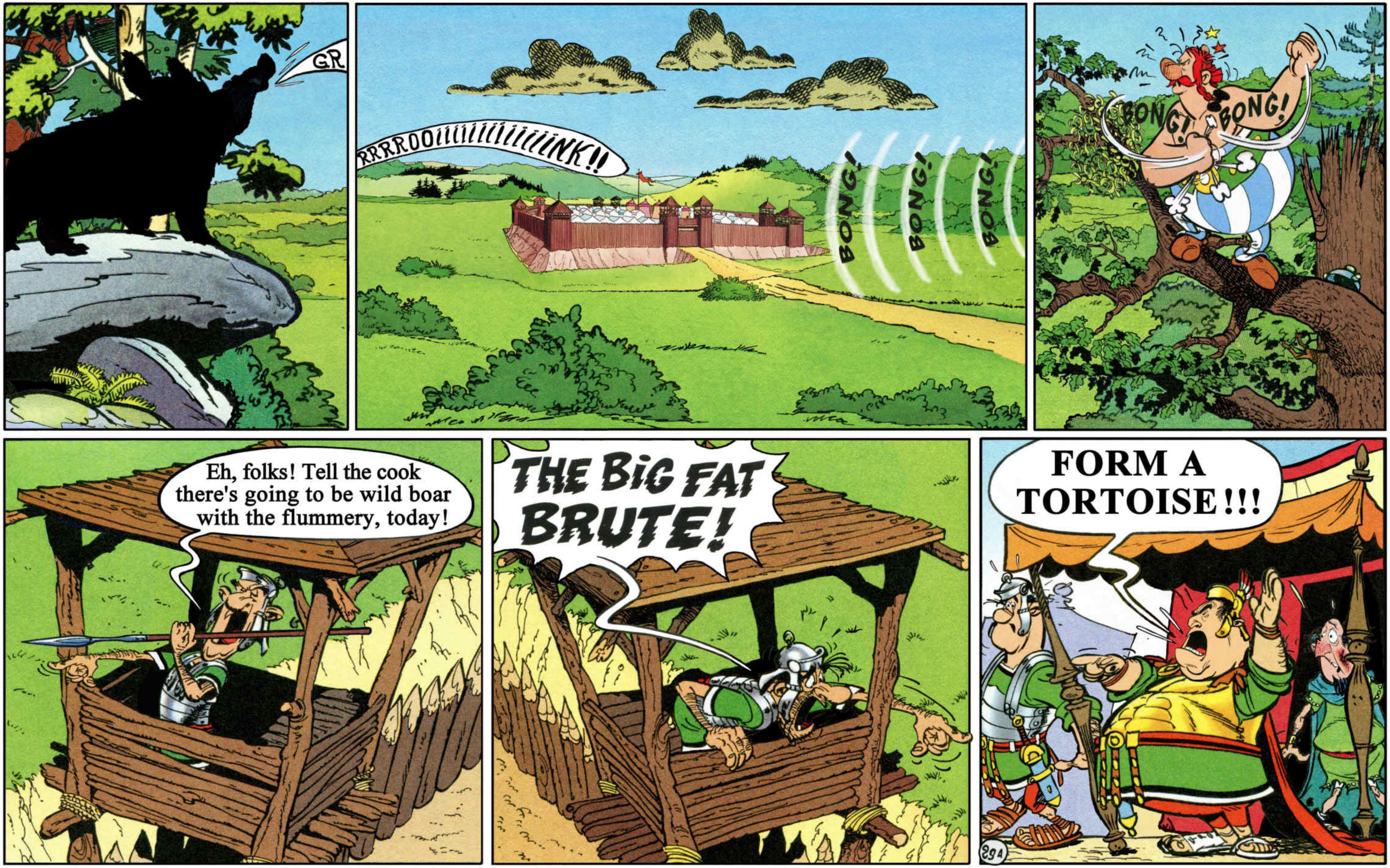

ASTERIX! THERE THEY ARE!!
Leave those wild boars alone, Obelix! They're not the ones we're looking for! We're looking for the one that doesn't run away!
?
But then it's not hunting, if a wild boar doesn't run away! Then it's like picking strawberries!
SNUFF!
SNUFF!
GRRRRU
There, Obelix! This one does not run away!!

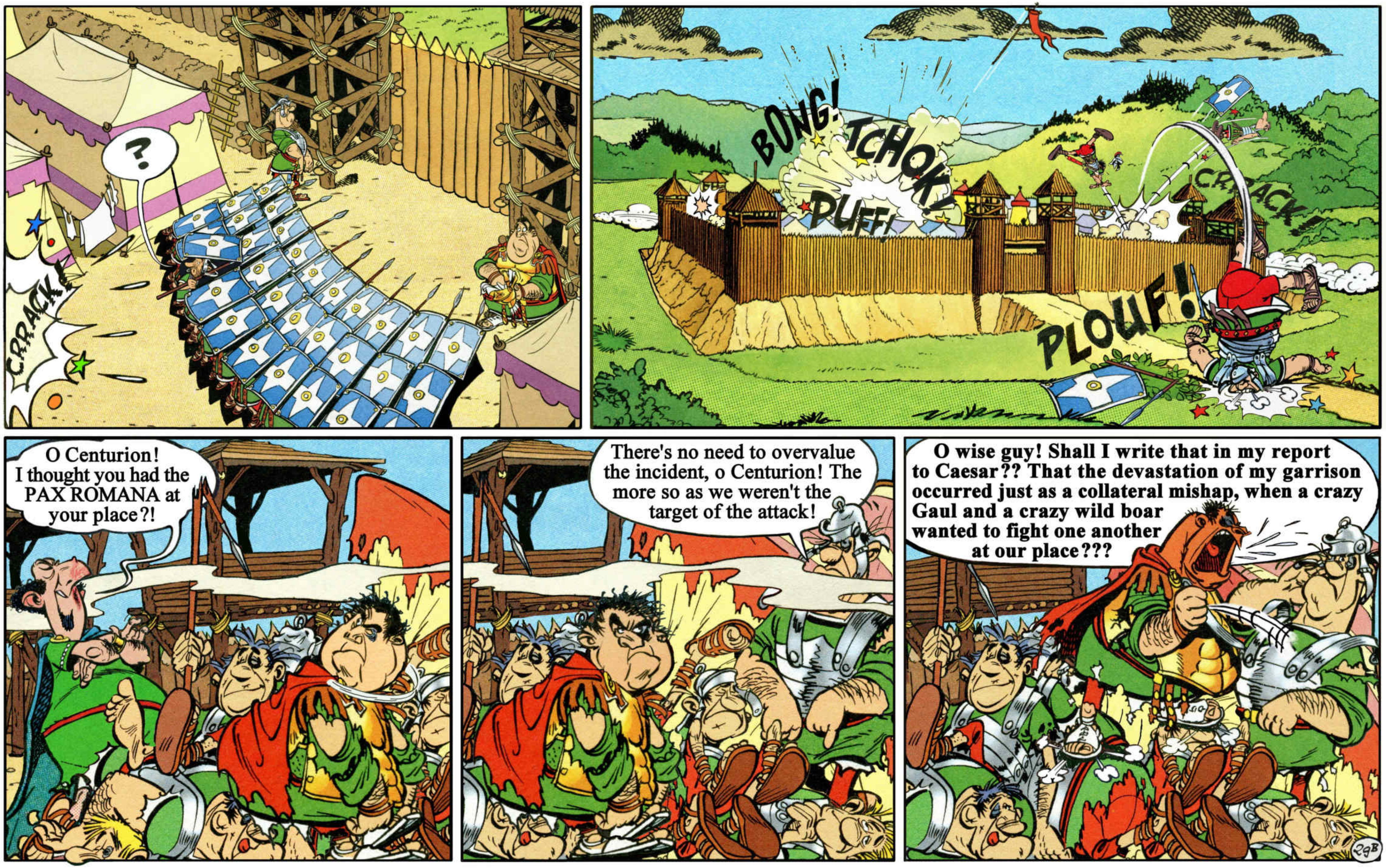

Wait for us, Asterix! Us two want to pick wild boars too!
ASTERIX!
PAFF!

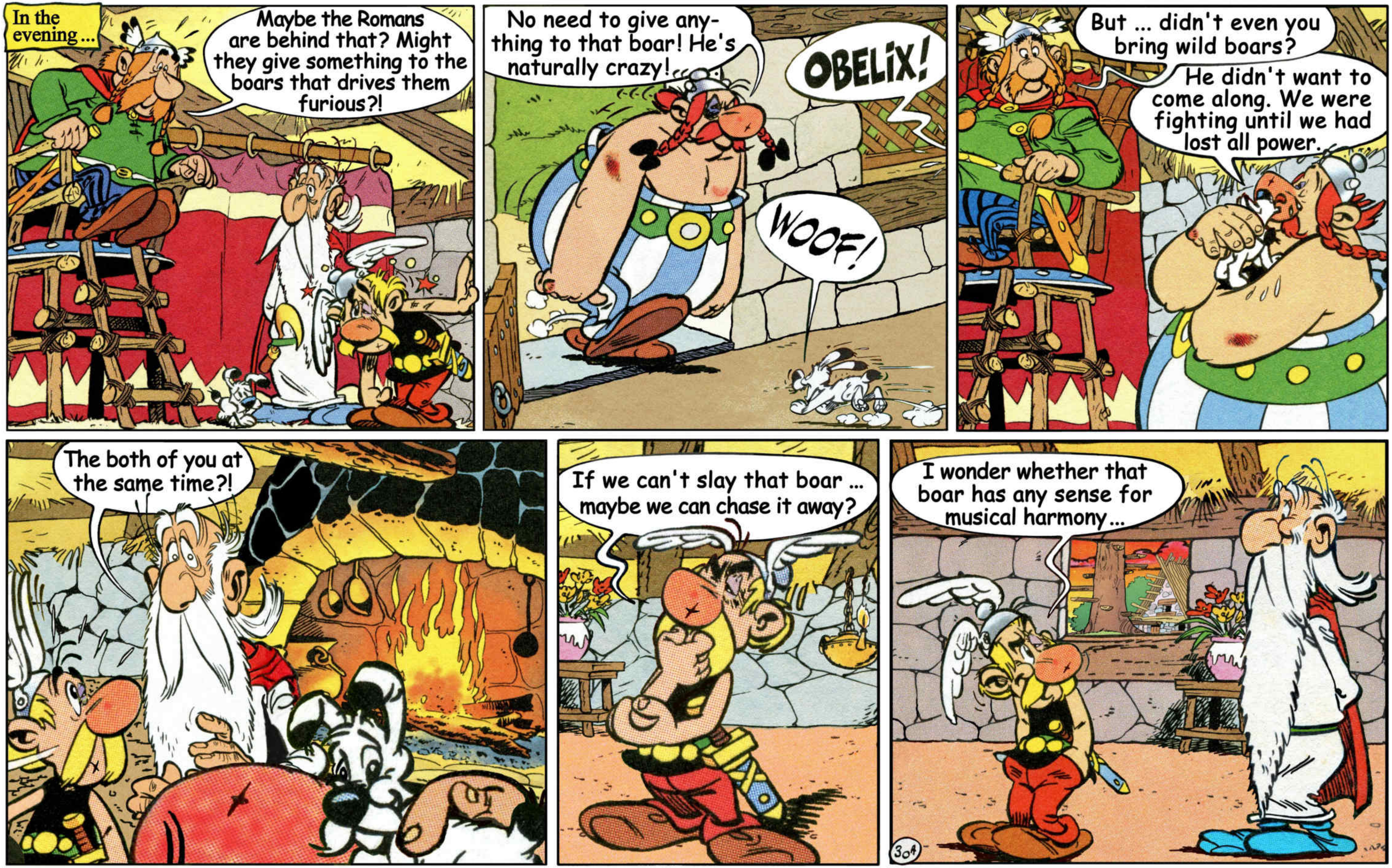

THRUM!
!?
BONG!
C.R.R.A.C.K.!
BOOM!

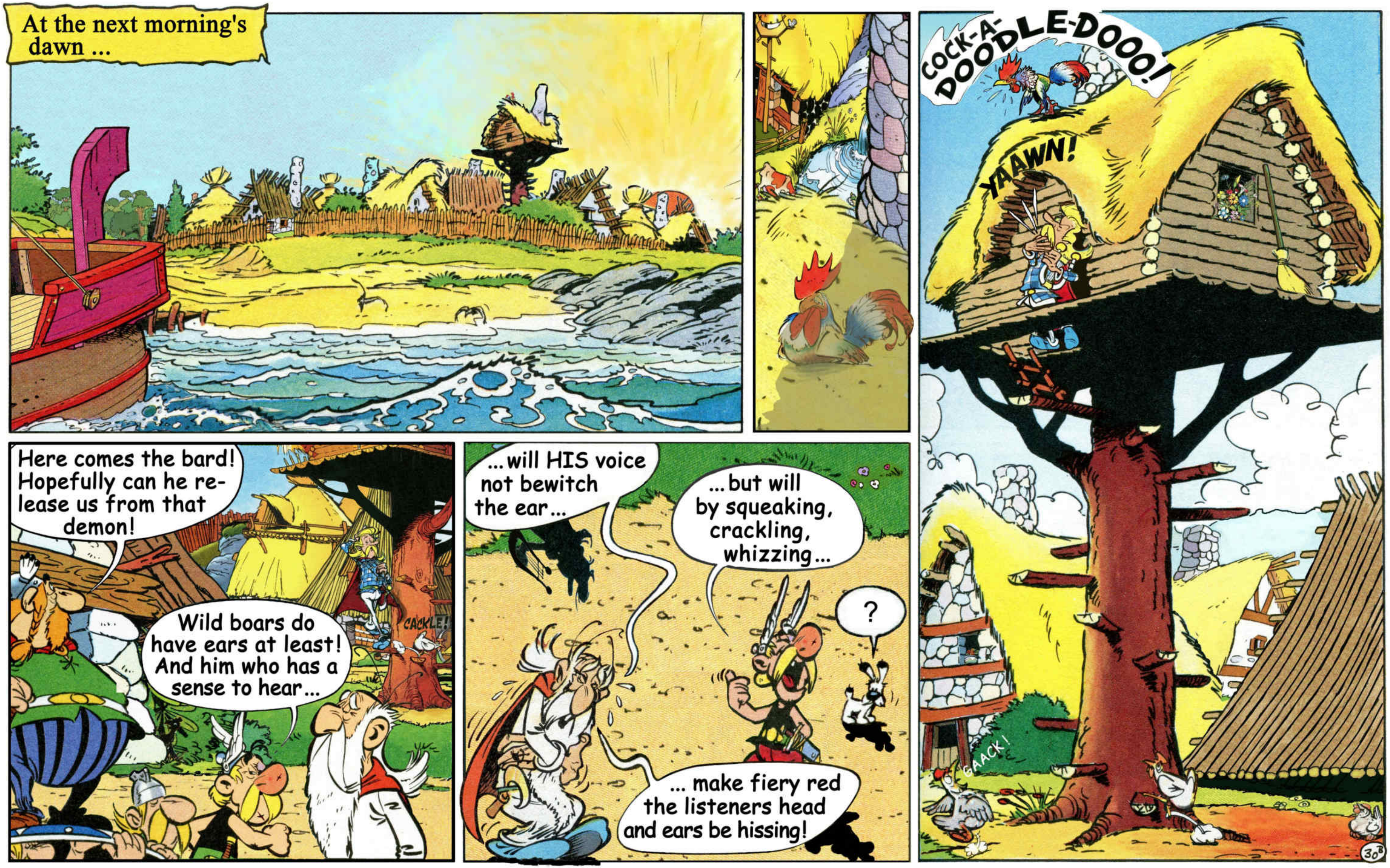

In close proximity ...
?
Ah! There it is ... the next clearance cohort!
CRAAASH!
BOOM!
!?!
Oho! A hard-working Gaulish woodcutter! Rome is very pleased to see the natives clearing woods as well, for the wheat grains of the empire!
PLOUF!
SNUFF!
WHOOSH!
TOING!

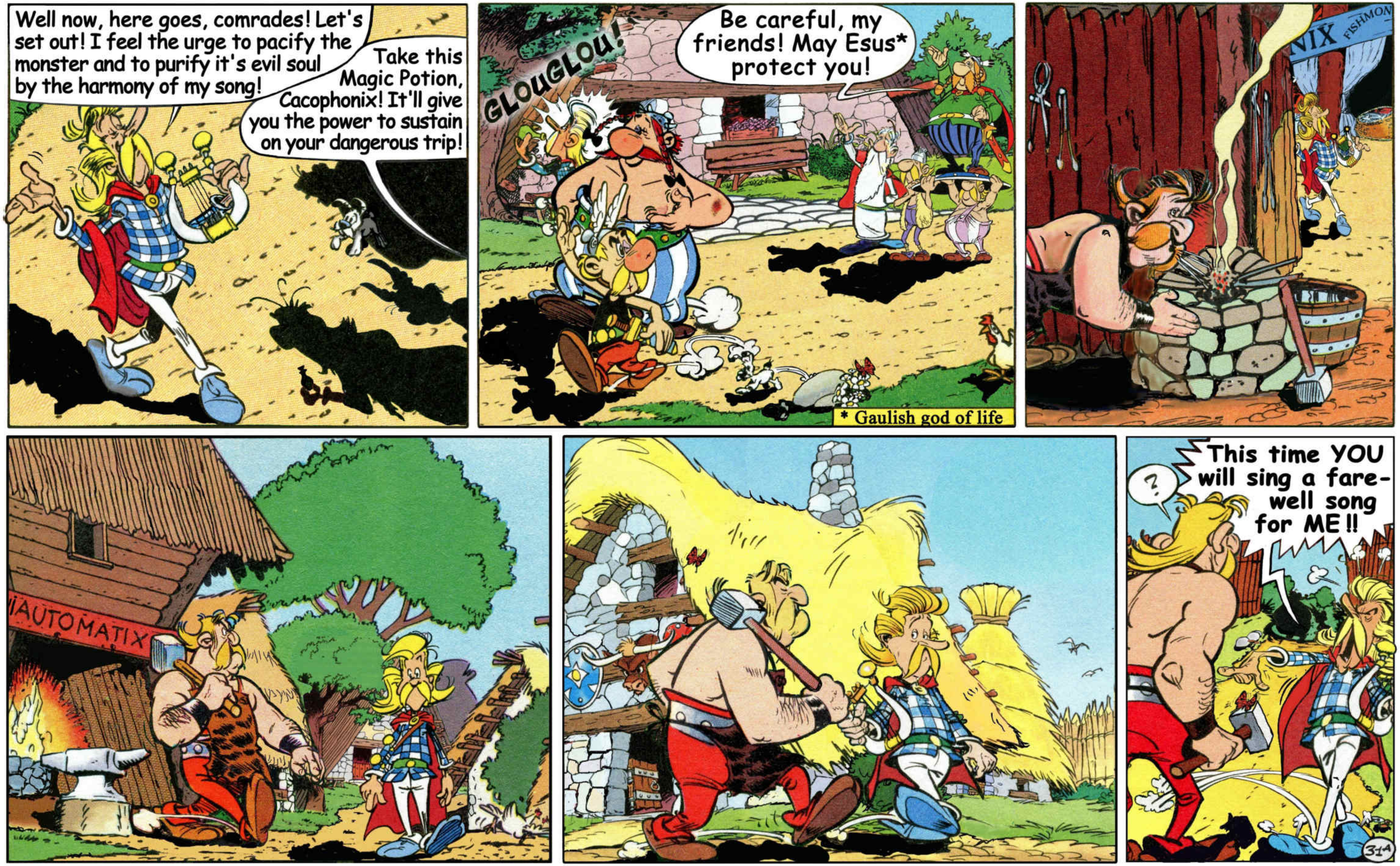

Abstine! VETO !* VETO!
SNORT!
* Keep away! I forbid it!
VEEEETOOO...!!!
PAF!
BOOM!
BONG!
THEY'RE ALL CRAZY, THOSE GAULS!! THE TWO-LEGGED ONES AND THE FOUR-LEGGED ONES!!!
That's why our motto is: If you want the PAX ROMANA*, take it easy ...
... and wait for your relief!
TOC! TOC!
* Roman peace on occupied territory

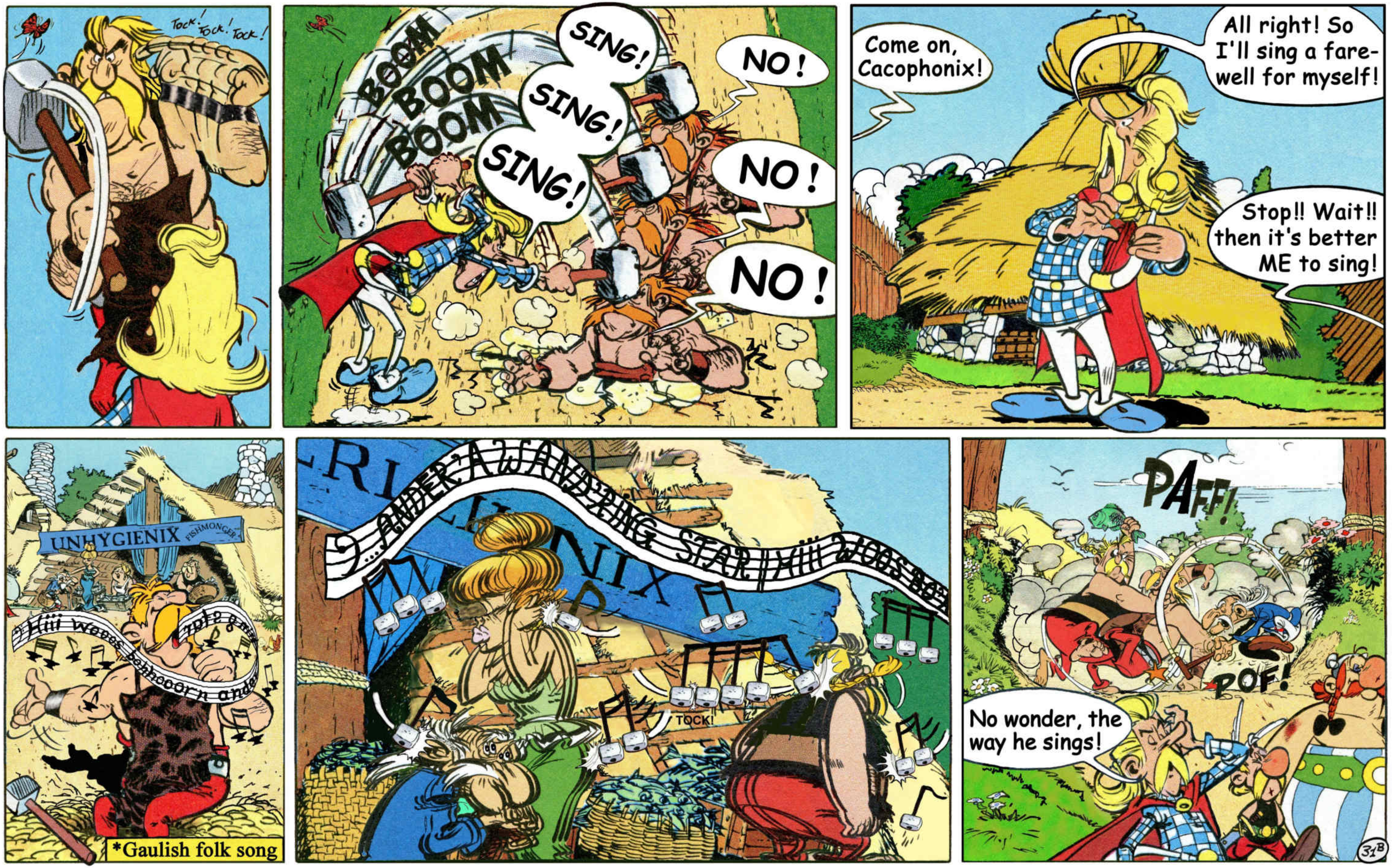

GR.
RRRROOiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiNK!!
BONG!
BONG!
BONG!
BONG!
BONG!
Eh, folks! Tell the cook there's going to be wild boar with the flummery, today!
THE BIG FAT BRUTE!
FORM A TORTOISE!!!
29A

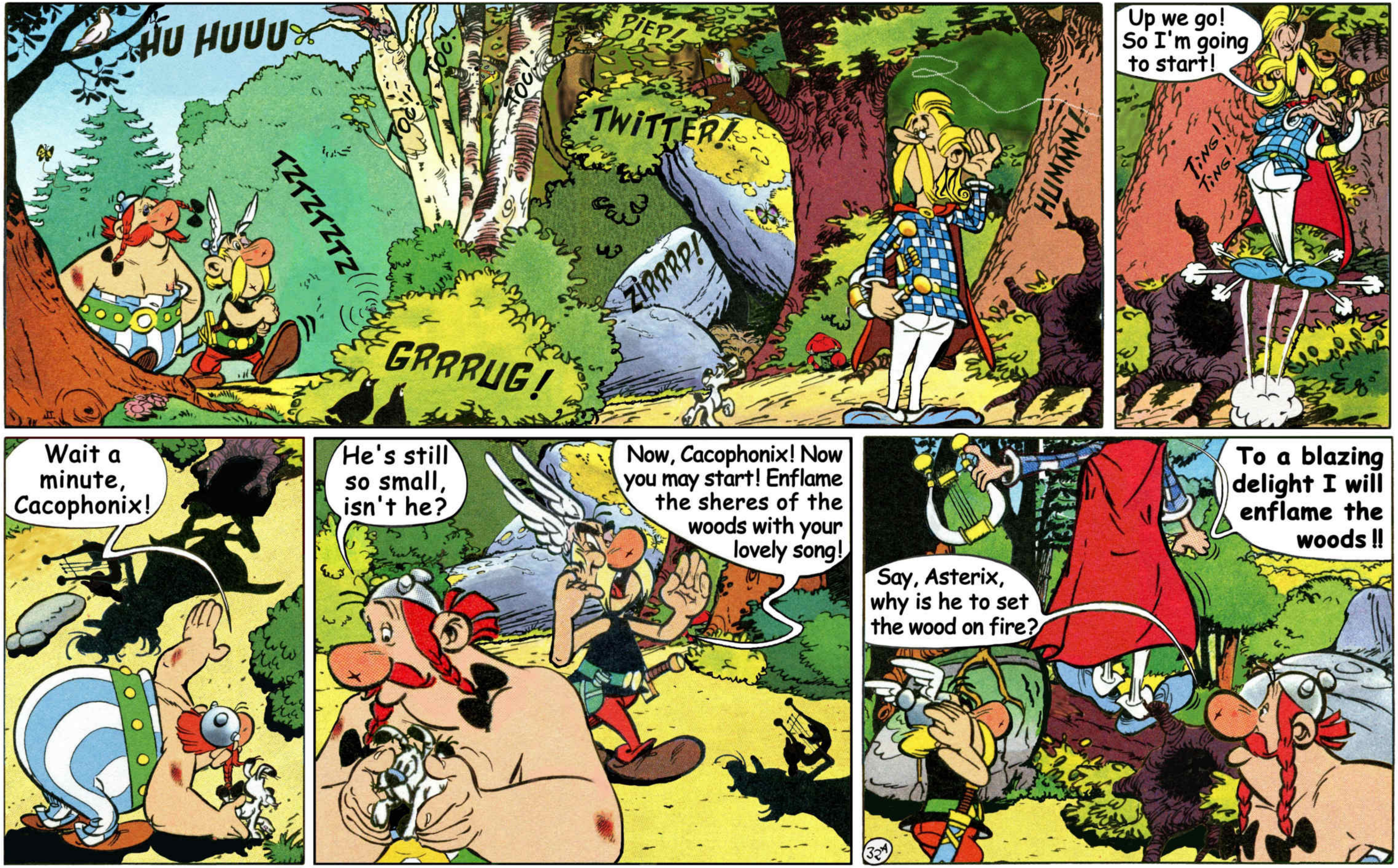

?
CRRACK!
BONG!
TCHOK!
PUFF!
CRRACK!
PLOUF!
O Centurion! I thought you had the PAX ROMANA at your place?!
There's no need to overvalue the incident, o Centurion! The more so as we weren't the target of the attack!
O wise guy! Shall I write that in my report to Caesar?? That the devastation of my garrison occurred just as a collateral mishap, when a crazy Gaul and a crazy wild boar wanted to fight one another at our place???
29B

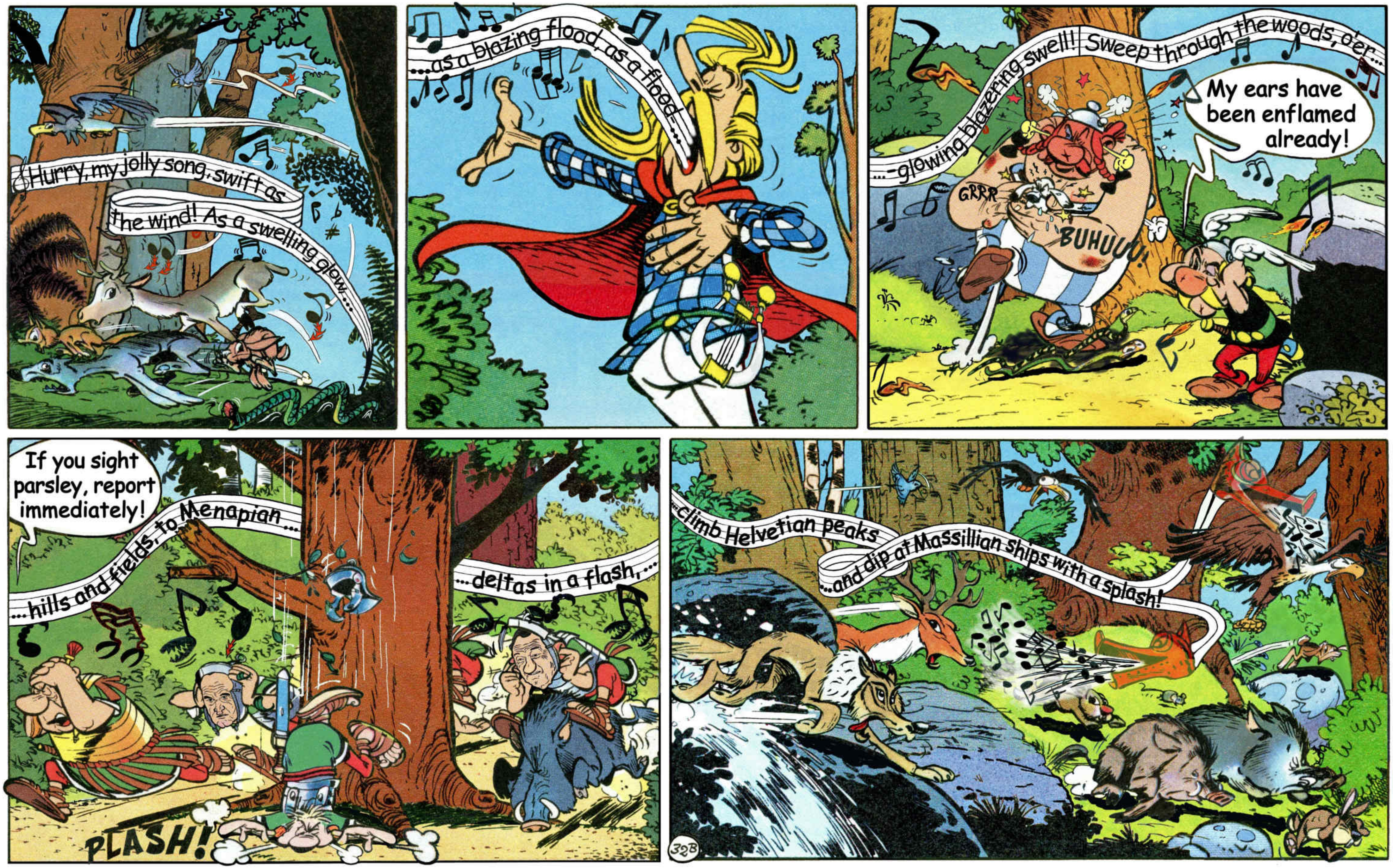

In the evening ...
Maybe the Romans are behind that? Might they give something to the boars that drives them furious?!
No need to give anything to that boar! He's naturally crazy!
OBELIX!
WOOF!
But ... didn't even you bring wild boars?
He didn't want to come along. We were fighting until we had lost all power.
The both of you at the same time?!
If we can't slay that boar ... maybe we can chase it away?
I wonder whether that boar has any sense for musical harmony...
304

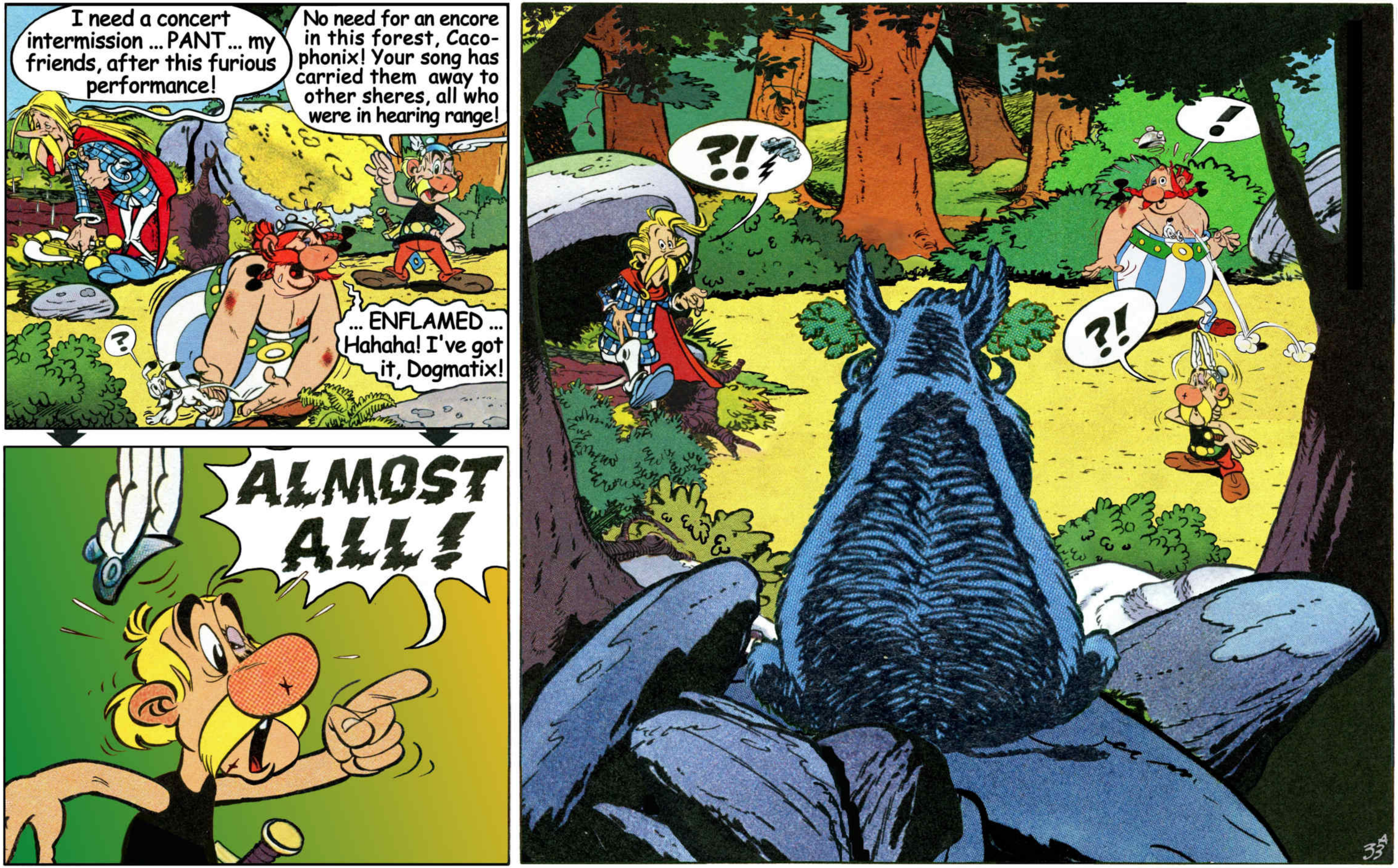

At the next morning's dawn ...
COCK-A-DOODLE-DOOO!
YAAWN!
Here comes the bard! Hopefully can he release us from that demon!
Wild boars do have ears at least! And him who has a sense to hear...
CACKLE!
...will HIS voice not bewitch the ear...
...but will by squeaking, crackling, whizzing...
... make fiery red the listeners head and ears be hissing!
?
GAACK!

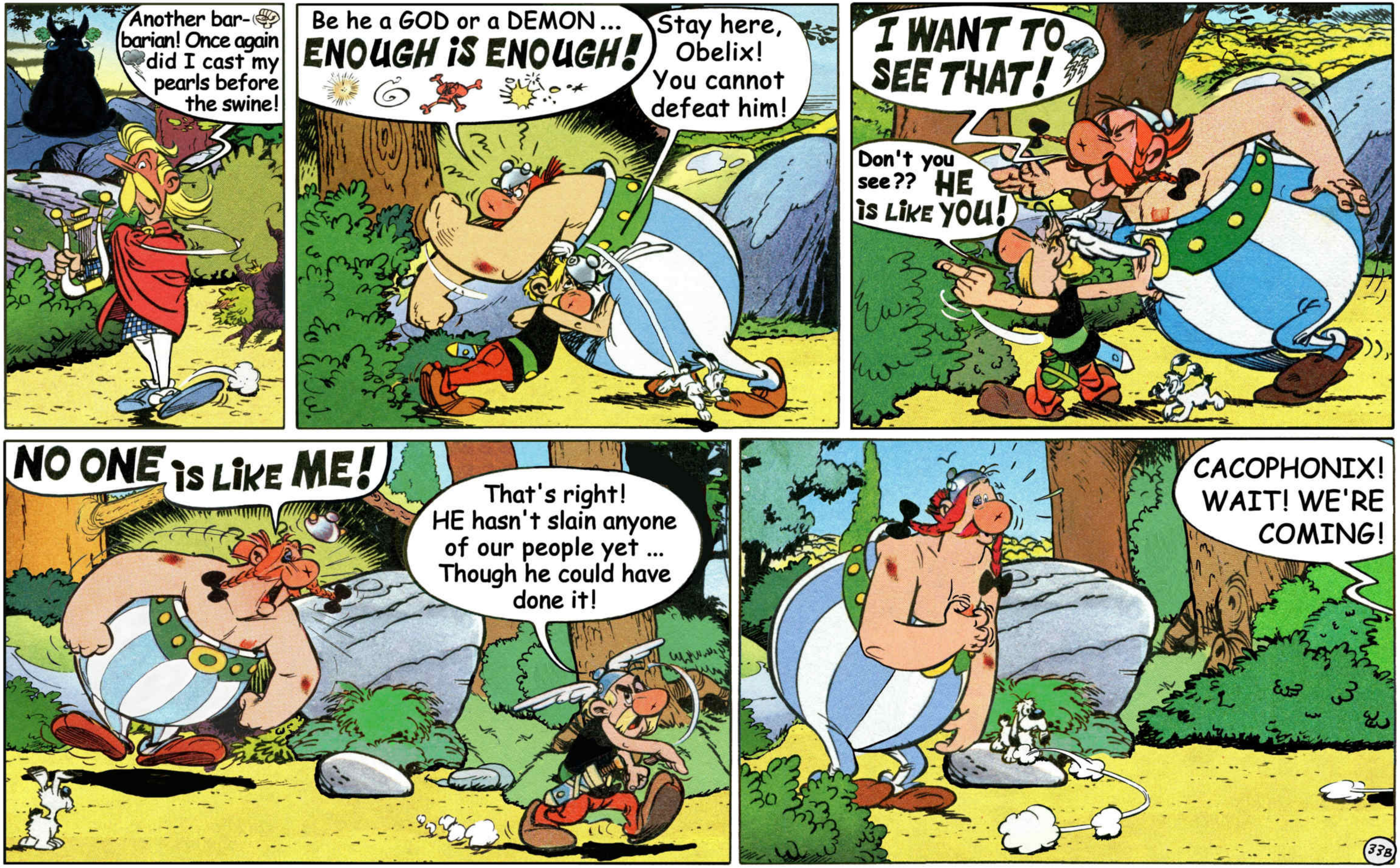

Well now, here goes, comrades! Let's set out! I feel the urge to pacify the monster and to purify it's evil soul by the harmony of my song!
Take this Magic Potion, Cacophonix! It'll give you the power to sustain on your dangerous trip!
GLOUGLOU!
Be careful, my friends! May Esus* protect you!
* Gaulish god of life
NIX FISHMON
AUTOMATIX
?
This time YOU will sing a farewell song for ME!!

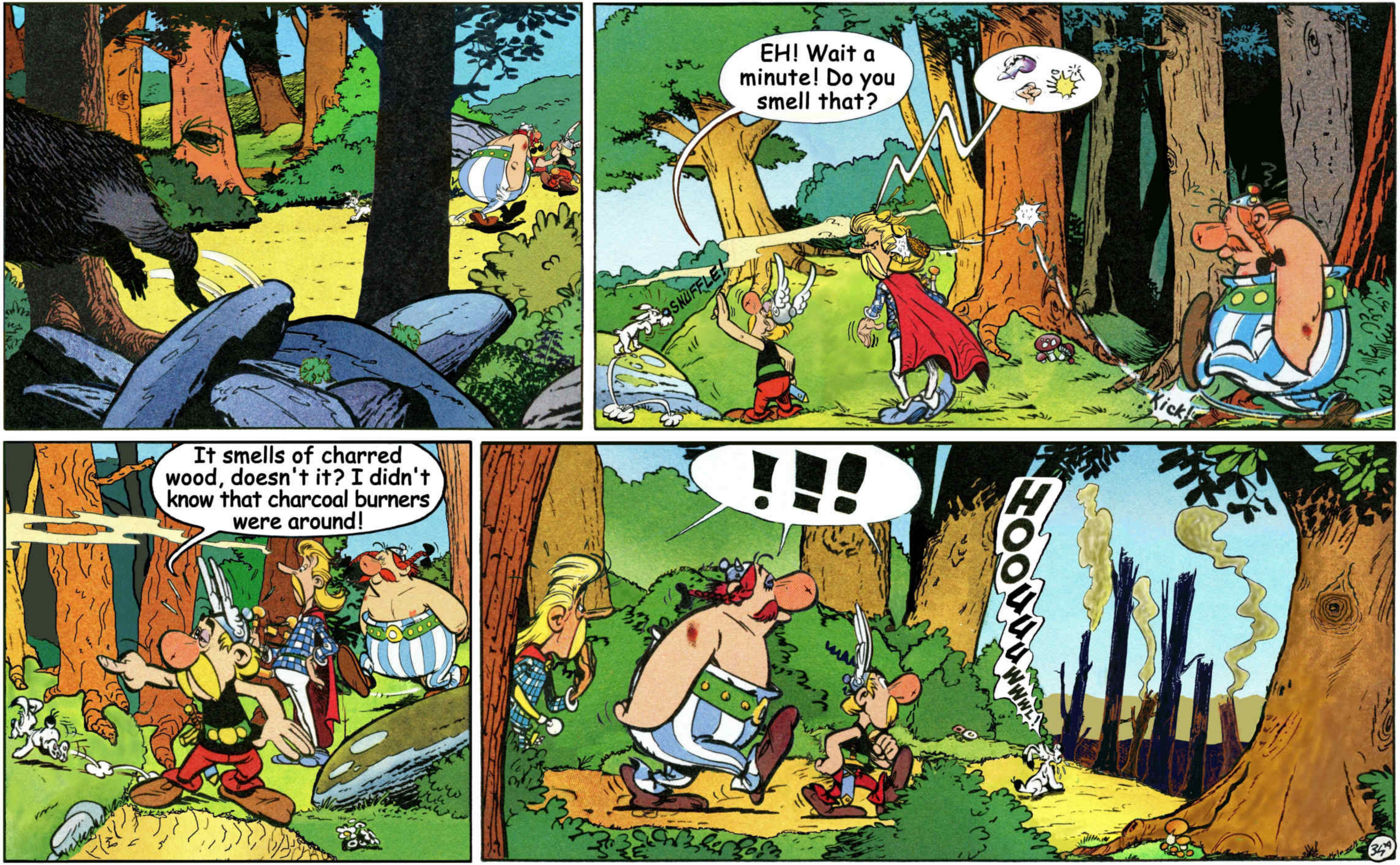

Tock! Tock! Tock!
BOOM BOOM BOOM
SING!
SING!
SING!
NO!
NO!
NO!
Come on, Cacophonix!
All right! So I'll sing a farewell for myself!
Stop!! Wait!! then it's better ME to sing!
UNHYGIENIX FISHMONGER
Hiii Wooos bohhooorn ander
*Gaulish folk song
...ANDER'A'WANDERING STAR! Hiii WOOS BO
TOCK!
PAFF!
POF!
No wonder, the way he sings!

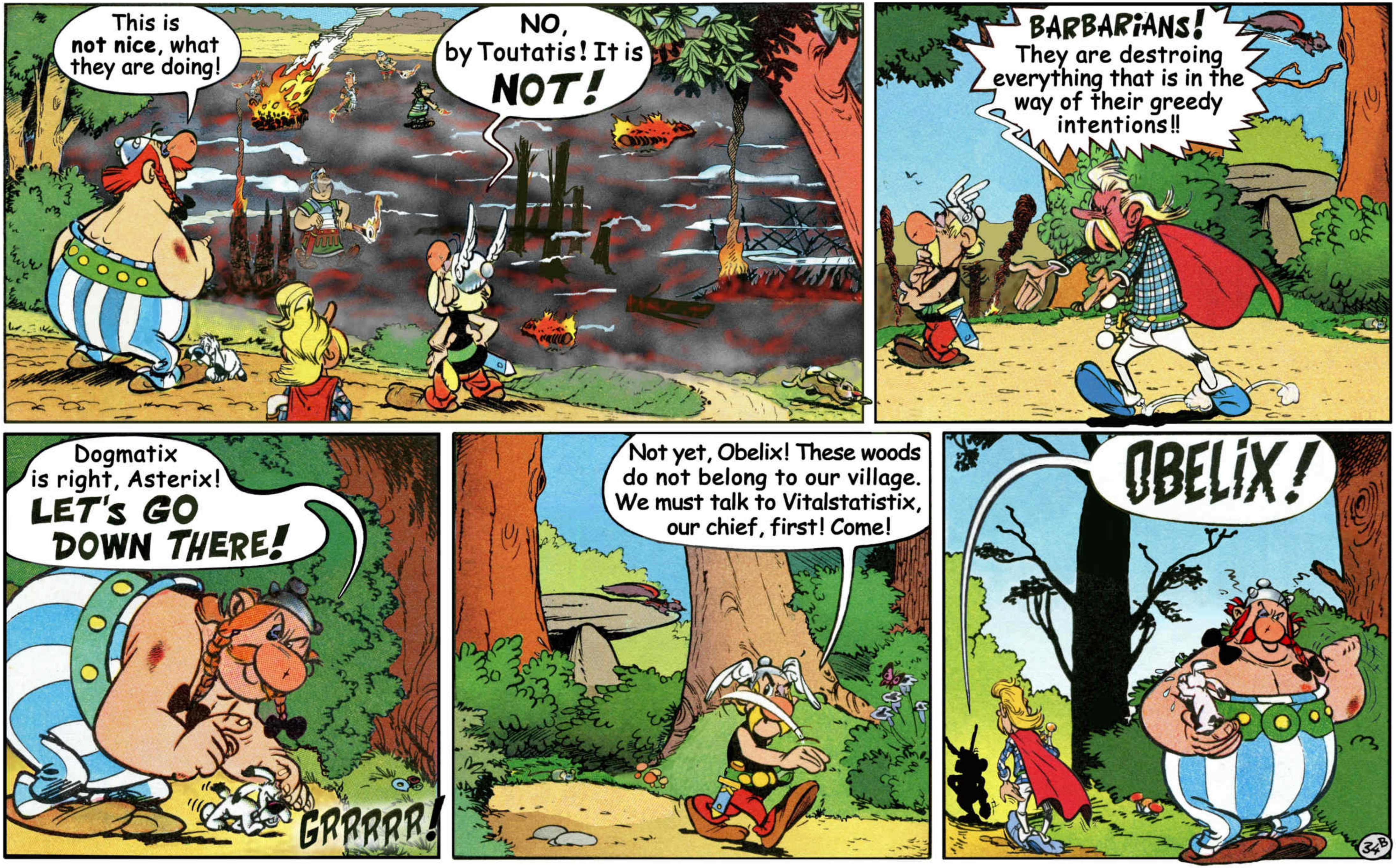

HU HUUU
TOC! TOC! TOC!
PIEP!
TWITTER!
TZTZTZTZTZ
GRRRUG!
ZIRRRP!
HUMMM!
Up we go! So I'm going to start!
TING! TING!
Wait a minute, Cacophonix!
He's still so small, isn't he?
Now, Cacophonix! Now you may start! Enflame the sheres of the woods with your lovely song!
To a blazing delight I will enflame the woods!!
Say, Asterix, why is he to set the wood on fire?

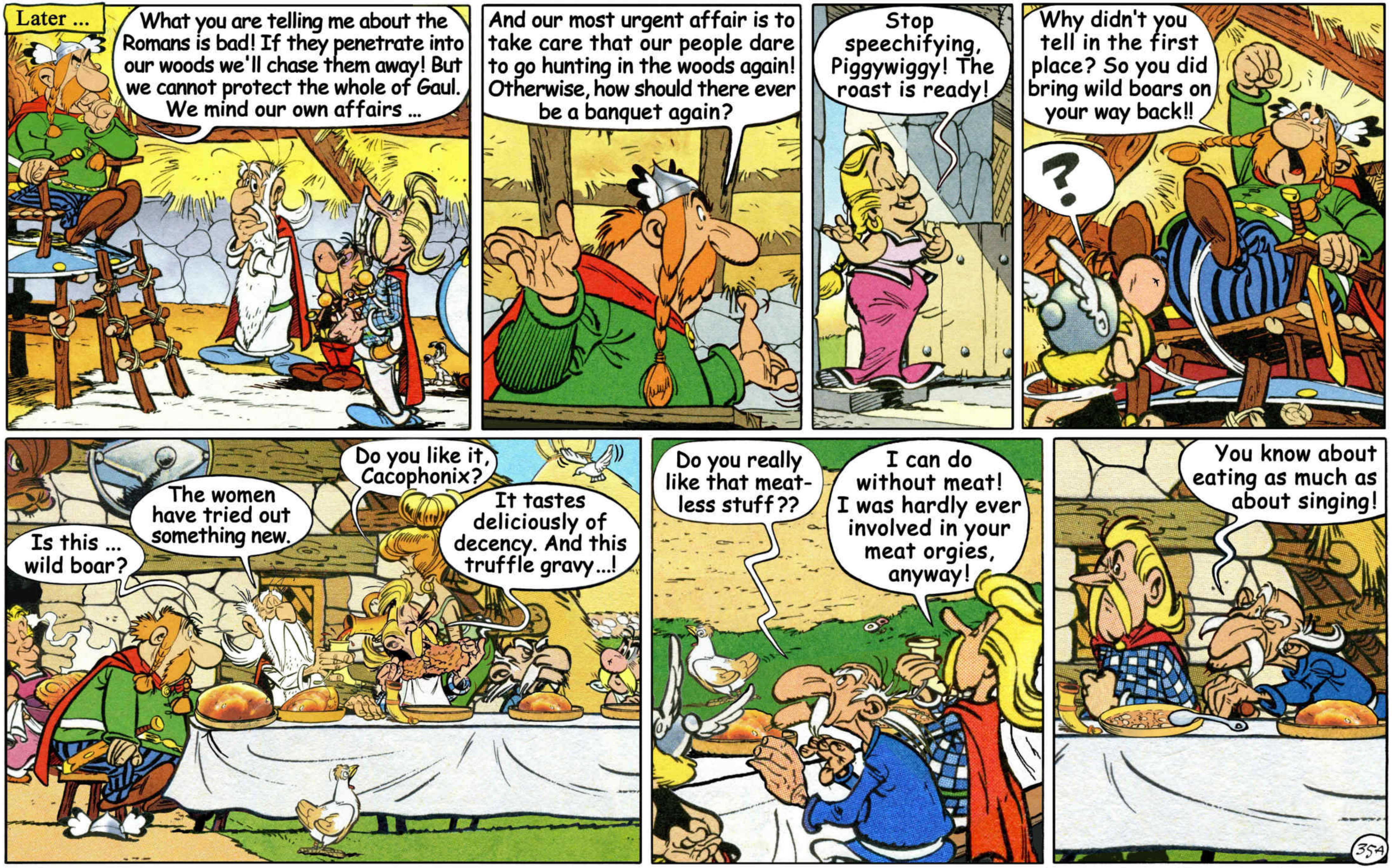

Hurry, my jolly song, swift as the wind! As a swelling glow...
...as a blazing flood, as a flood...
...glowing blazering swell! Sweep through the woods, o'er...
My ears have been enflamed already!
GRRR
BUHUUU!
If you sight parsley, report immediately!
...hills and fields, to Menapian...
...deltas in a flash,...
PLASH!
...climb Helvetian peaks
...and dip at Massillian ships with a splash!

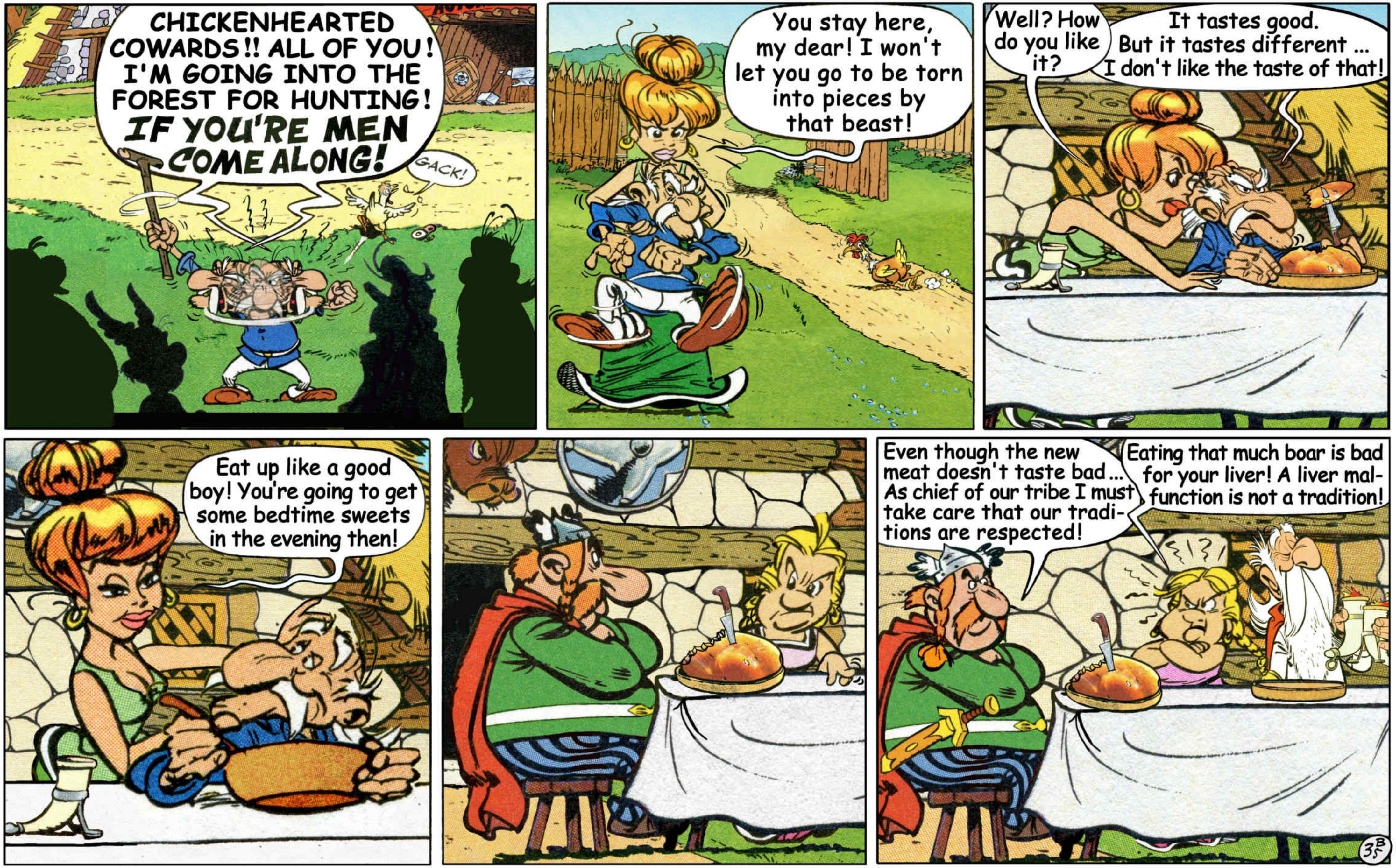

I need a concert intermission ... PANT ... my friends, after this furious performance!
No need for an encore in this forest, Cacophonix! Your song has carried them away to other sheres, all who were in hearing range!
?
... ENFLAMED ... Hahaha! I've got it, Dogmatix!
ALMOST ALL!
?!
!
?!
33A

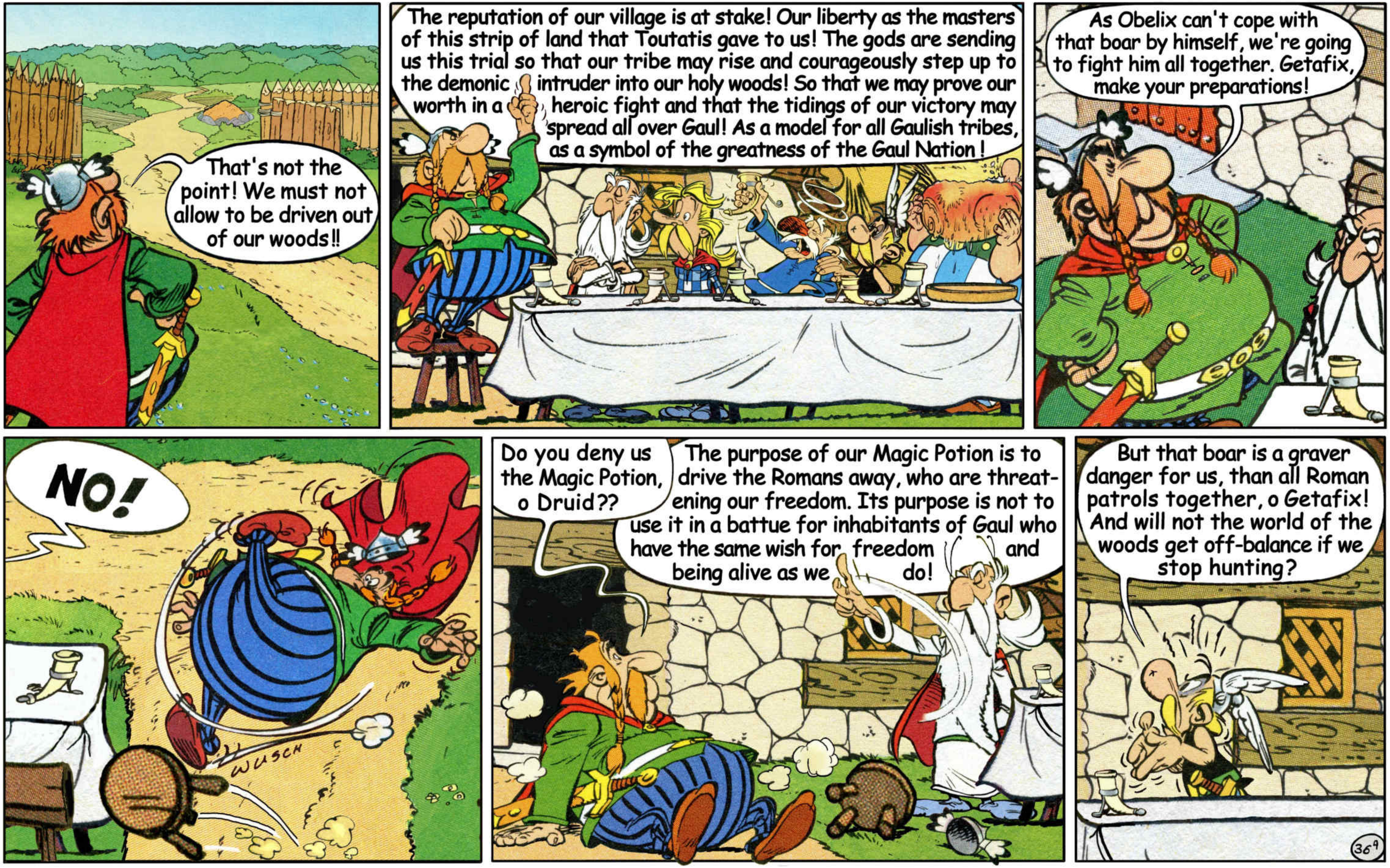

Another barbarian! Once again did I cast my pearls before the swine!
Be he a GOD or a DEMON ... ENOUGH IS ENOUGH!
Stay here, Obelix! You cannot defeat him!
I WANT TO SEE THAT!
Don't you see?? HE is LIKE YOU!
NO ONE is LIKE ME!
That's right! HE hasn't slain anyone of our people yet ... Though he could have done it!
CACOPHONIX! WAIT! WE'RE COMING!

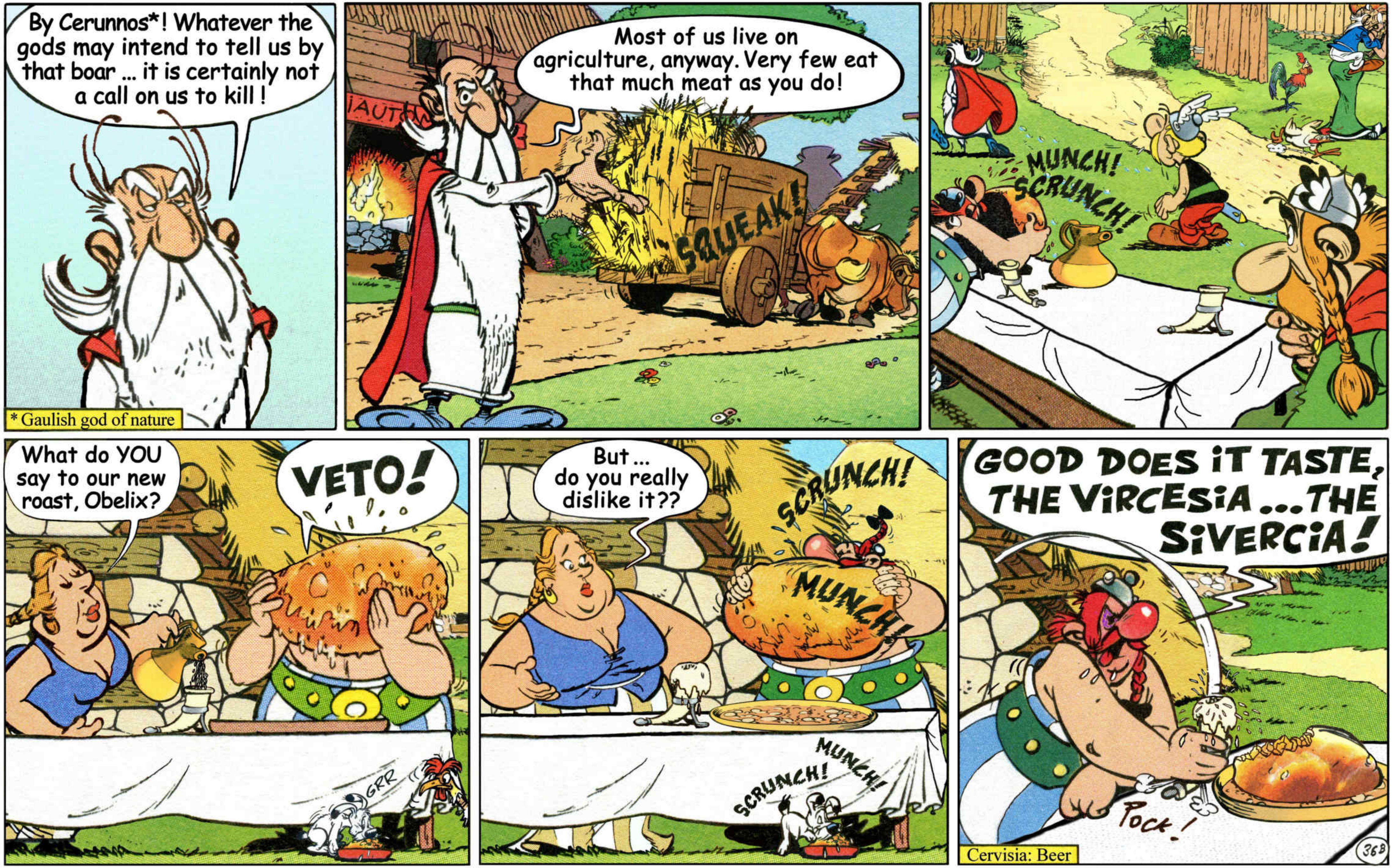

EH! Wait a minute! Do you smell that?
SNUFFLE!
Kick!
It smells of charred wood, doesn't it? I didn't know that charcoal burners were around!
!!!
HOOUUUWWWL!


This is not nice, what they are doing!
NO, by Toutatis! It is NOT!
BARBARIANS! They are destroing everything that is in the way of their greedy intentions!!
Dogmatix is right, Asterix! LET'S GO DOWN THERE!
GRRRRR!
Not yet, Obelix! These woods do not belong to our village. We must talk to Vitalstatistix, our chief, first! Come!
OBELIX!


Later ...
What you are telling me about the Romans is bad! If they penetrate into our woods we'll chase them away! But we cannot protect the whole of Gaul. We mind our own affairs ...
And our most urgent affair is to take care that our people dare to go hunting in the woods again! Otherwise, how should there ever be a banquet again?
Stop speechifying, Piggywiggy! The roast is ready!
Why didn't you tell in the first place? So you did bring wild boars on your way back!!
?
Is this ... wild boar?
The women have tried out something new.
Do you like it, Cacophonix?
It tastes deliciously of decency. And this truffle gravy...!
Do you really like that meat-less stuff??
I can do without meat! I was hardly ever involved in your meat orgies, anyway!
You know about eating as much as about singing!

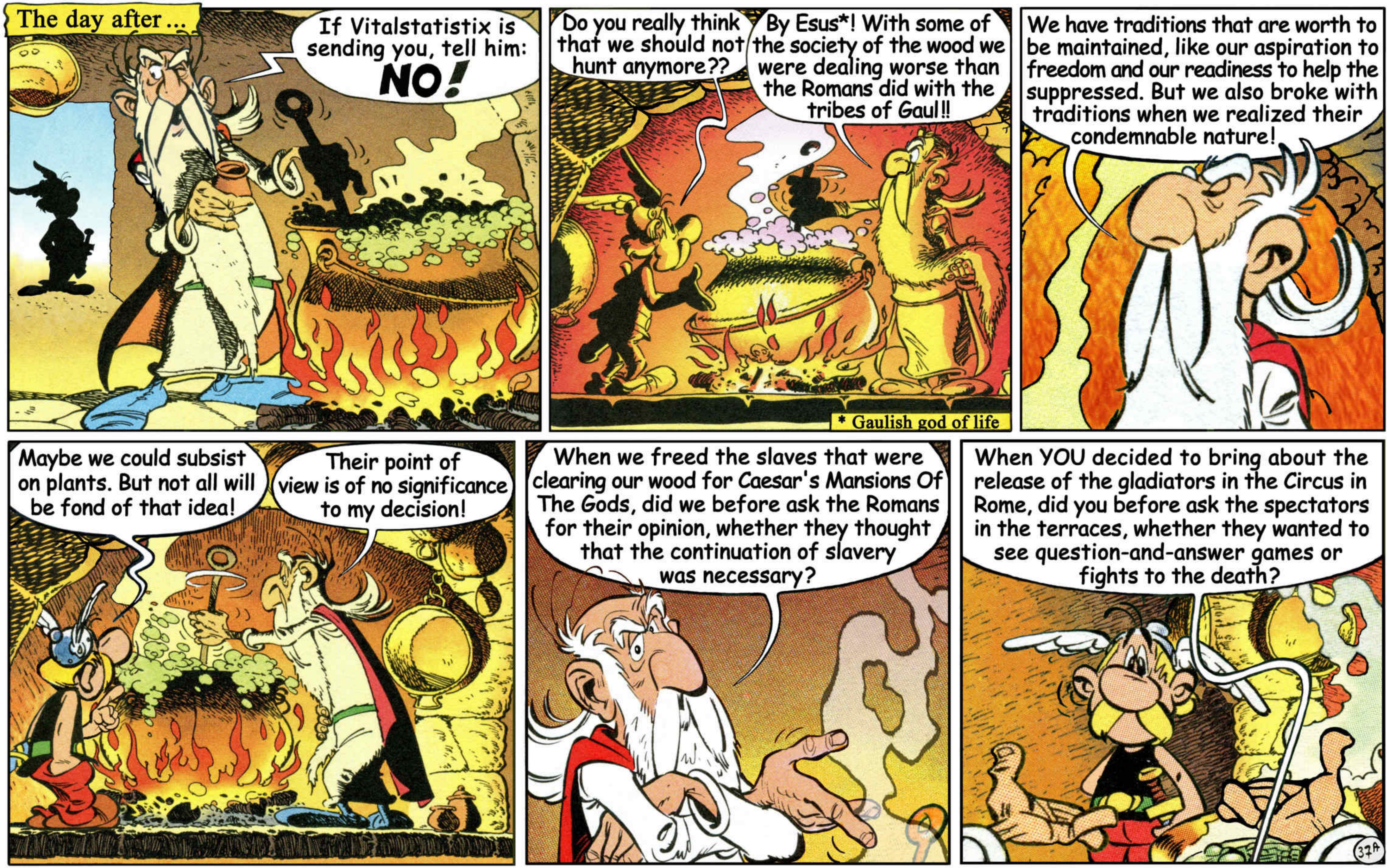

CHICKENHEARTED COWARDS!! ALL OF YOU! I'M GOING INTO THE FOREST FOR HUNTING! IF YOU'RE MEN COME ALONG!
GACK!
You stay here, my dear! I won't let you go to be torn into pieces by that beast!
Well? How do you like it?
It tastes good. But it tastes different ... I don't like the taste of that!
Eat up like a good boy! You're going to get some bedtime sweets in the evening then!
Even though the new meat doesn't taste bad ... As chief of our tribe I must take care that our traditions are respected!
Eating that much boar is bad for your liver! A liver malfunction is not a tradition!
?!?!

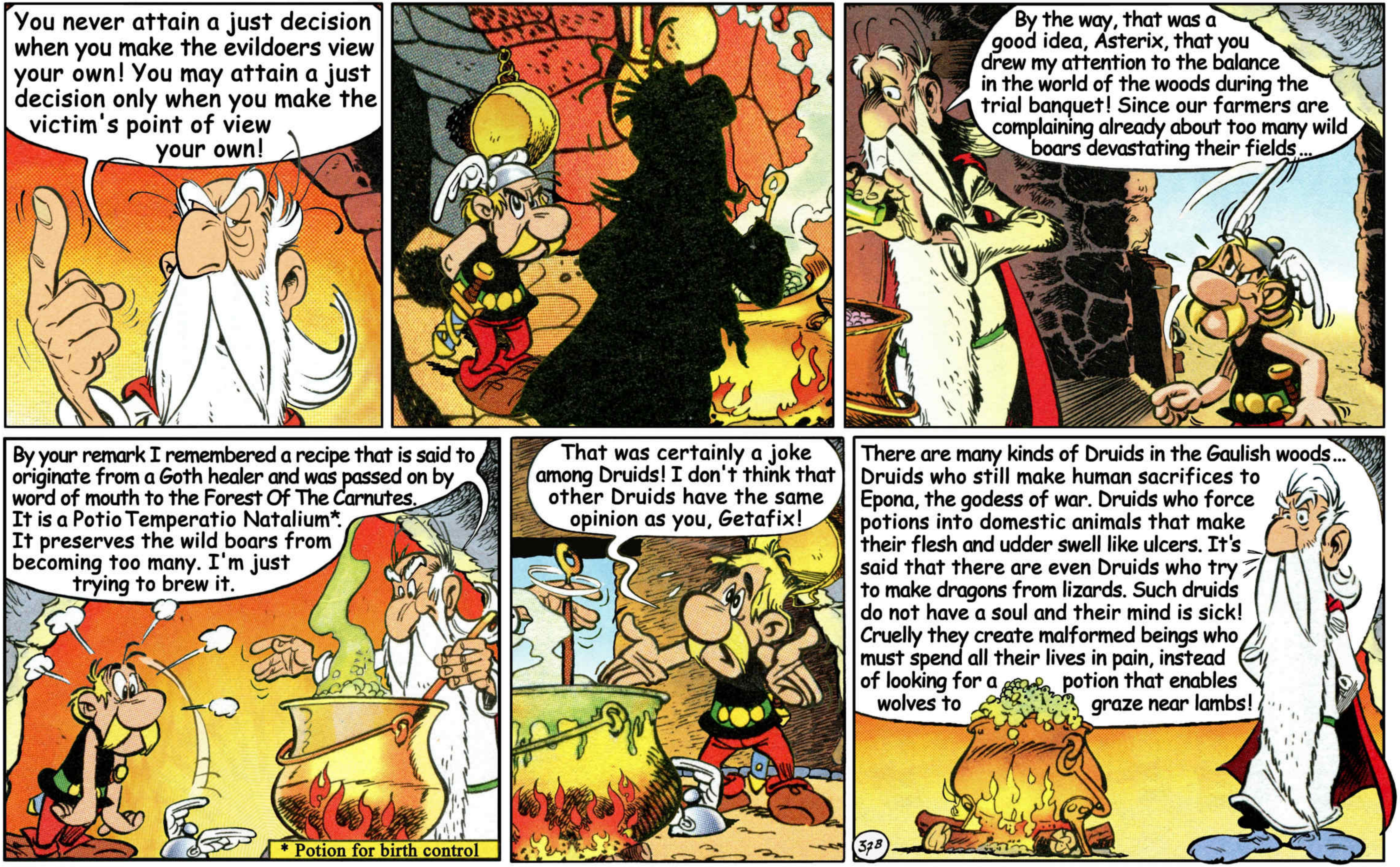

That's not the point! We must not allow to be driven out of our woods!!
The reputation of our village is at stake! Our liberty as the masters of this strip of land that Toutatis gave to us! The gods are sending us this trial so that our tribe may rise and courageously step up to the demonic intruder into our holy woods! So that we may prove our worth in a heroic fight and that the tidings of our victory may spread all over Gaul! As a model for all Gaulish tribes, as a symbol of the greatness of the Gaul Nation!
As Obelix can't cope with that boar by himself, we're going to fight him all together. Getafix, make your preparations!
NO!
WUSCH
Do you deny us the Magic Potion, o Druid??
The purpose of our Magic Potion is to drive the Romans away, who are threatening our freedom. Its purpose is not to use it in a battue for inhabitants of Gaul who have the same wish for freedom and being alive as we do!
But that boar is a graver danger for us, than all Roman patrols together, o Getafix! And will not the world of the woods get off-balance if we stop hunting?

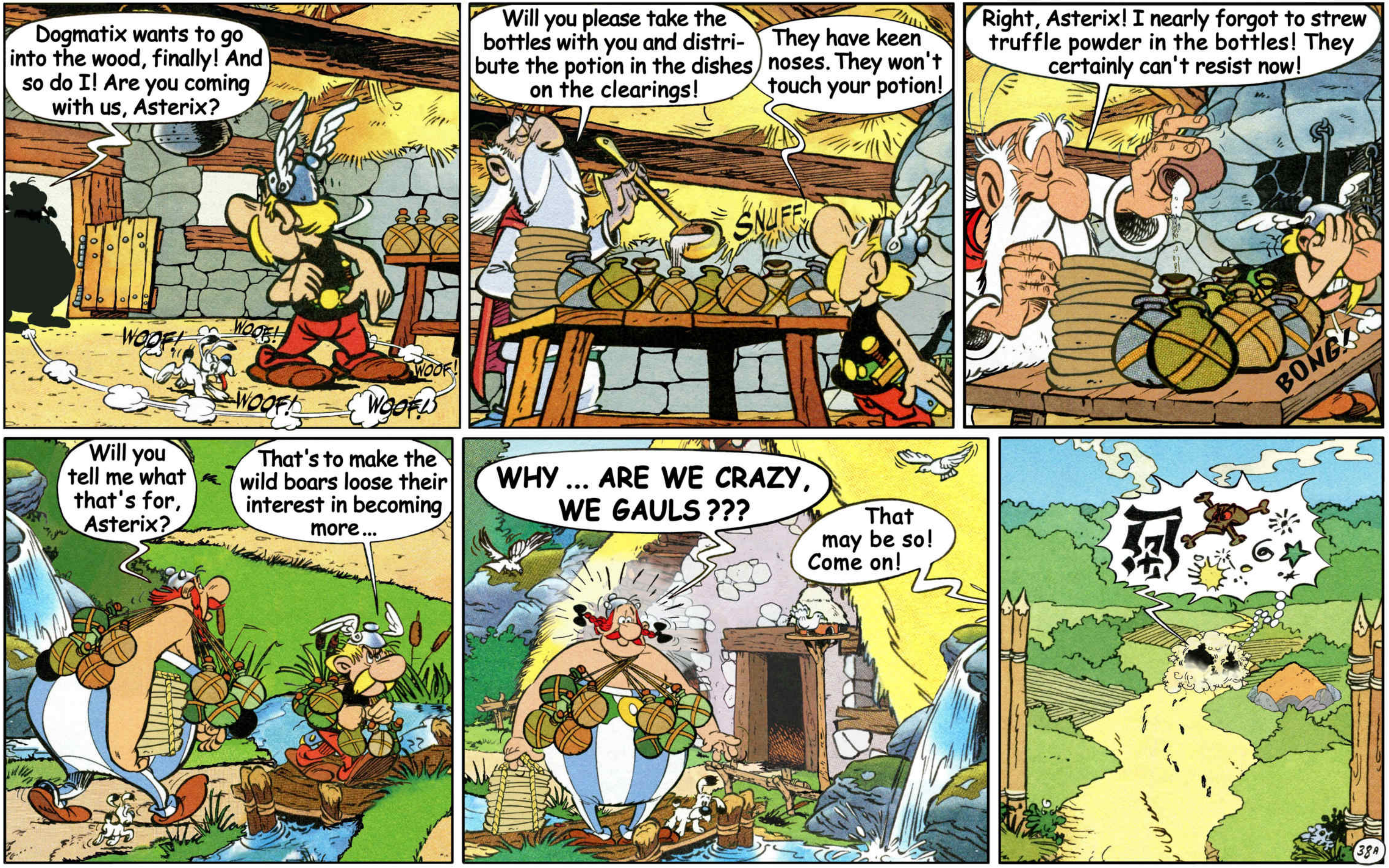

By Cerunnos*! Whatever the gods may intend to tell us by that boar ... it is certainly not a call on us to kill !
Most of us live on agriculture, anyway. Very few eat that much meat as you do!
SQUEAK!
MUNCH!
SCRUNCH!
What do YOU say to our new roast, Obelix?
VETO!
GRR
But ... do you really dislike it??
SCRUNCH!
MUNCH!
SCRUNCH!
MUNCH!
GOOD DOES IT TASTE, THE VIRCESIA ... THE SIVERCIA!
POCK!

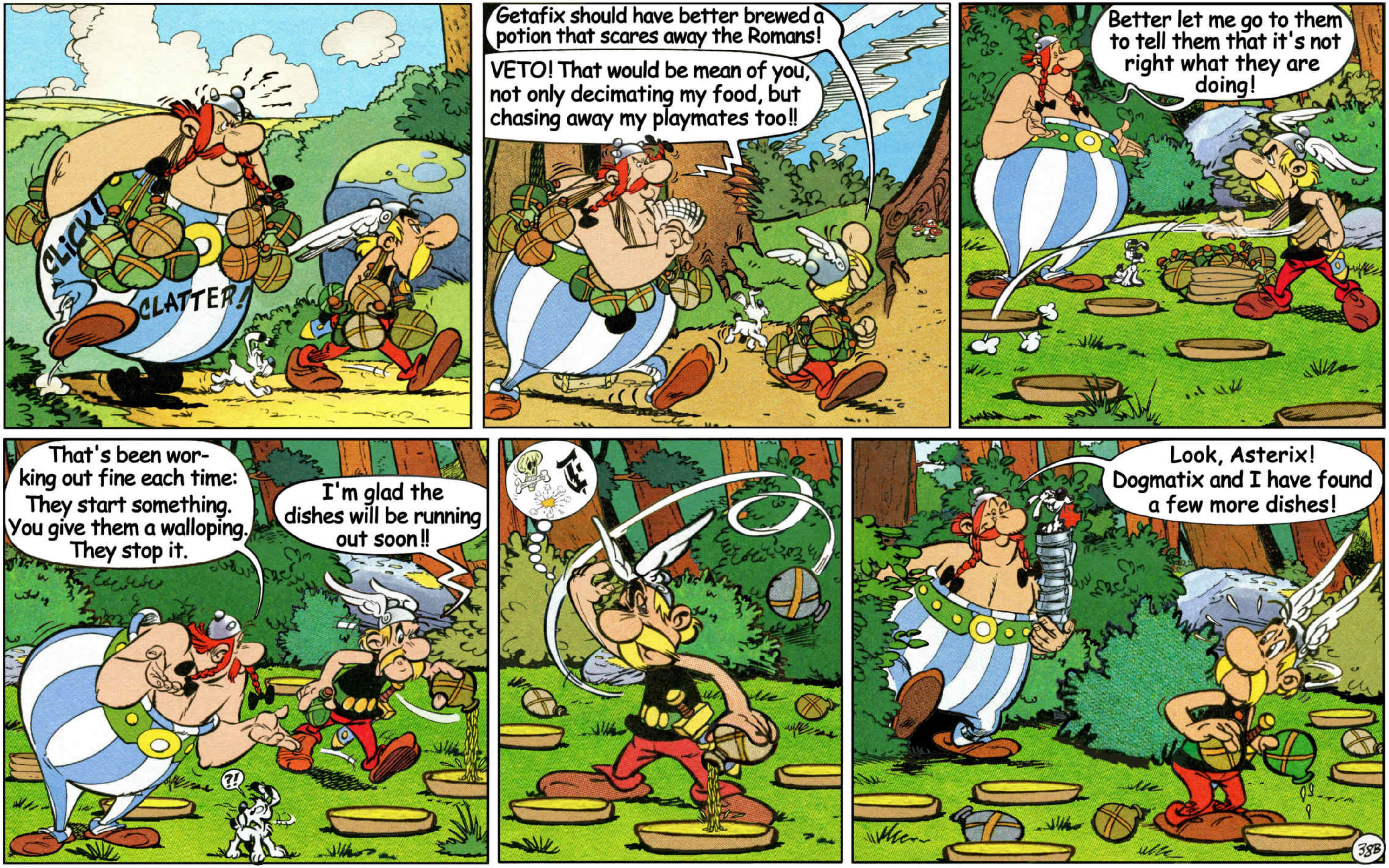
* Gaulish god of nature

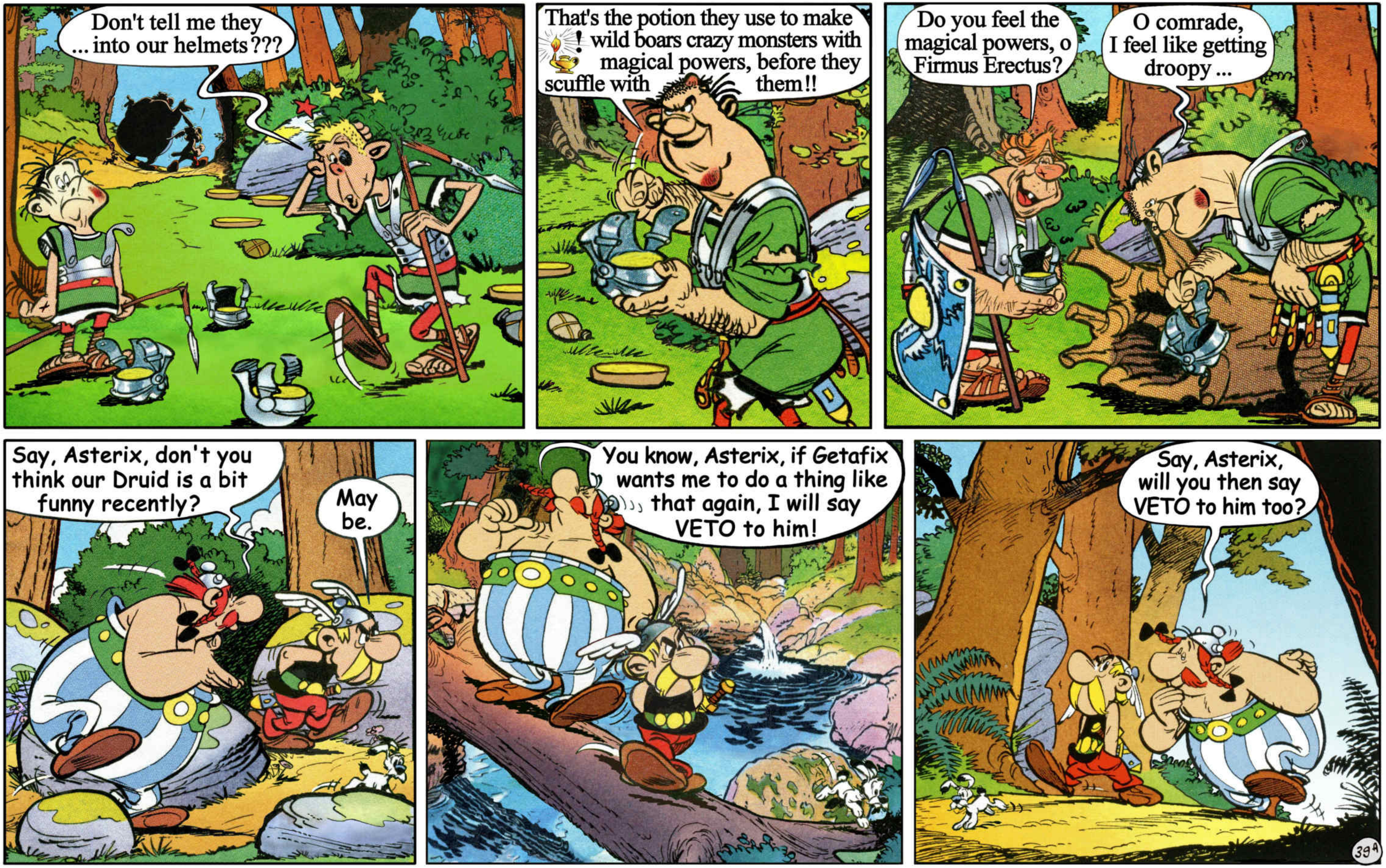
Cervisia: Beer

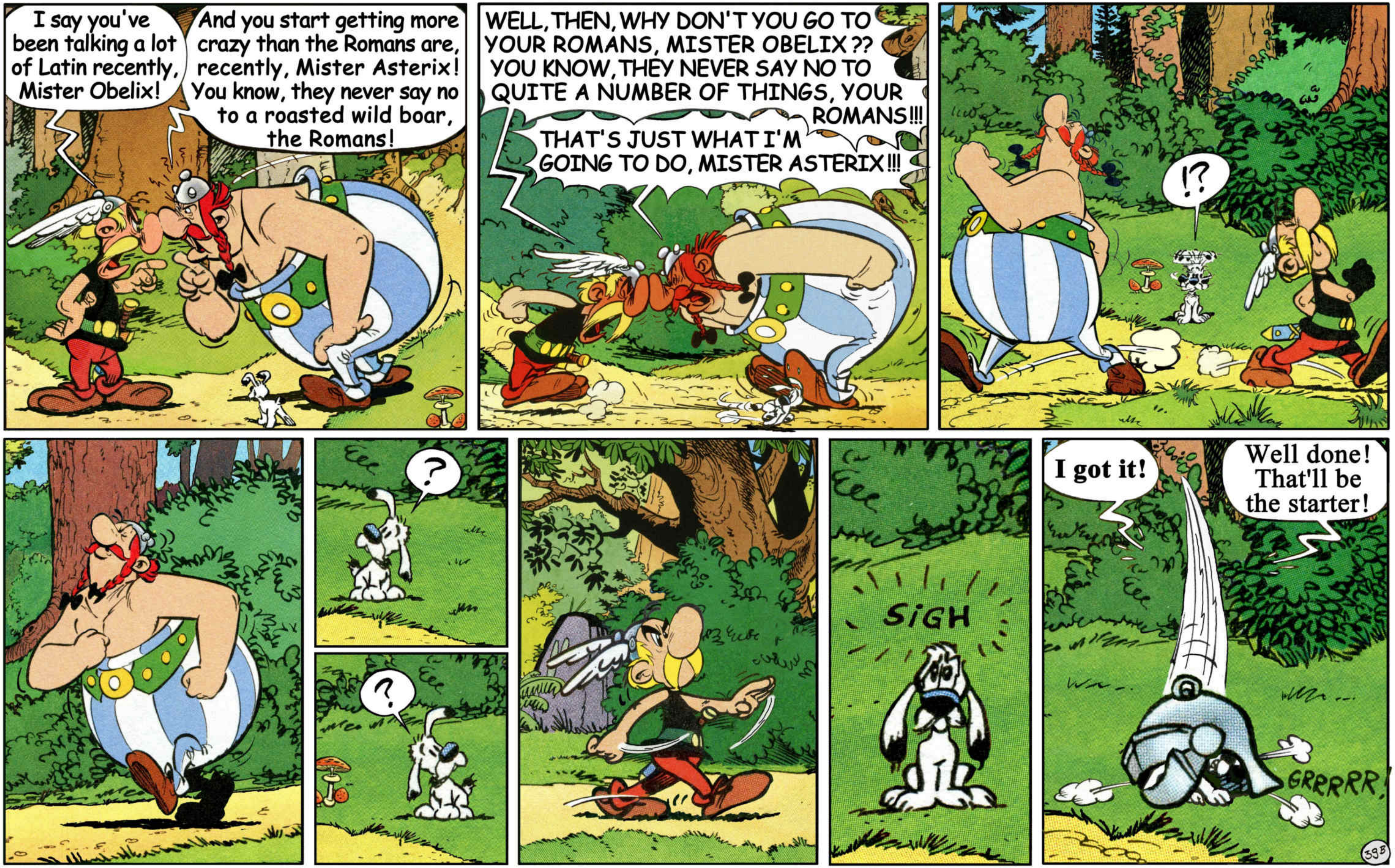

The day after ...
If Vitalstatistix is sending you, tell him: NO!
Do you really think that we should not hunt anymore??
By Esus*! With some of the society of the wood we were dealing worse than the Romans did with the tribes of Gaul!!
* Gaulish god of life
We have traditions that are worth to be maintained, like our aspiration to freedom and our readiness to help the suppressed. But we also broke with traditions when we realized their condemnable nature!
Maybe we could subsist on plants. But not all will be fond of that idea!
Their point of view is of no significance to my decision!
When we freed the slaves that were clearing our wood for Caesar's Mansions Of The Gods, did we before ask the Romans for their opinion, whether they thought that the continuation of slavery was necessary?
When YOU decided to bring about the release of the gladiators in the Circus in Rome, did you before ask the spectators in the terraces, whether they wanted to see question-and-answer games or fights to the death?

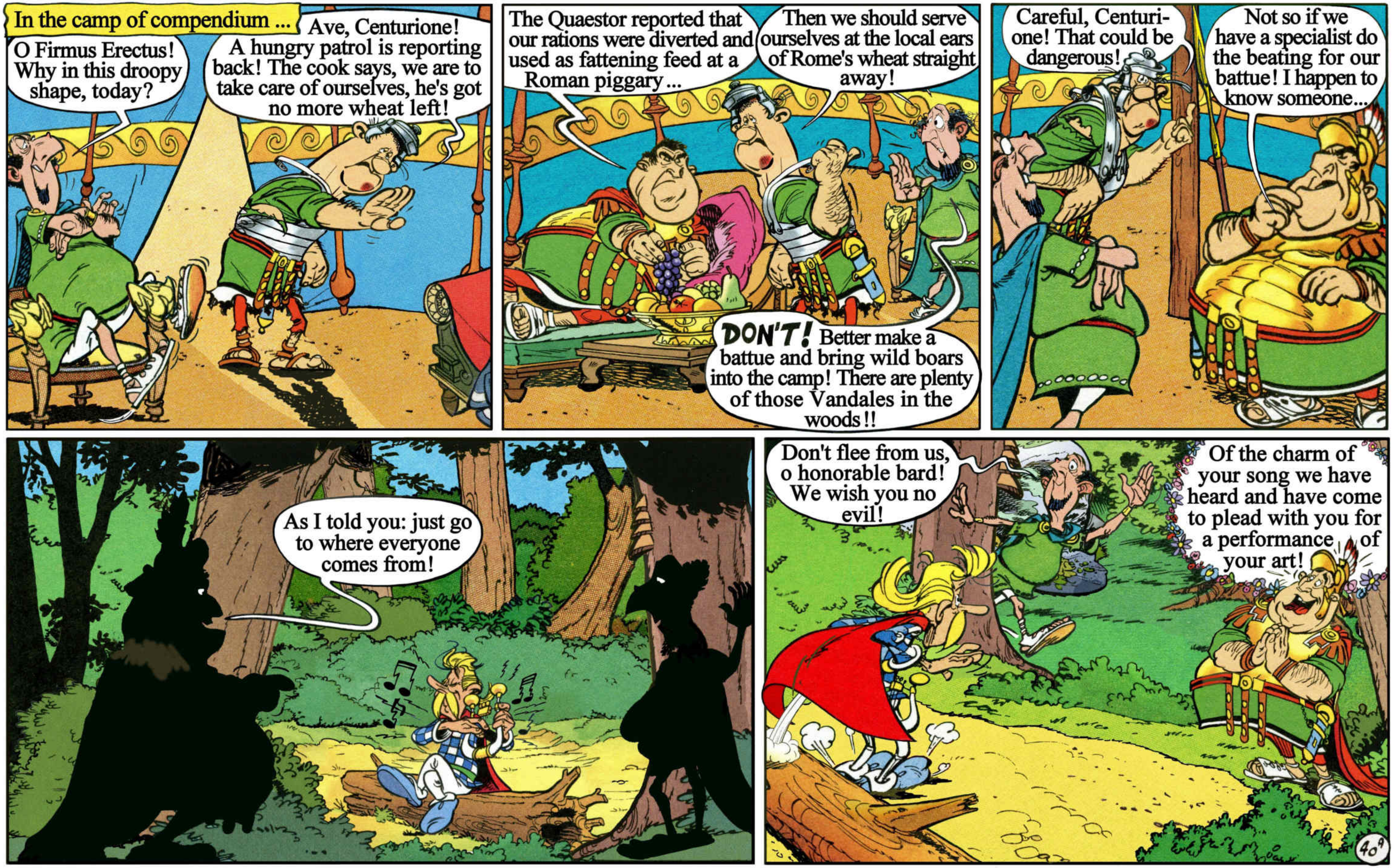

You never attain a just decision when you make the evildoers view your own! You may attain a just decision only when you make the victim's point of view your own!
By the way, that was a good idea, Asterix, that you drew my attention to the balance in the world of the woods during the trial banquet! Since our farmers are complaining already about too many wild boars devastating their fields...
By your remark I remembered a recipe that is said to originate from a Goth healer and was passed on by word of mouth to the Forest Of The Carnutes. It is a Potio Temperatio Natalium*. It preserves the wild boars from becoming too many. I'm just trying to brew it.
* Potion for birth control
That was certainly a joke among Druids! I don't think that other Druids have the same opinion as you, Getafix!
There are many kinds of Druids in the Gaulish woods... Druids who still make human sacrifices to Epona, the godess of war. Druids who force potions into domestic animals that make their flesh and udder swell like ulcers. It's said that there are even Druids who try to make dragons from lizards. Such druids do not have a soul and their mind is sick! Cruelly they create malformed beings who must spend all their lives in pain, instead of looking for a potion that enables wolves to graze near lambs!

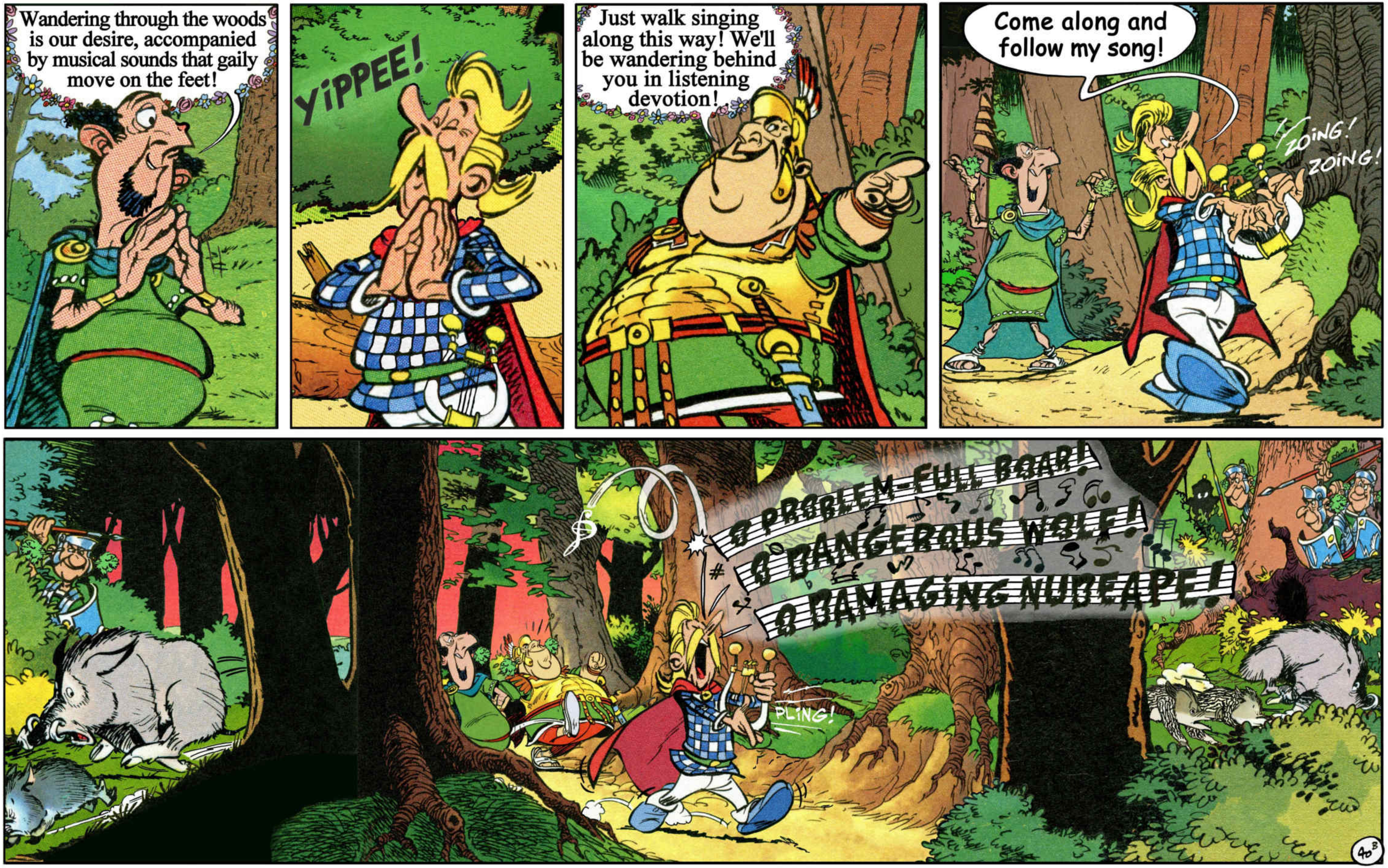

Dogmatix wants to go into the wood, finally! And so do I! Are you coming with us, Asterix?
WOOF!
WOOF!
WOOF!
WOOF!
WOOF!
Will you please take the bottles with you and distribute the potion in the dishes on the clearings!
They have keen noses. They won't touch your potion!
SNUFF
Right, Asterix! I nearly forgot to strew truffle powder in the bottles! They certainly can't resist now!
BONG!
Will you tell me what that's for, Asterix?
That's to make the wild boars loose their interest in becoming more...
WHY ... ARE WE CRAZY, WE GAULS???
That may be so! Come on!

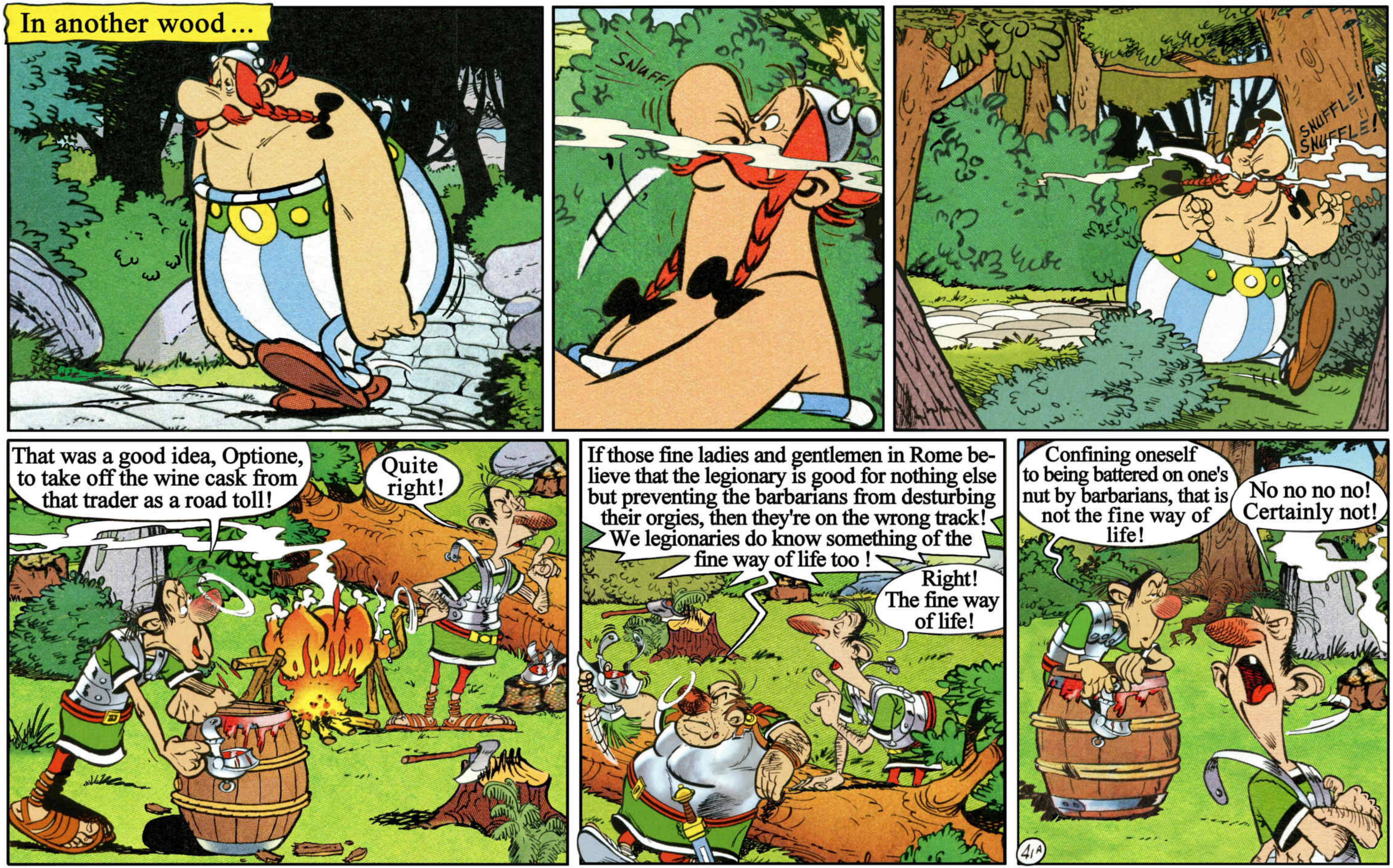

CLICK!
CLATTER!
Getafix should have better brewed a potion that scares away the Romans!
VETO! That would be mean of you, not only decimating my food, but chasing away my playmates too!!
Better let me go to them to tell them that it's not right what they are doing!
That's been working out fine each time: They start something. You give them a walloping. They stop it.
I'm glad the dishes will be running out soon!!
?!
Look, Asterix! Dogmatix and I have found a few more dishes!

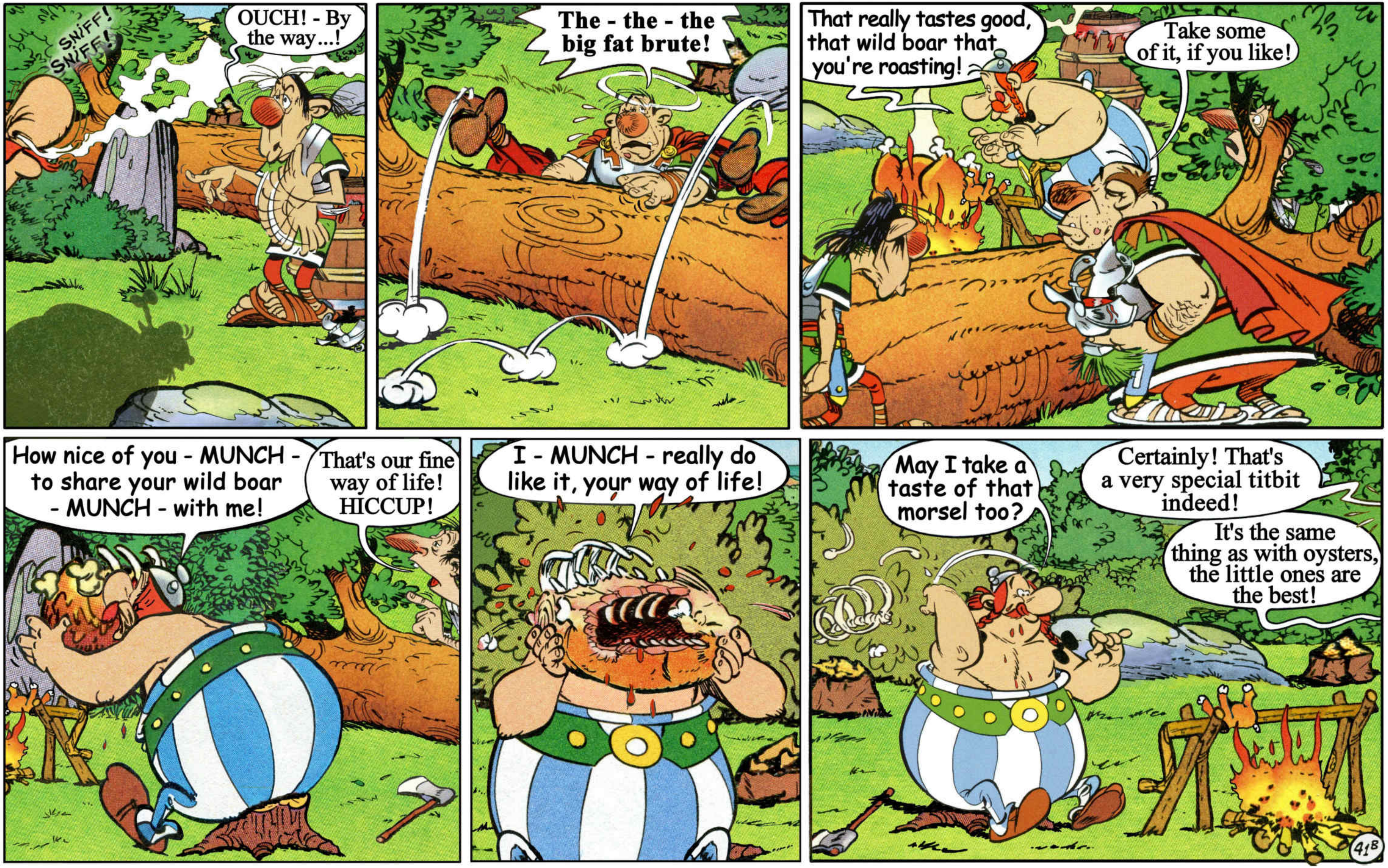

Don't tell me they ... into our helmets???
That's the potion they use to make ! wild boars crazy monsters with magical powers, before they scuffle with them!!
Do you feel the magical powers, o Firmus Erectus?
O comrade, I feel like getting droopy ...
Say, Asterix, don't you think our Druid is a bit funny recently?
May be.
You know, Asterix, if Getafix wants me to do a thing like that again, I will say VETO to him!
Say, Asterix, will you then say VETO to him too?

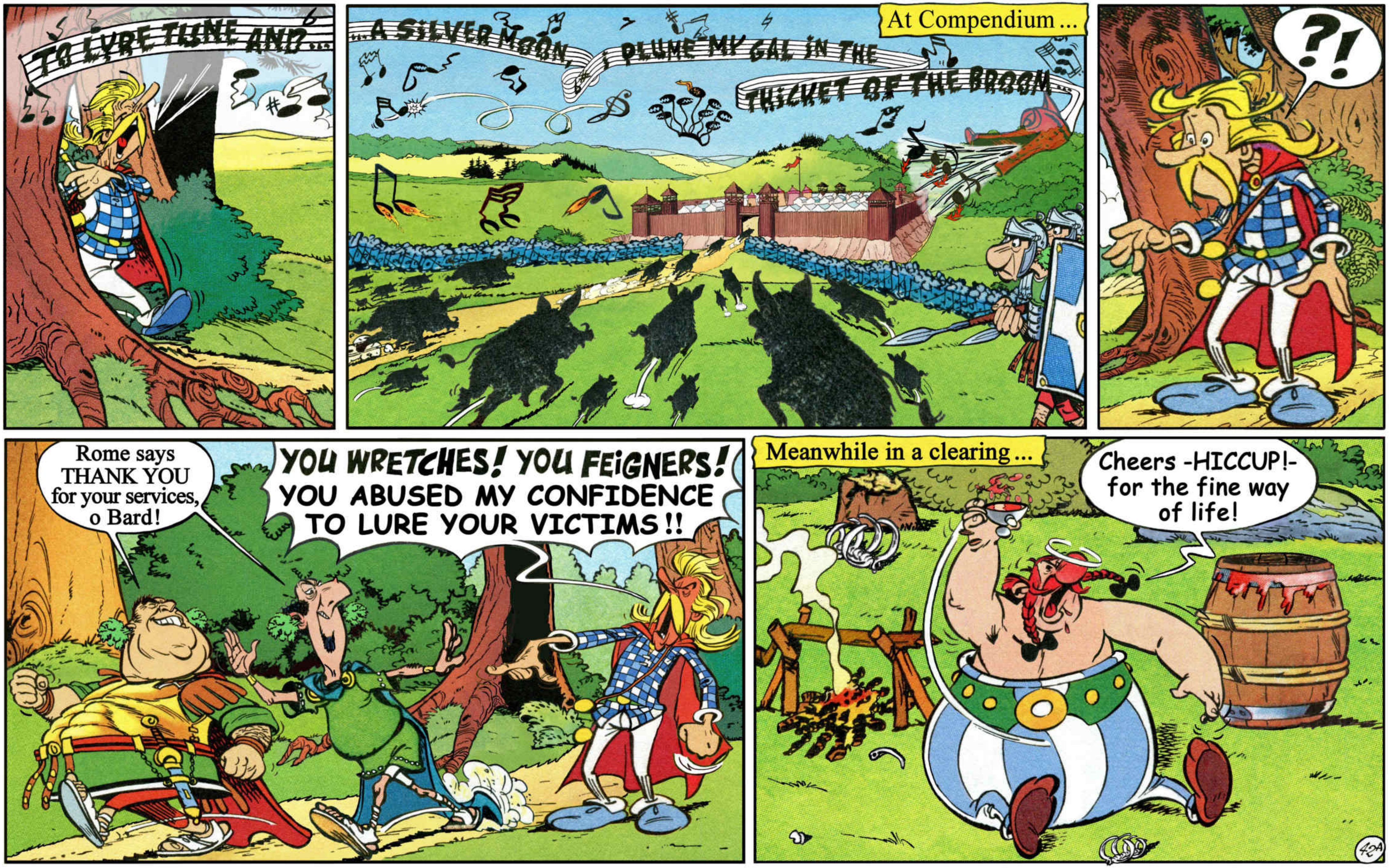

I say you've been talking a lot of Latin recently, Mister Obelix!
And you start getting more crazy than the Romans are, recently, Mister Asterix! You know, they never say no to a roasted wild boar, the Romans!
WELL, THEN, WHY DON'T YOU GO TO YOUR ROMANS, MISTER OBELIX?? YOU KNOW, THEY NEVER SAY NO TO QUITE A NUMBER OF THINGS, YOUR ROMANS!!!
THAT'S JUST WHAT I'M GOING TO DO, MISTER ASTERIX!!!
!?
?
?
SIGH
I got it!
Well done! That'll be the starter!
GRRRRR!

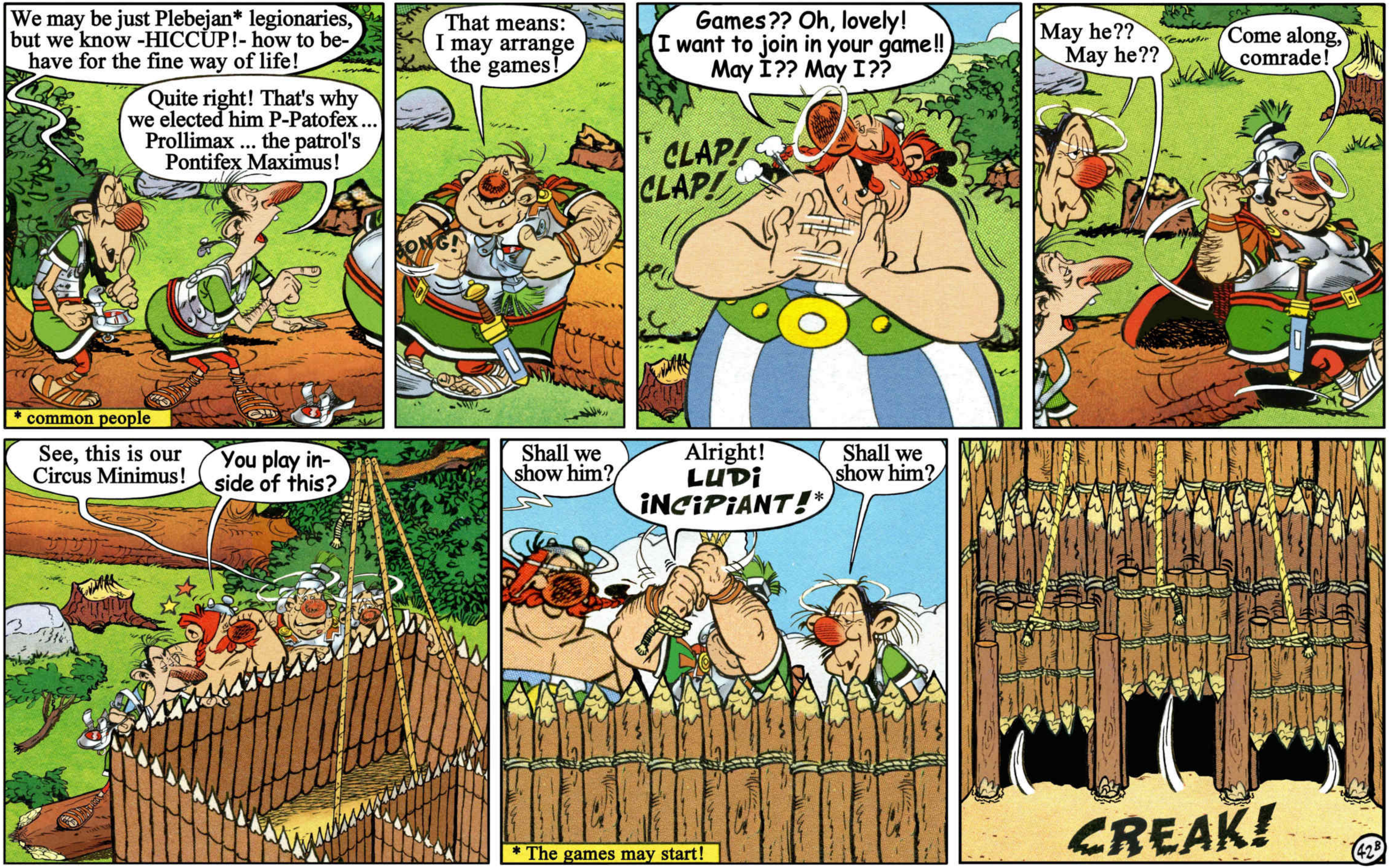

In the camp of compendium ...
O Firmus Erectus! Why in this droopy shape, today?
Ave, Centurione! A hungry patrol is reporting back! The cook says, we are to take care of ourselves, he's got no more wheat left!
The Quaestor reported that our rations were diverted and used as fattening feed at a Roman piggary ...
Then we should serve ourselves at the local ears of Rome's wheat straight away!
DON'T! Better make a battue and bring wild boars into the camp! There are plenty of those Vandales in the woods!!
Careful, Centurione! That could be dangerous!
Not so if we have a specialist do the beating for our battue! I happen to know someone...
As I told you: just go to where everyone comes from!
Don't flee from us, o honorable bard! We wish you no evil!
Of the charm of your song we have heard and have come to plead with you for a performance of your art!

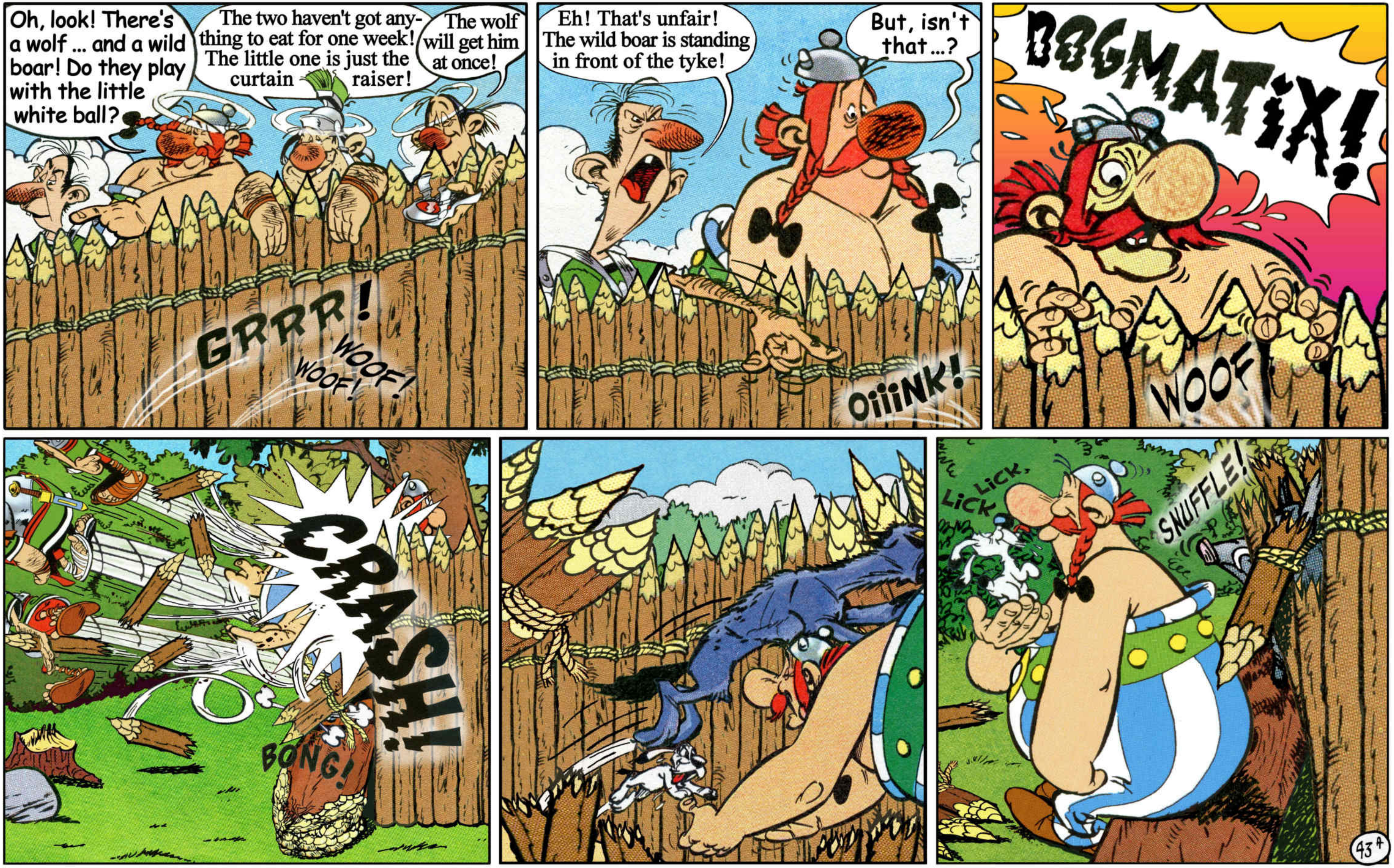

Wandering through the woods is our desire, accompanied by musical sounds that gaily move on the feet!
YiPPEE!
Just walk singing along this way! We'll be wandering behind you in listening devotion!
Come along and follow my song!
ZOiNG! ZOiNG!
O PROBLEM-FULL BOAR!
O DANGEROUS WOLF!
O DAMAGING NUBEAPE!
PLiNG!

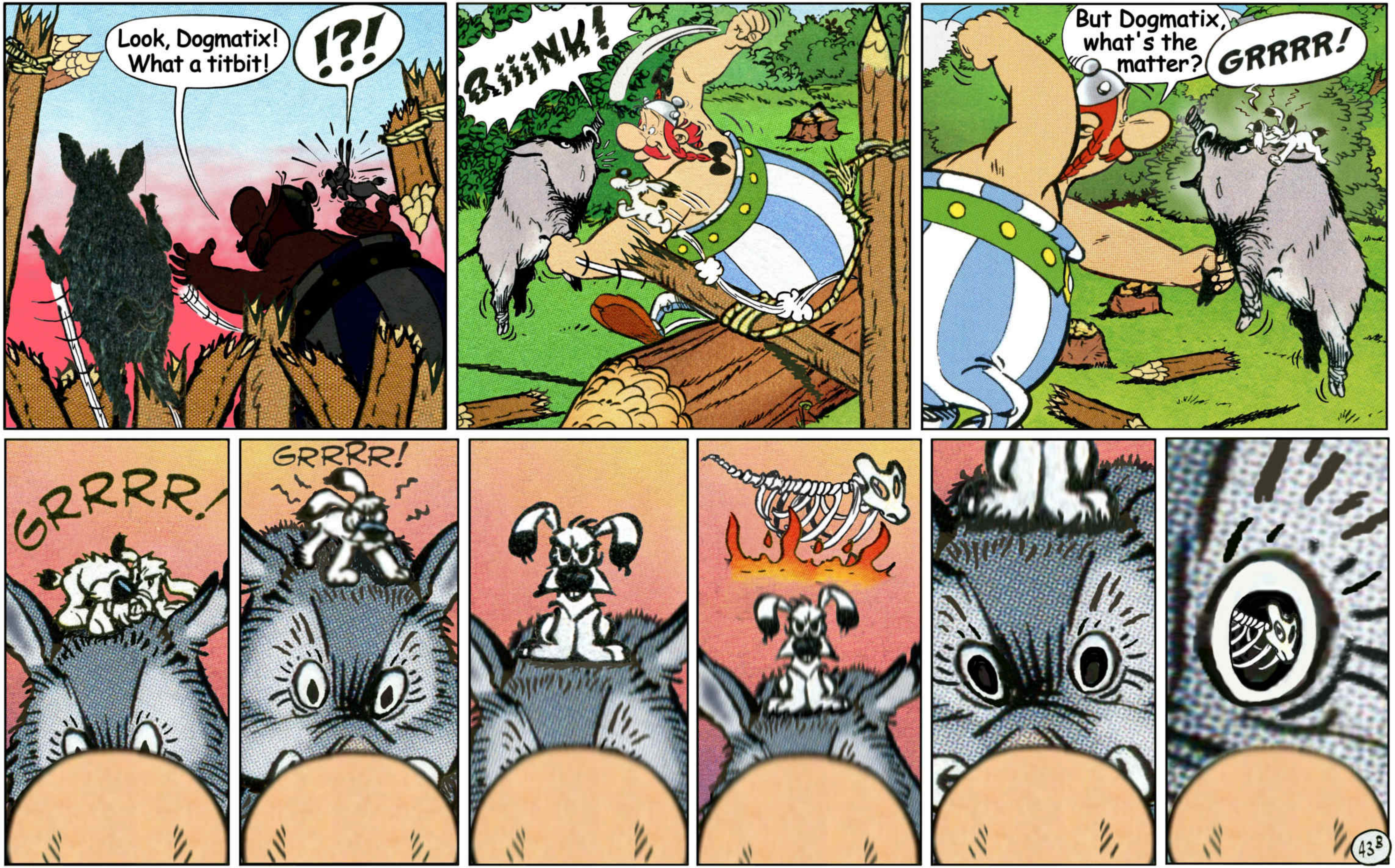

In another wood ...
SNUFF!
SNUFFLE! SNUFFLE!
That was a good idea, Optione, to take off the wine cask from that trader as a road toll!
Quite right!
If those fine ladies and gentlemen in Rome believe that the legionary is good for nothing else but preventing the barbarians from desturbing their orgies, then they're on the wrong track! We legionaries do know something of the fine way of life too !
Right! The fine way of life!
Confining oneself to being battered on one's nut by barbarians, that is not the fine way of life!
No no no no! Certainly not!

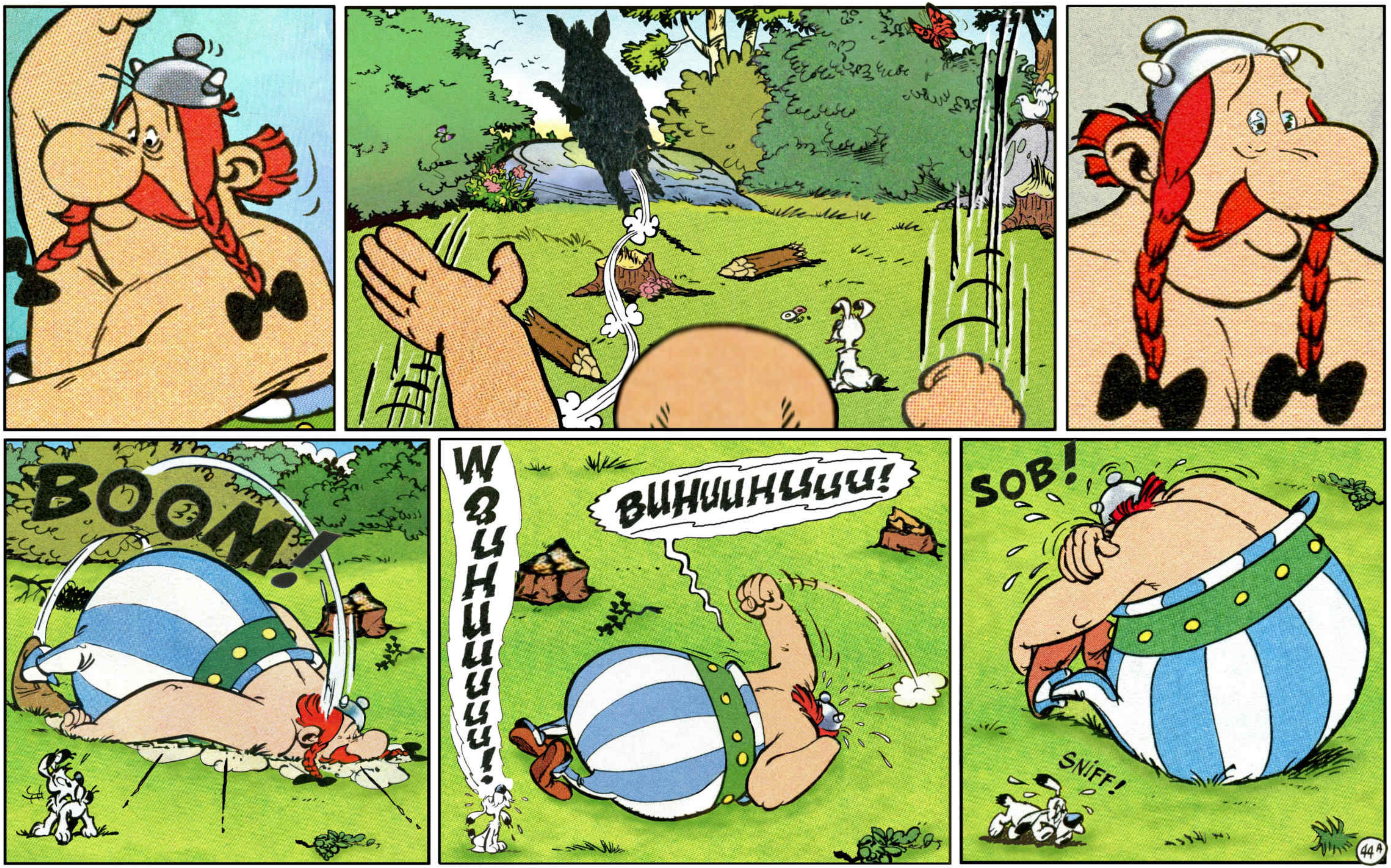

SNIFF! SNIFF!
OUCH! - By the way...!
The - the - the big fat brute!
That really tastes good, that wild boar that you're roasting!
Take some of it, if you like!
How nice of you - MUNCH - to share your wild boar - MUNCH - with me!
That's our fine way of life! HICCUP!
I - MUNCH - really do like it, your way of life!
May I take a taste of that morsel too?
Certainly! That's a very special titbit indeed!
It's the same thing as with oysters, the little ones are the best!

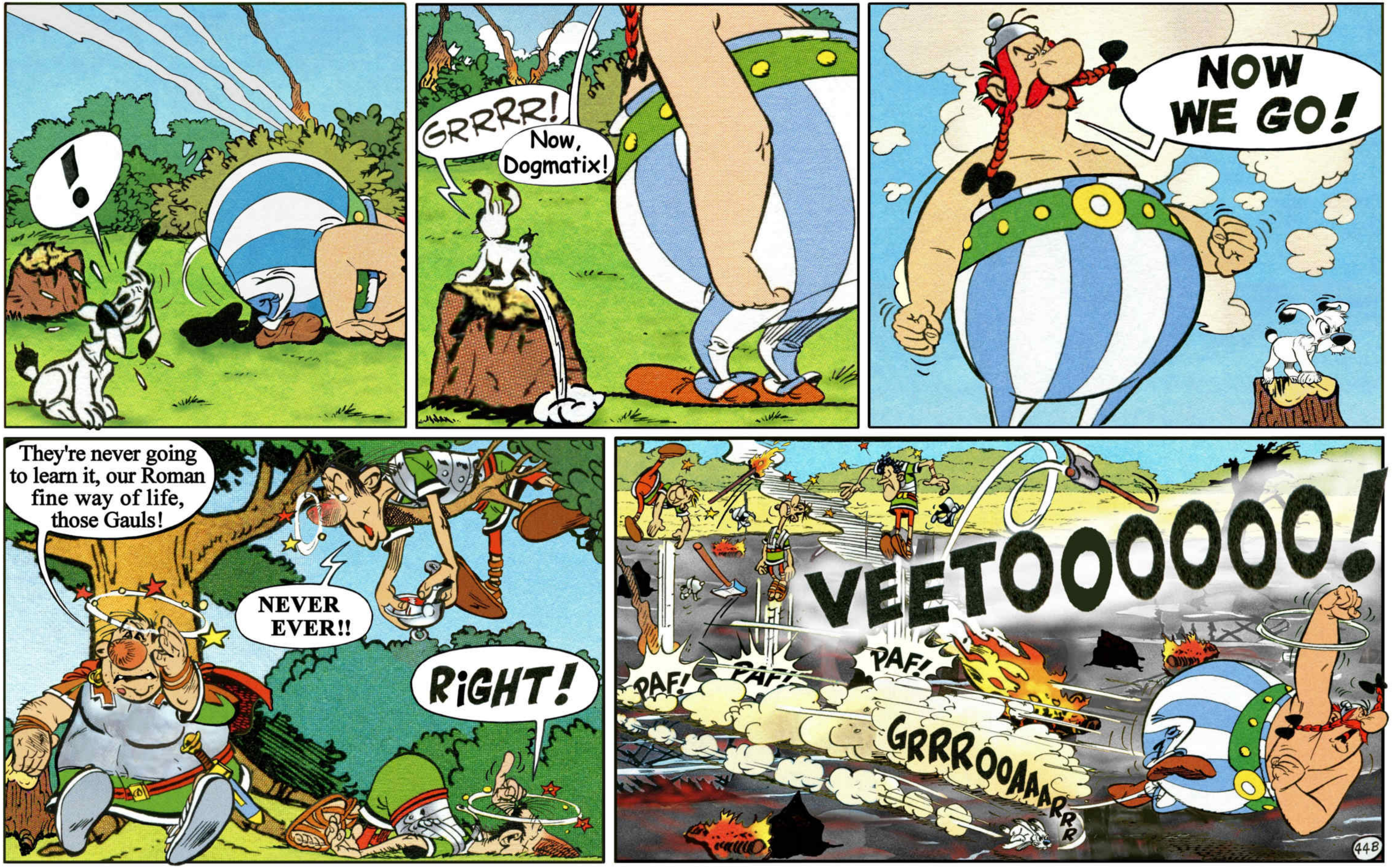

TO LYRE TUNE AND...
...A SILVER MOON, I PLUME MY GAL IN THE THICKET OF THE BROOM...
At Compendium ...
?!
Rome says THANK YOU for your services, o Bard!
YOU WRETCHES! YOU FEIGNERS! YOU ABUSED MY CONFIDENCE TO LURE YOUR VICTIMS!!
Meanwhile in a clearing ...
Cheers -HICCUP!- for the fine way of life!

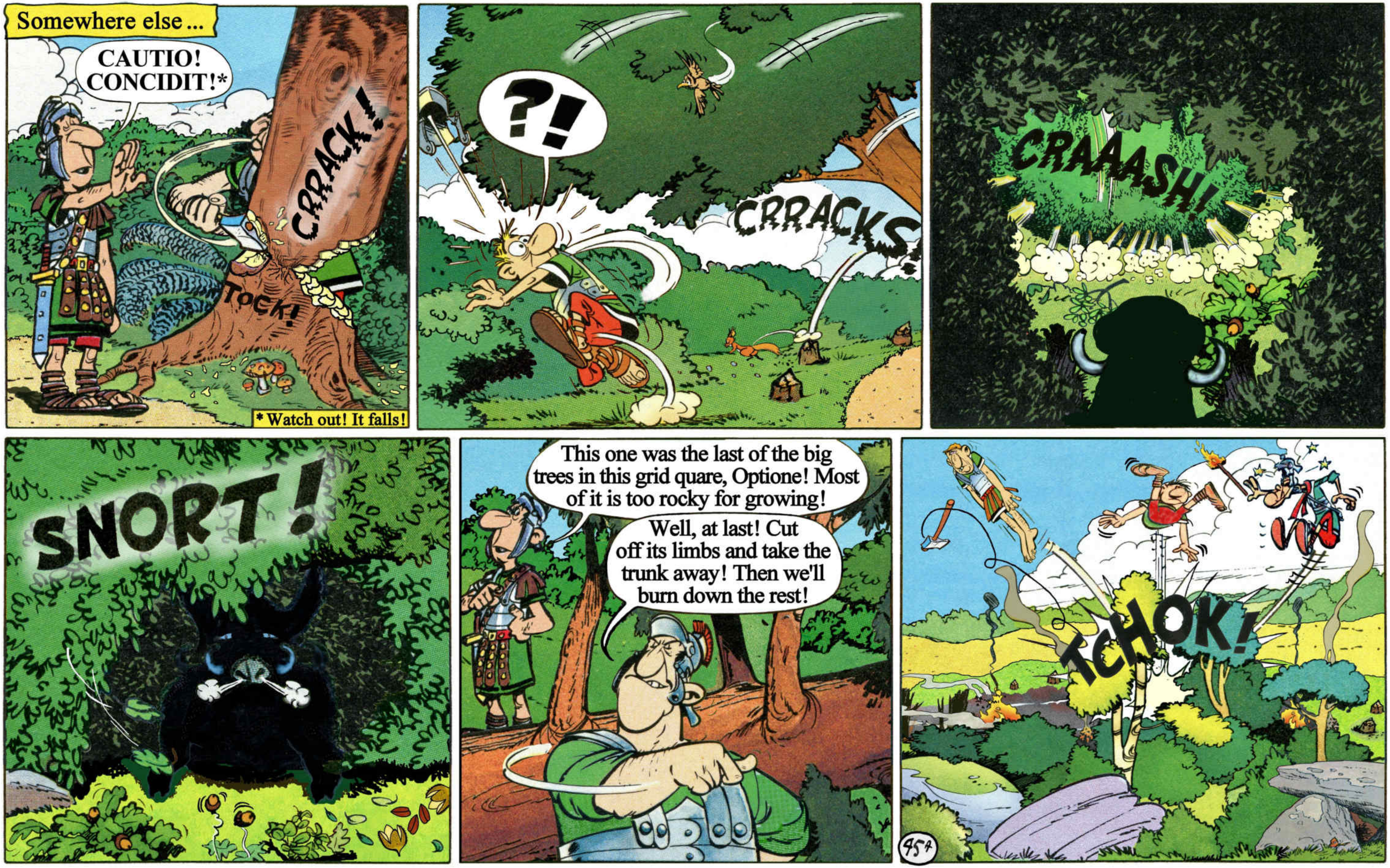

We may be just Plebejan* legionaries, but we know -HICCUP!- how to behave for the fine way of life!
Quite right! That's why we elected him P-Patofex ... Prollimax ... the patrol's Pontifex Maximus!
* common people
That means: I may arrange the games!
BONG!
Games?? Oh, lovely! I want to join in your game!! May I?? May I??
CLAP! CLAP!
May he?? May he??
Come along, comrade!
See, this is our Circus Minimus!
You play inside of this?
Shall we show him?
Alright! LUDI INCIPIANT!*
Shall we show him?
* The games may start!
CREAK!

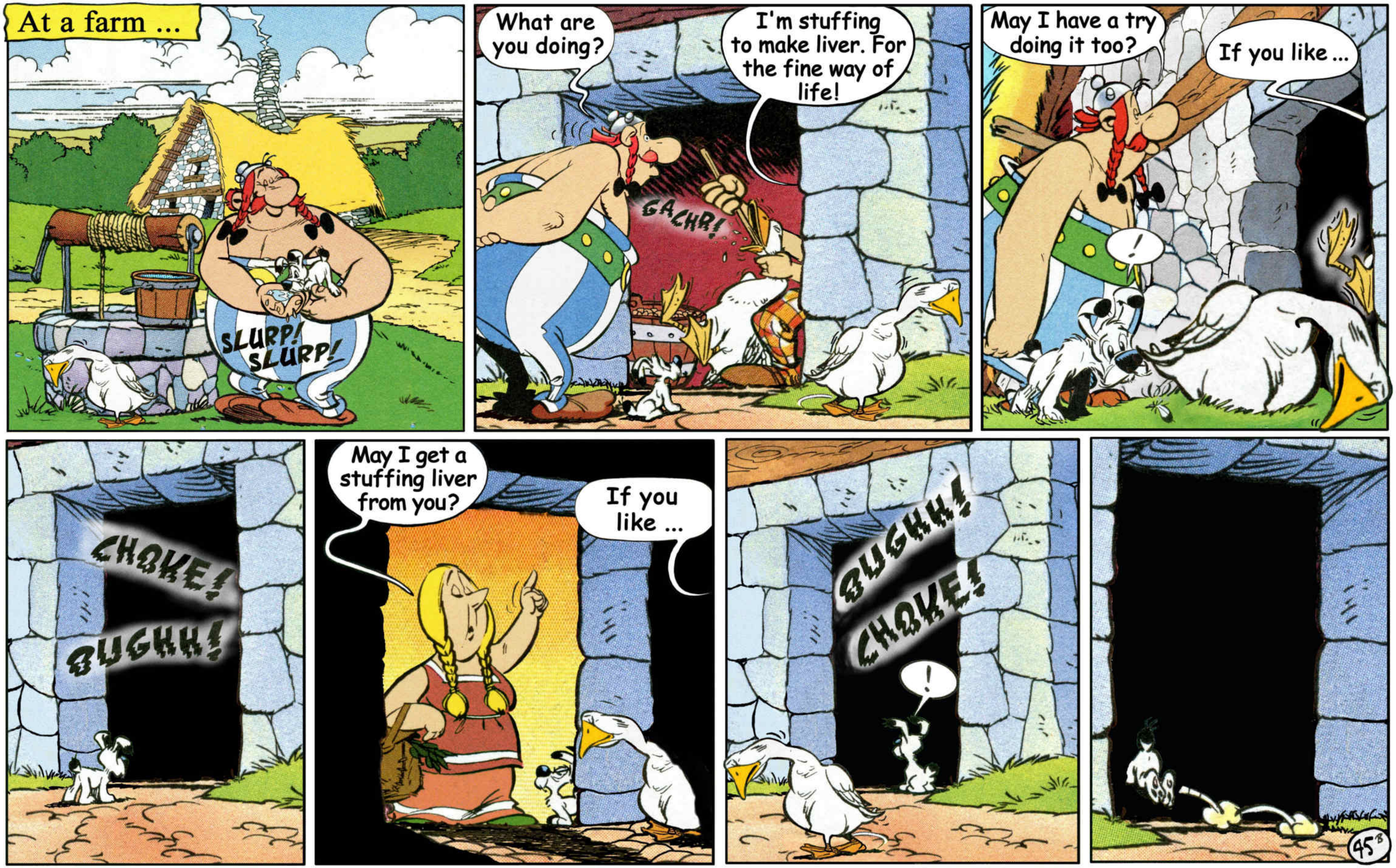

Oh, look! There's a wolf ... and a wild boar! Do they play with the little white ball?
The two haven't got anything to eat for one week! The little one is just the curtain raiser!
The wolf will get him at once!
GRRR!
WOOF! WOOF!
Eh! That's unfair! The wild boar is standing in front of the tyke!
But, isn't that ...?
OiiiNK!
DOGMATIX!
WOOF
CRASH!!
BONG!
LICK, LICK
SNUFFLE!

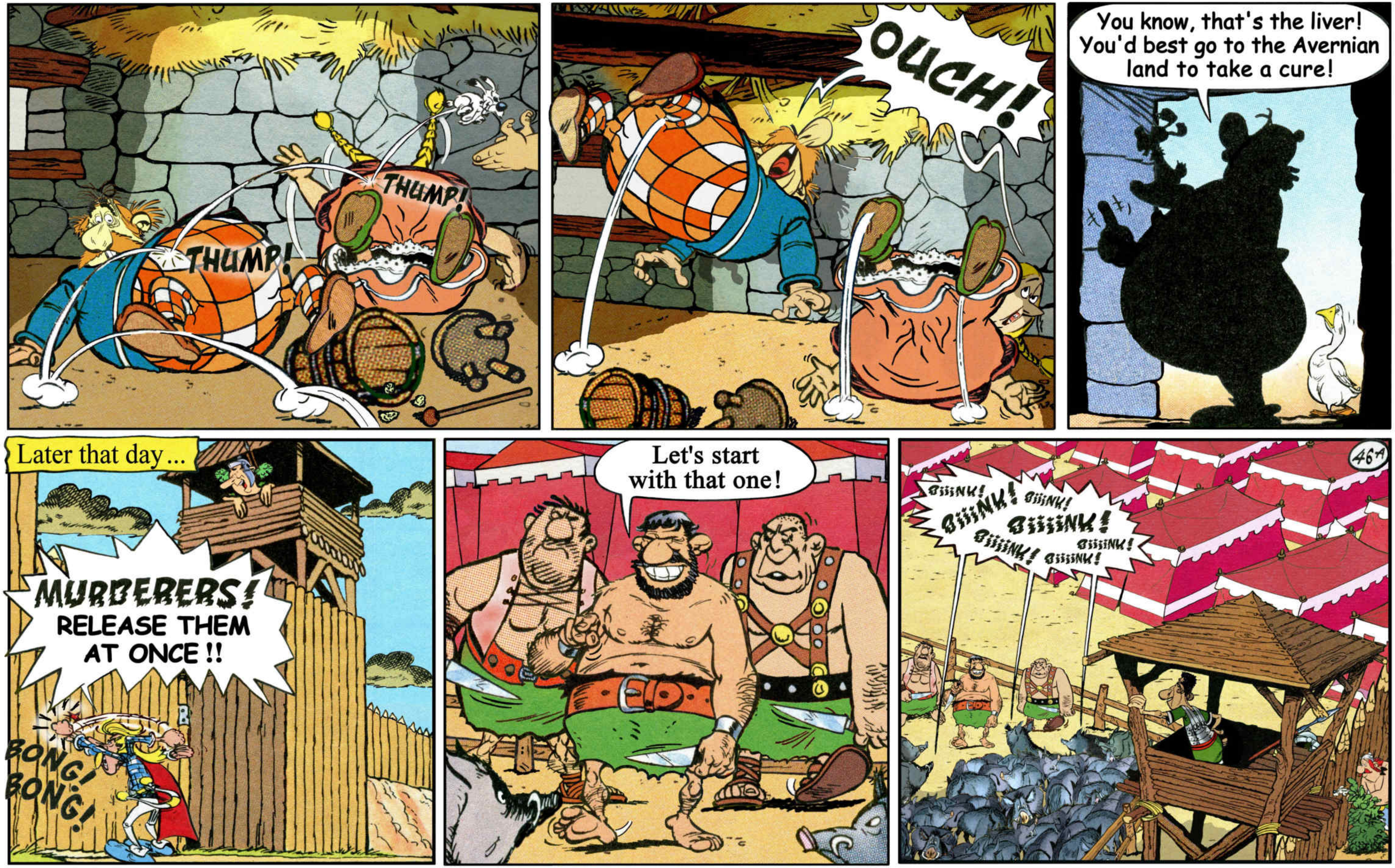

Look, Dogmatix! What a titbit!
!?!
RIIIINK!
But Dogmatix, what's the matter?
GRRRR!
GRRRR!
GRRRR!

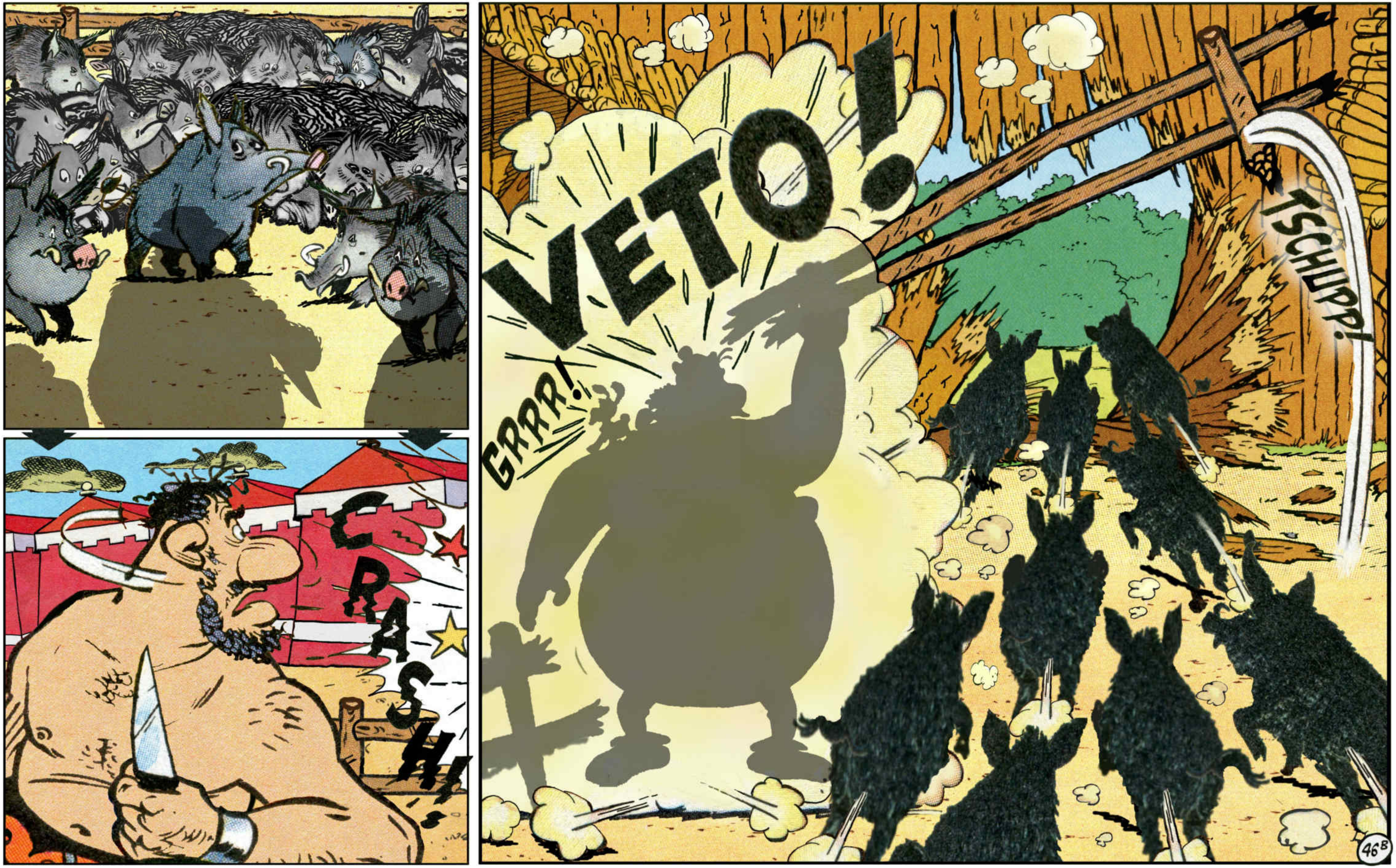

BOOM!
WOUHUUUUU!
BUHUUHUUU!
SOB!
SNIFF!

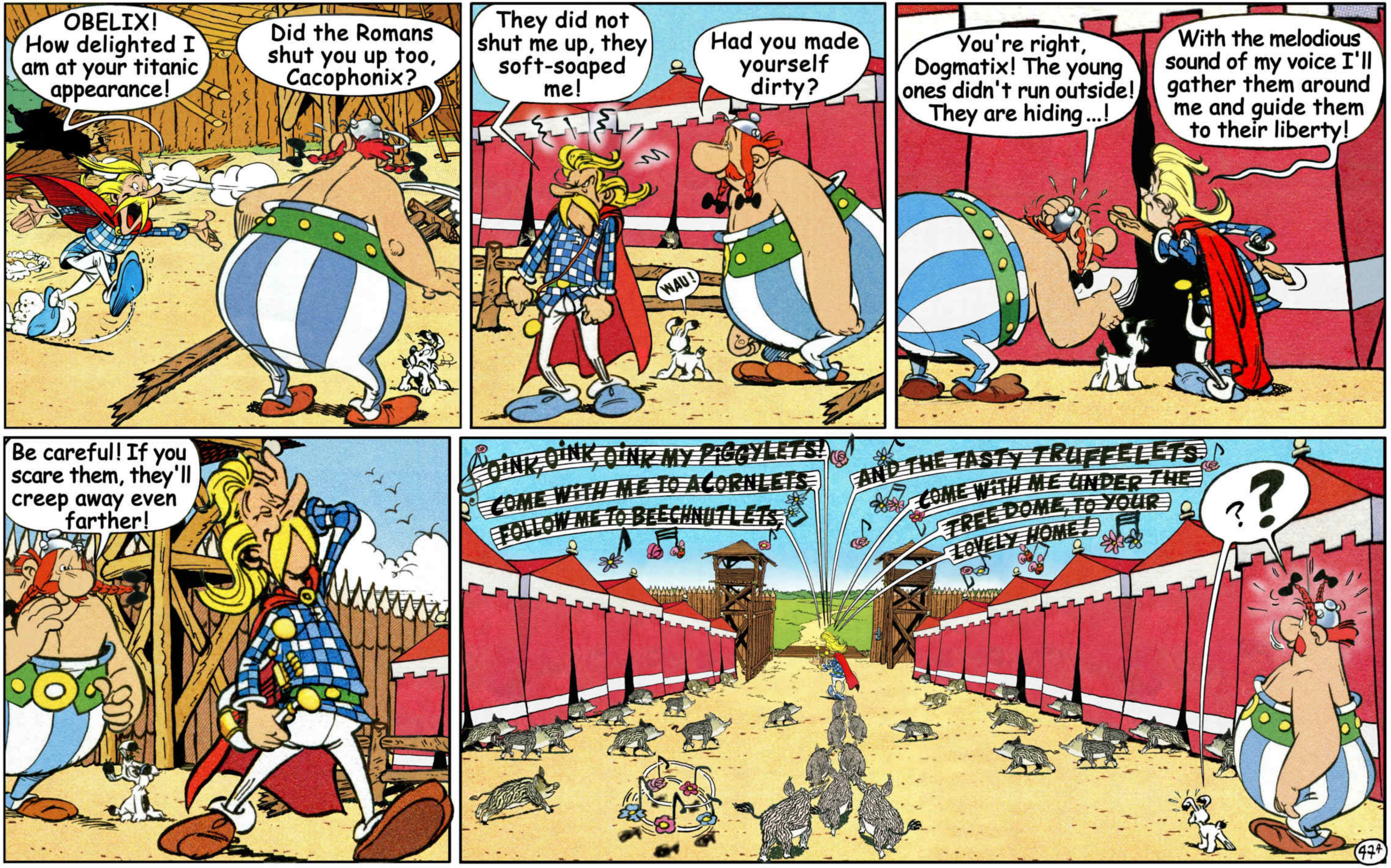

!
GRRRR!
Now, Dogmatix!
NOW WE GO!
They're never going to learn it, our Roman fine way of life, those Gauls!
NEVER EVER!!
RIGHT!
VEETOOOOOOO!
PAF!
PAF!
PAF!
GRRROOAAARRR

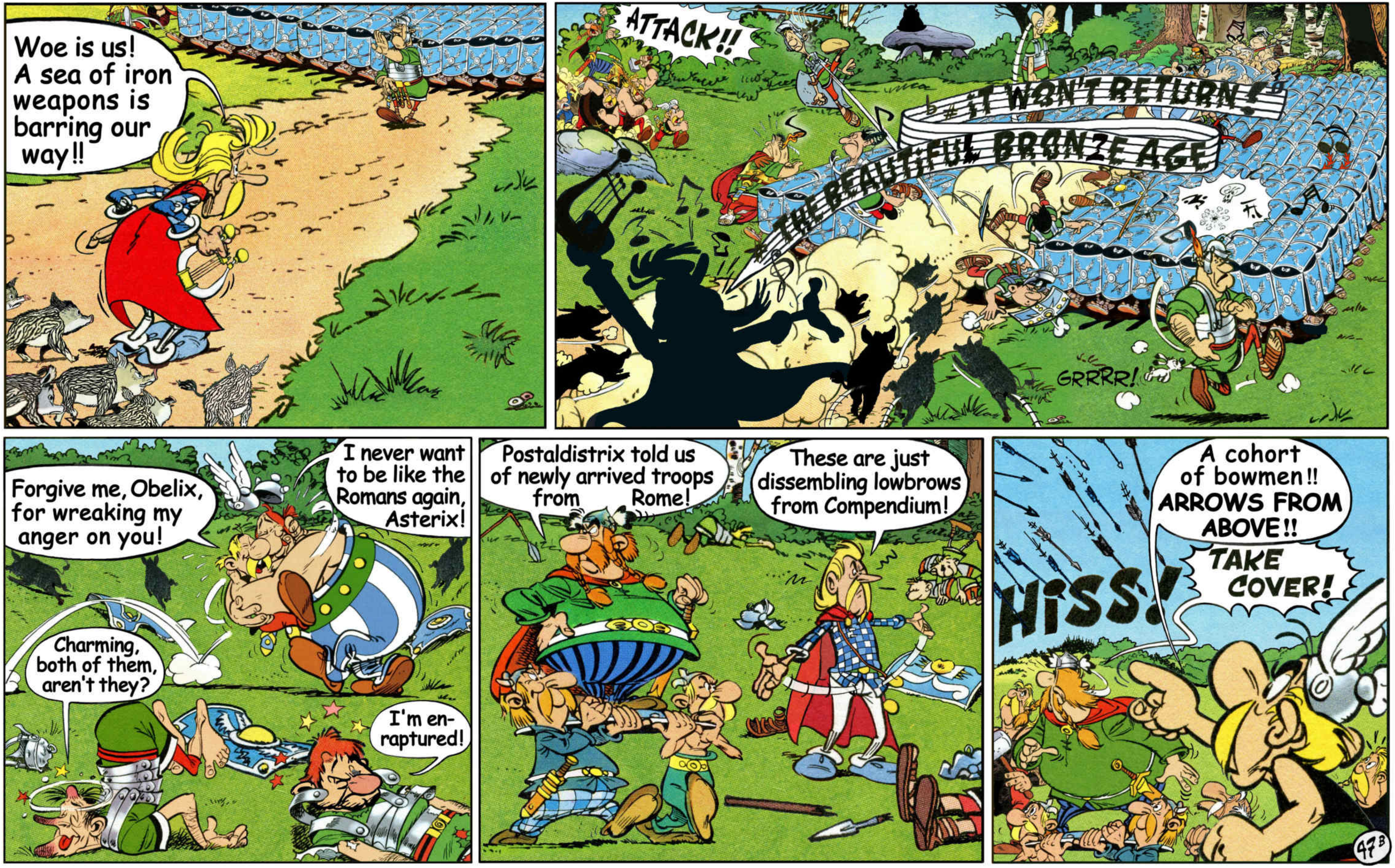

Somewhere else ...
CAUTIO! CONCIDIT!*
CRRACK!
TOCK!
* Watch out! It falls!
?!
CRRACKS!
CRAAASH!
SNORT!
This one was the last of the big trees in this grid quare, Optione! Most of it is too rocky for growing!
Well, at last! Cut off its limbs and take the trunk away! Then we'll burn down the rest!
TCHOK!

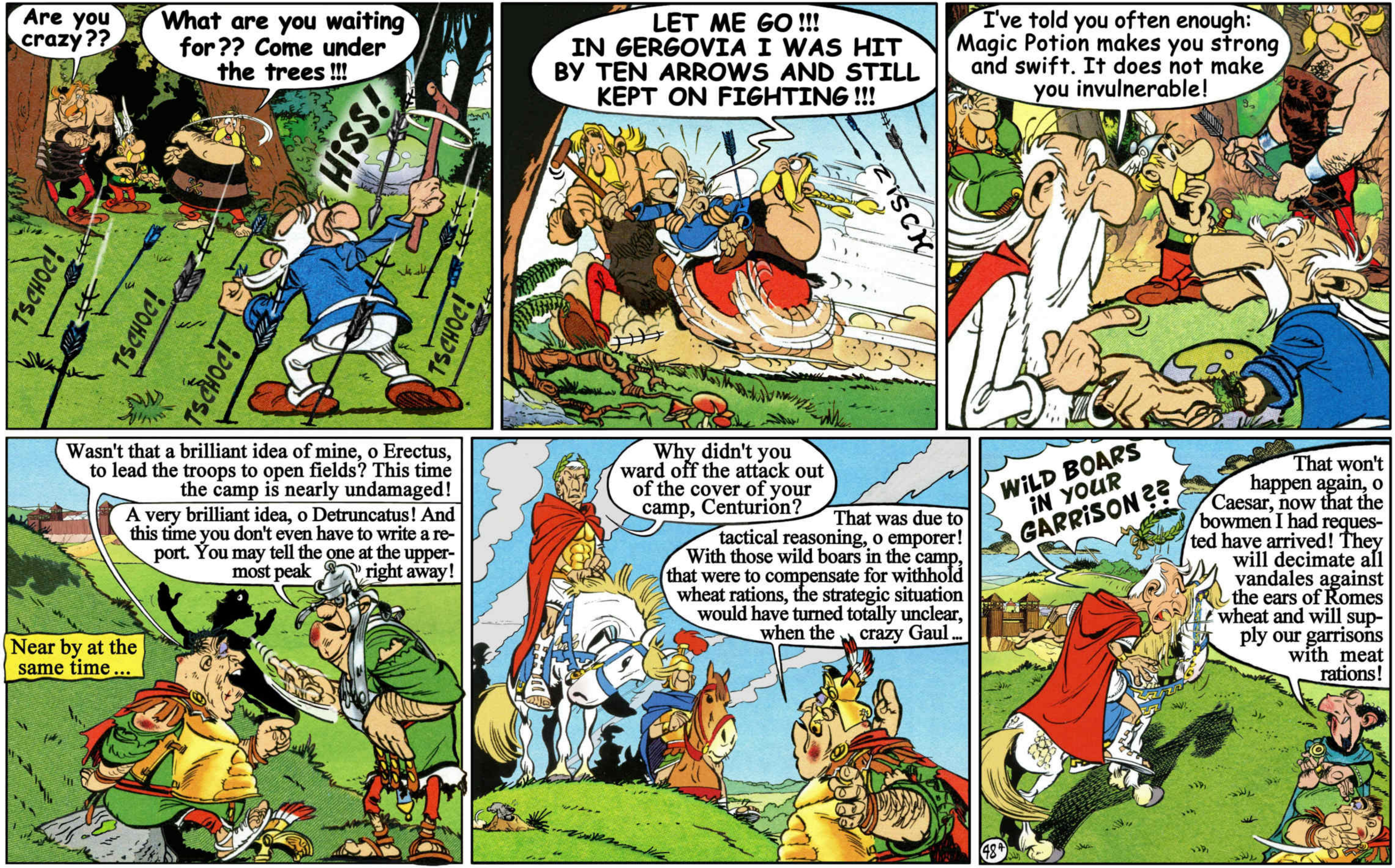

At a farm ...
SLURP! SLURP!
What are you doing?
I'm stuffing to make liver. For the fine way of life!
GACHR!
May I have a try doing it too?
If you like ...
!
CHOKE!
BUGHH!
May I get a stuffing liver from you?
If you like ...
BUGHH!
CHOKE!
!

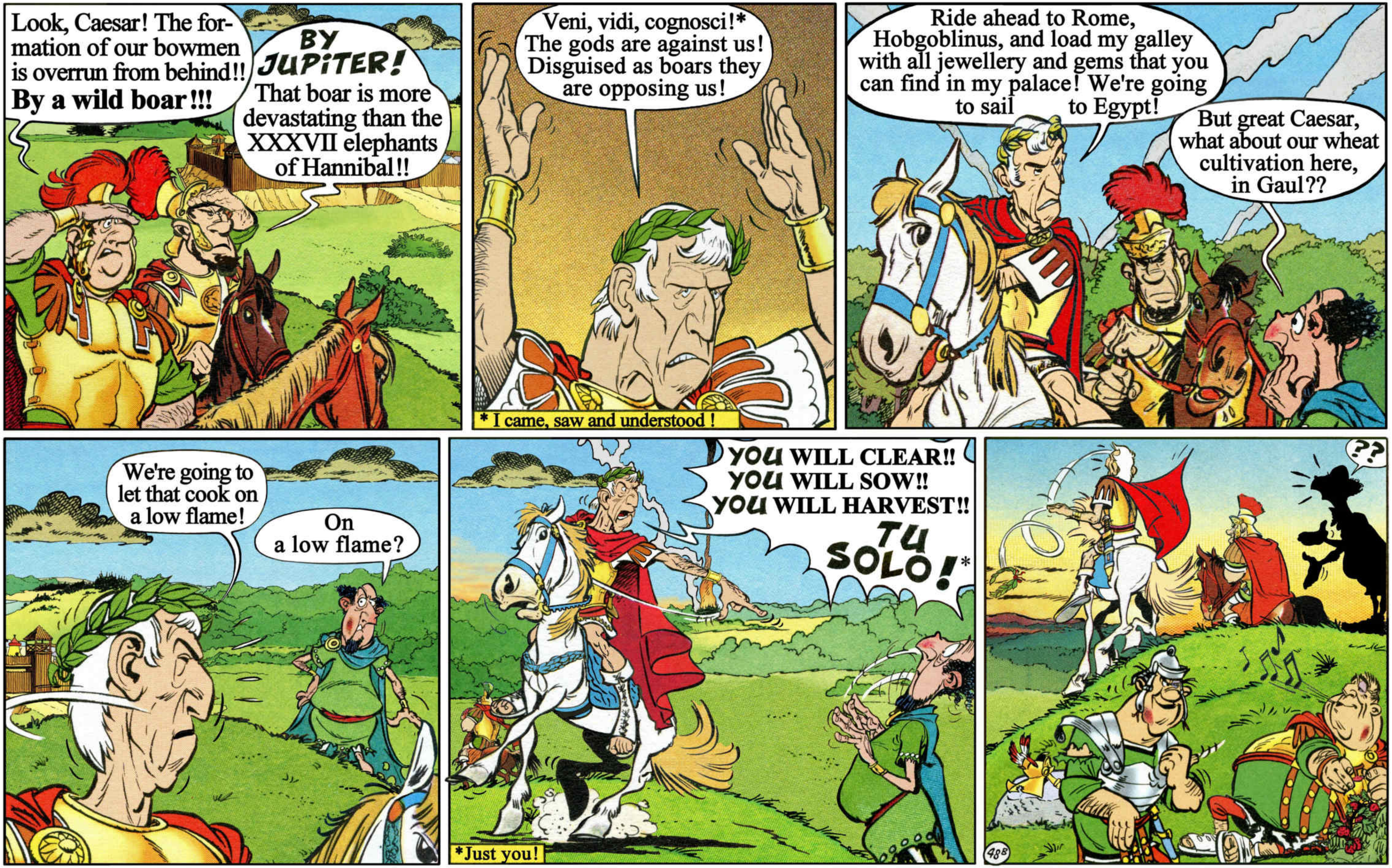

THUMP!
THUMP!
OUCH!
You know, that's the liver! You'd best go to the Avernian land to take a cure!
Later that day...
MURDERERS! RELEASE THEM AT ONCE !!
BONG! BONG!
Let's start with that one!
Biiink! Biiiink! Biiink!
Biiiiink! Biiiiink!
Biiiiink! Biiiink! Biiiink!

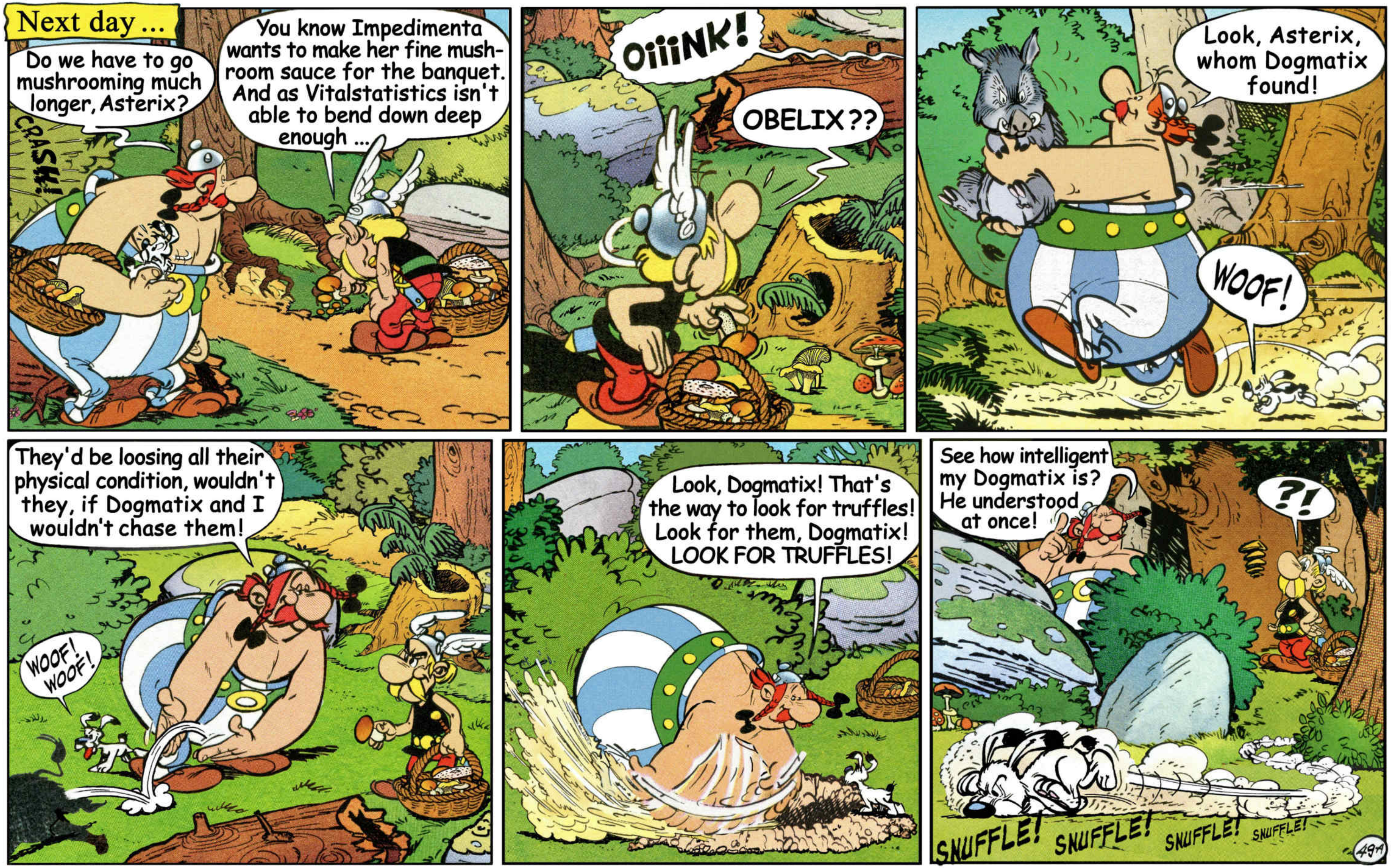

CRASH!
VETO!
GRRR!
TSCHUPP!

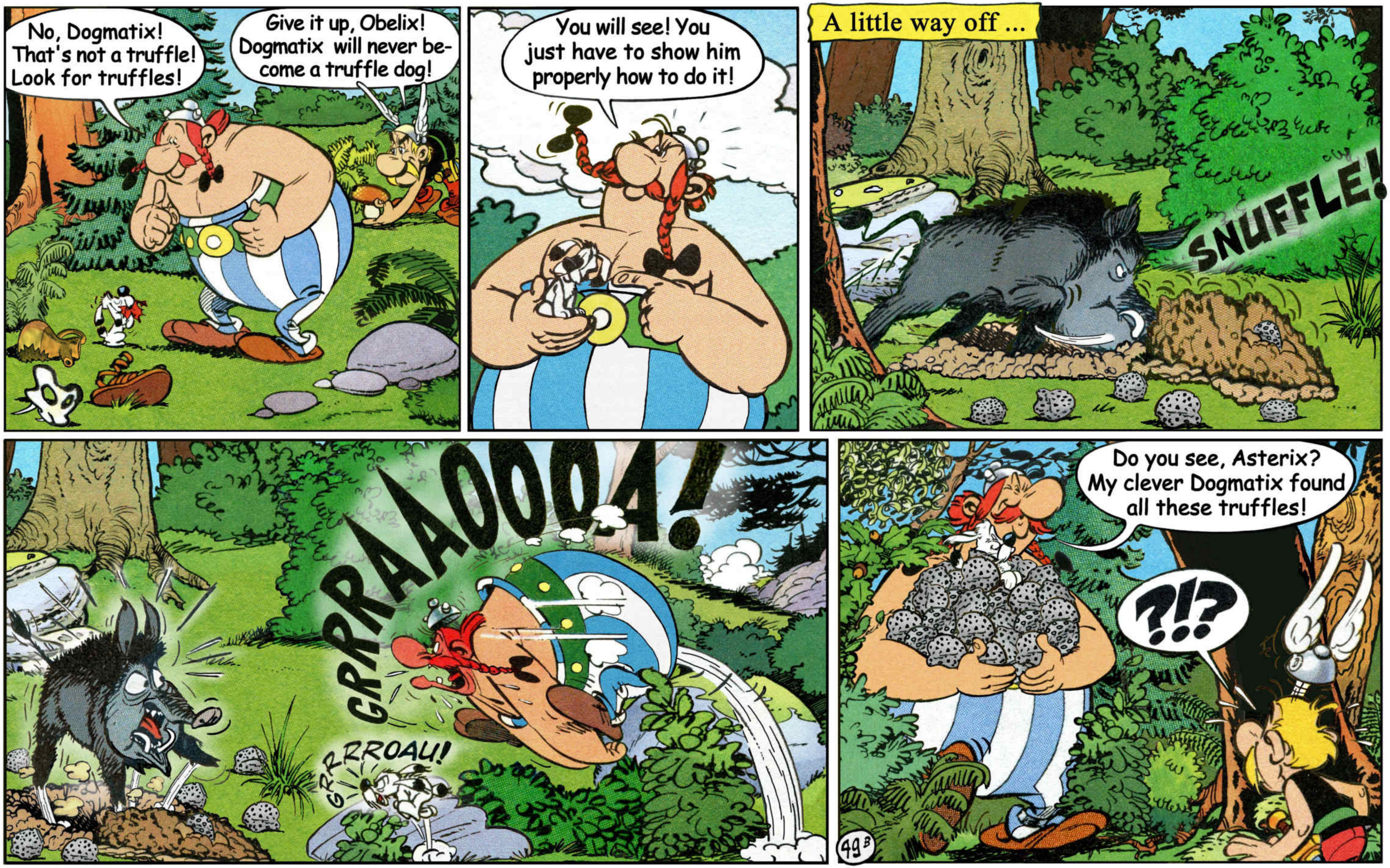

OBELIX! How delighted I am at your titanic appearance!
Did the Romans shut you up too, Cacophonix?
They did not shut me up, they soft-soaped me!
Had you made yourself dirty?
WAU!
You're right, Dogmatix! The young ones didn't run outside! They are hiding ...!
With the melodious sound of my voice I'll gather them around me and guide them to their liberty!
Be careful! If you scare them, they'll creep away even farther!
OINK, OINK, OINK MY PIGGYLETS!
COME WITH ME TO ACORNLETS
FOLLOW ME TO BEECHNUTLETS,
AND THE TASTY TRUFFELETS
COME WITH ME UNDER THE TREE DOME, TO YOUR LOVELY HOME!
? ?

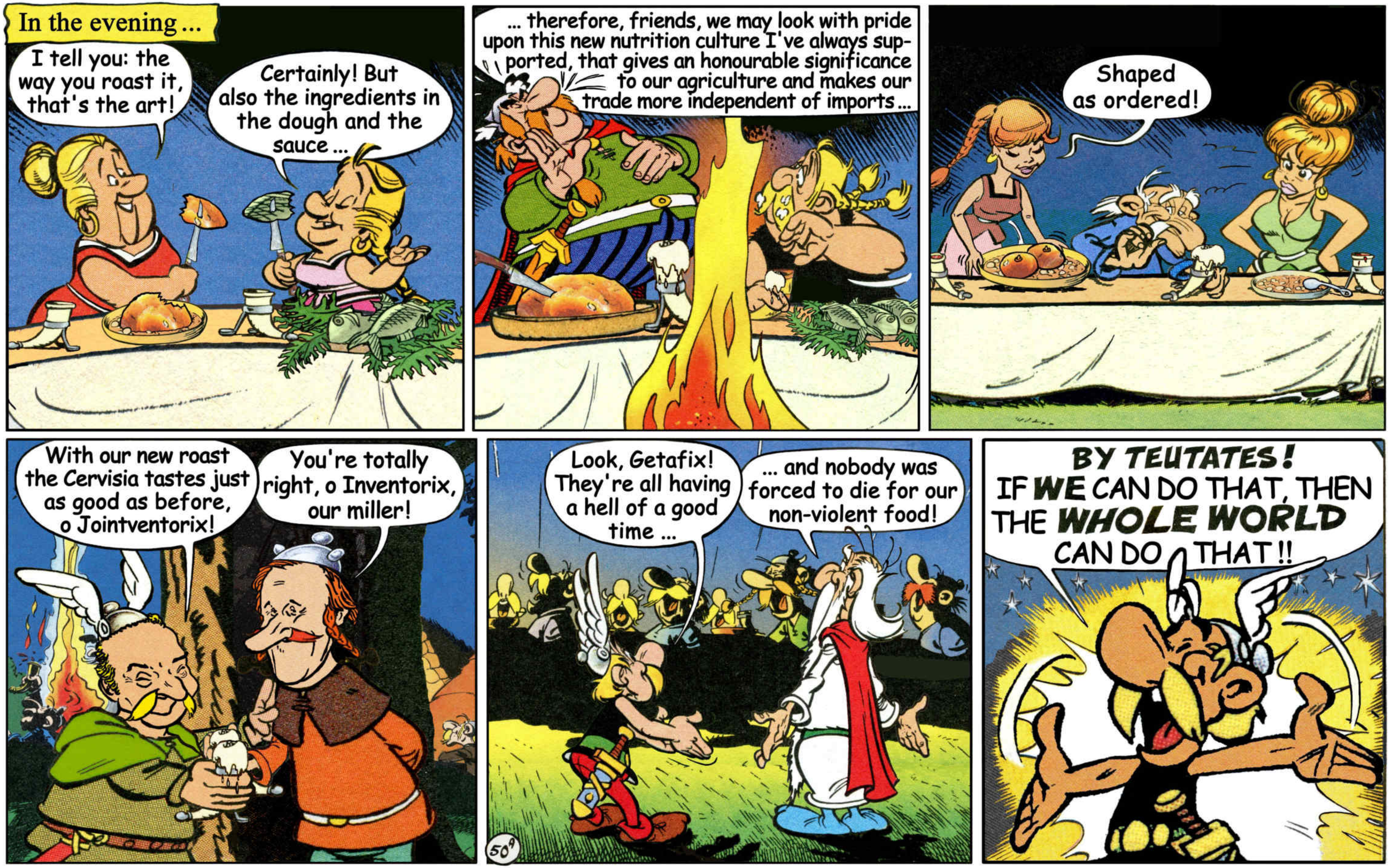

Woe is us! A sea of iron weapons is barring our way!!
ATTACK!!
IT WON'T RETURN! THE BEAUTIFUL BRONZE AGE
GRRRR!
Forgive me, Obelix, for wreaking my anger on you!
I never want to be like the Romans again, Asterix!
Charming, both of them, aren't they?
I'm enraptured!
Postaldistrix told us of newly arrived troops from Rome!
These are just dissembling lowbrows from Compendium!
A cohort of bowmen!! ARROWS FROM ABOVE!!
HISS!
TAKE COVER!

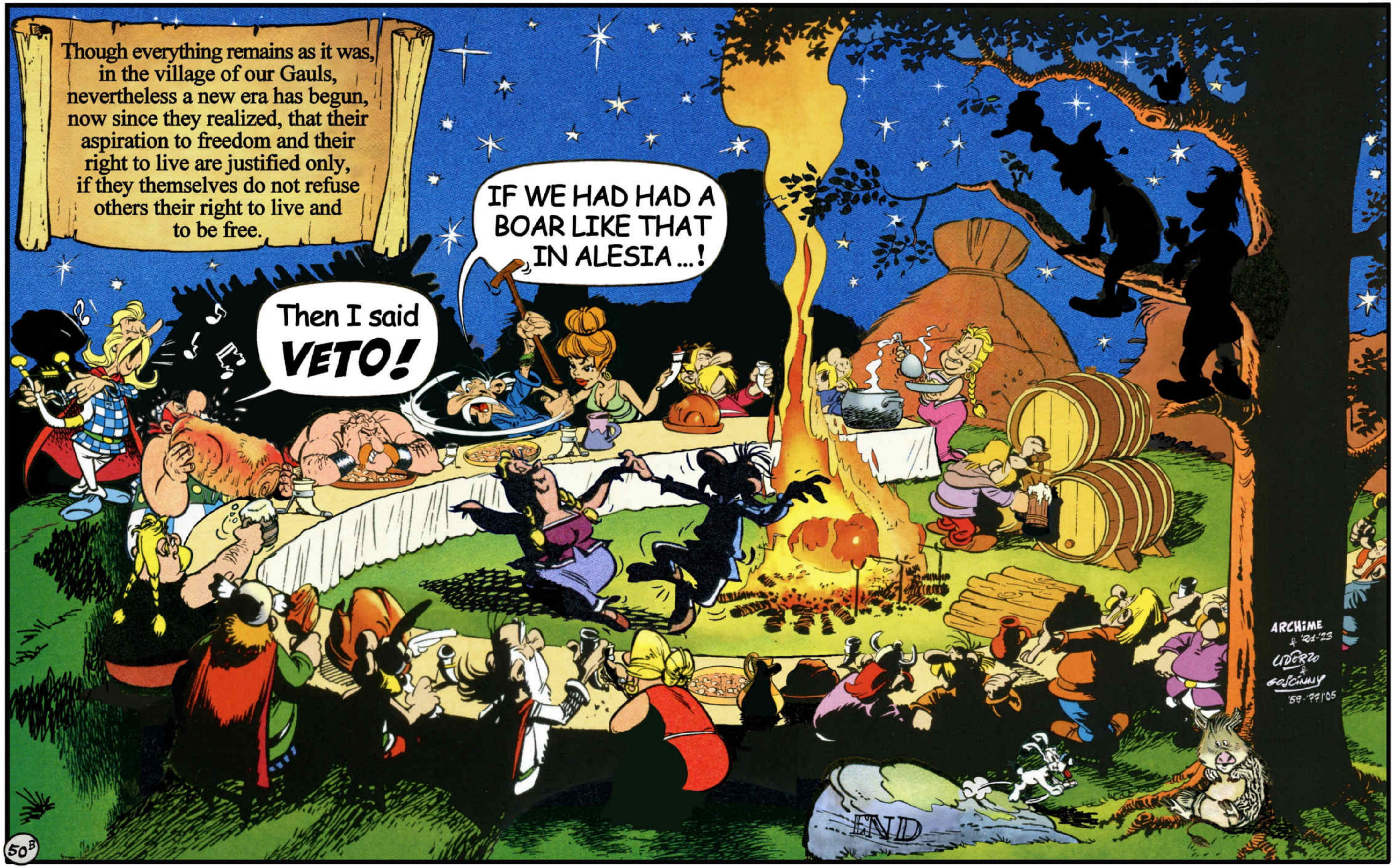

Are you crazy??
What are you waiting for?? Come under the trees!!!
HISS!
TSCHOC!
TSCHOC!
TSCHOC!
TSCHOC!
LET ME GO!!! IN GERGOVIA I WAS HIT BY TEN ARROWS AND STILL KEPT ON FIGHTING!!!
ZISCH
I've told you often enough: Magic Potion makes you strong and swift. It does not make you invulnerable!
Wasn't that a brilliant idea of mine, o Erectus, to lead the troops to open fields? This time the camp is nearly undamaged!
A very brilliant idea, o Detruncatus! And this time you don't even have to write a report. You may tell the one at the uppermost peak right away!
Near by at the same time ...
Why didn't you ward off the attack out of the cover of your camp, Centurion?
That was due to tactical reasoning, o emporer! With those wild boars in the camp, that were to compensate for withhold wheat rations, the strategic situation would have turned totally unclear, when the crazy Gaul ...
WILD BOARS IN YOUR GARRISON??
That won't happen again, o Caesar, now that the bowmen I had requested have arrived! They will decimate all vandales against the ears of Romes wheat and will supply our garrisons with meat rations!
48A

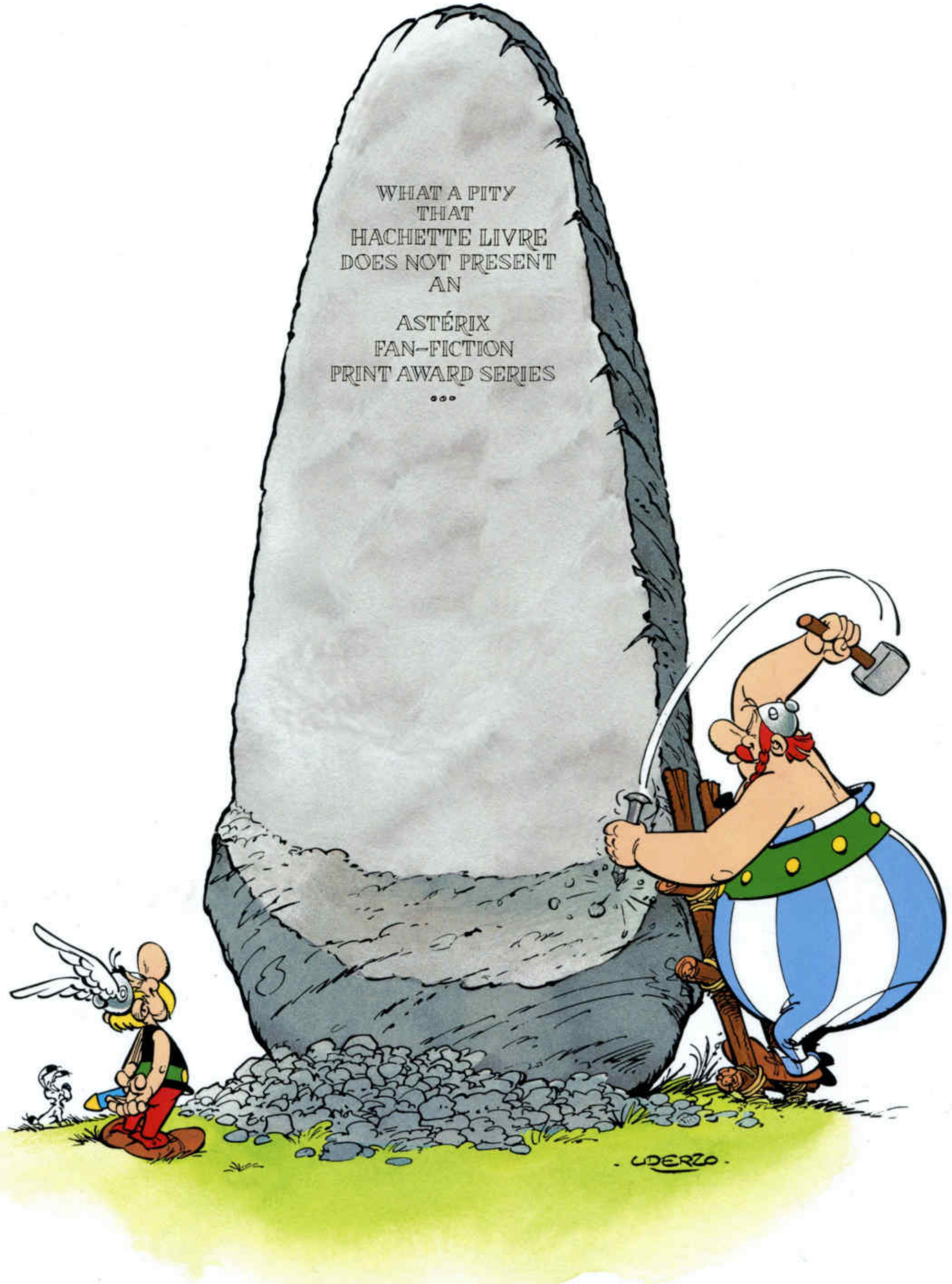

Look, Caesar! The formation of our bowmen is overrun from behind!! By a wild boar!!!
BY JUPITER! That boar is more devastating than the XXXVII elephants of Hannibal!!
Veni, vidi, cognosci!* The gods are against us! Disguised as boars they are opposing us!
* I came, saw and understood !
Ride ahead to Rome, Hobgoblinus, and load my galley with all jewellery and gems that you can find in my palace! We're going to sail to Egypt!
But great Caesar, what about our wheat cultivation here, in Gaul??
We're going to let that cook on a low flame!
On a low flame?
YOU WILL CLEAR!! YOU WILL SOW!! YOU WILL HARVEST!!
TU SOLO!*
*Just you!
??
48B


Next day ...
Do we have to go mushrooming much longer, Asterix?
CRASH!
You know Impedimenta wants to make her fine mushroom sauce for the banquet. And as Vitalstatistics isn't able to bend down deep enough ...
OiiiNK!
OBELIX??
Look, Asterix, whom Dogmatix found!
WOOF!
They'd be loosing all their physical condition, wouldn't they, if Dogmatix and I wouldn't chase them!
WOOF! WOOF!
Look, Dogmatix! That's the way to look for truffles! Look for them, Dogmatix! LOOK FOR TRUFFLES!
See how intelligent my Dogmatix is? He understood at once!
?!
SNUFFLE! SNUFFLE! SNUFFLE! SNUFFLE!


No, Dogmatix! That's not a truffle! Look for truffles!
Give it up, Obelix! Dogmatix will never become a truffle dog!
You will see! You just have to show him properly how to do it!
A little way off ...
SNUFFLE!
GRRAAOOOOA!
GRRRROAU!
Do you see, Asterix? My clever Dogmatix found all these truffles!
?!?


In the evening ...
I tell you: the way you roast it, that's the art!
Certainly! But also the ingredients in the dough and the sauce ...
... therefore, friends, we may look with pride upon this new nutrition culture I've always supported, that gives an honourable significance to our agriculture and makes our trade more independent of imports ...
Shaped as ordered!
With our new roast the Cervisia tastes just as good as before, o Jointventorix!
You're totally right, o Inventorix, our miller!
Look, Getafix! They're all having a hell of a good time ...
... and nobody was forced to die for our non-violent food!
BY TEUTATES! IF WE CAN DO THAT, THEN THE WHOLE WORLD CAN DO THAT!!
50^9


Though everything remains as it was, in the village of our Gauls, nevertheless a new era has begun, now since they realized, that their aspiration to freedom and their right to live are justified only, if they themselves do not refuse others their right to live and to be free.
IF WE HAD HAD A BOAR LIKE THAT IN ALESIA ...!
Then I said VETO!
END
ARCHIME & '21-'23
UDERZO & GOSCINNY '59-'77/'05


WHAT A PITY
THAT
HACHETTE LIVRE
DOES NOT PRESENT
AN
ASTÉRIX
FAN-FICTION
PRINT AWARD SERIES
...
UDERZO